

This Collection of Samuel Boyse's Poems
is scarce - See Chalmers's Poets. Vol. 14, p. 583.

Of his Ode on the Death of Delvinger or
Albion's Triumph published in 1743, only a
fragment is given by Chalmers who never saw
the printed Edition.

Here is his "beautiful" Poem called "Recantation"
to be met with - See Chalmers. p. 522.

Here was "Deity, a Poem" first published
My copy of it is in 8vo. and. Printed by C. Corbett
1749. p. 56. Nothing is said on the Title page

to show that this was a second Edition but
Chalmers intimates that it was published in 1740.

See Chalmers Poets. Vol. 14. p. 517. He says that
Fielding praised it in the Champion of Feb. 12,
1739-40, as he afterwards also did in "True Jones."

Probably the Edition of 1749 was caused by
the poem in the latter which had just then appeared.

The first Collection of his Poems was published
at Edinburgh in 1731 to which was subjoined a
Translation of the Tablature of Cebes & a Letter
upon Liberty which had been before published in
the Dublin Journal.

The notice of the Deity appeared in the
Champion of February 12, 1739-40.
[Vol. 1. p. 266. Edit. 1741. 12mo.]



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Advertisement.

THE Author returns his sincere
 acknowledgments to those Gentlemen who have been
 good enough to favour him with their Encouragement
 and as the Number was so small, cannot be
 correct the Charges of his Postage, he hopes
 they will forgive the omission of this line their
 Names as first intended, as well as the Order that
 has attended the Publication which was
 found by a considerable and unexpected
 success. As it appears in print it will be
 found much more useful and agreeable than
 the first edition, and he trusts will be
 found highly to the advantage of the

London, Decemb. 10.



Advertisement.

THE Author returns his sincere Acknowledgements to those Gentlemen who have been pleased to favour him with their Encouragement; but as the Number was so small, as not to answer the Charges of the Impression, he hopes they will forgive the Omission of Inserting their Names as first intended, as well as the Delay that has attended the Publication, which was occasioned by unavoidable and unforeseen Circumstances. As it appears at present it will, he persuades himself, answer the Proposals, and confute the ill-natur'd Suggestions have been propagated industriously to discourage its Success.

S. Boyse,

LONDON, Decemb. 10.

1737.



TRANSLATIONS

AND

POEMS,

WRITTEN ON

Several OCCASIONS.

*Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Skies,
More safe I sing with mortal Voice, unchang'd
To hoarse or mute; tho' fallen on evil Days,
On evil Days tho' fallen, and evil Tongues!
In Darknefs, and with Dangers compass'd round,
And Solitude;—yet not alone, whilst Thou
Visitst my Slumbers nightly, or when Morn
Purples the East, still govern thou my Song,
URANIA! and fit Audience find, tho' few!*

MILTON, Book VII.



Boyse (S.)

L O N D O N: Printed for the AUTHOR.

MDCCXXXVIII.

TRANSLATIONS

OF

P.O.E.M.S.

WRITTEN ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.



LONDON: Printed by G. & W. Parry, in the Strand.
MDCCCXXVIII.



TO HIS GRACE

FRANCIS,

DUKE of

BUCKLEUGH,

KNIGHT of the most *Ancient* and
Noble ORDER of the THISTLE.

My LORD,

POWER without Goodness
implies only an unlimited
Capacity of doing Mischief;
Goodness without Power is to a generous
Mind

vi DEDICATION.

Mind but a painful and barren Possession ! But when these two *Qualities* unite, they bless Mankind in Proportion to their Degrees, and conspire to form that *Character*, which of all others is the most amiable, and worthy of our Imitation and Esteem !

HOWEVER mistaken the Point has been, it must be confess'd, my LORD, that Panegyric is neither the Talent of every Writer, nor the Property of every Patron. There is *here*, as in *Painting*, a Delicacy in disposing the Lights, and placing the Figures with Propriety, which few of the *Pretenders* to *either Art* are Masters of. From hence it arises that, on *these Occasions*, Praise has been so unjustly as well as ungracefully lavish'd, that those, who are most intitled to it, scorn to receive it in a Way that has been so liable to Prostitution.

FOR this Reason, my LORD, I shall forbear to offend *you* with any Compliments of this Nature, which, however well intended they might be, would to your Friends appear inferior to

D E D I C A T I O N. vii

to your GRACE'S Merit, and to Strangers might seem like Adulation. I shall only say, that if the humane and benevolent Exercise of Wealth and Power can describe the noblest Disposition, or bestow the truest Happiness, your GRACE is justly rewarded in the chearful Service and Affection of all who more immediately depend on you, and in the sincere Esteem and Respect of all who have the Honour to know you. That easy Grandeur you possess of accommodating yourself to those below you, without losing your Dignity, effectually procures you that Veneration which Pride, with all its Ostentation, can never really obtain.

As most of the *Pieces*, which form this *Collection*, were wrote in that Part of BRITAIN from whence your GRACE derives your *Title*, and which has often felt the kind Influences of your Presence: As some of them have been formerly honour'd with your GRACE'S generous Notice and Protection, I flatter myself your GRACE will not refuse

a 4

ther

viii DEDICATION.

them a Shelter under your auspicious *Patronage*. The *Love of Learning* is inseparable from all truly great and noble Minds. It is the FIRST LOVE which produces the *Love of Virtue!* of *Liberty!* of every Thing that is in Reality valuable and praise-worthy! If any of these Productions, my LORD, bear *these Impressions*, it is from thence only they can merit your GRACE's favourable Regard. Such as they are, my LORD, you will condescend to receive them as the dutiful Offerings of a Heart sincerely affectionate to your illustrious Family, ardent for your GRACE's personal Prosperity and Honour, and whose *Author* is, with the highest Esteem and Veneration,

My LORD,

Your GRACE's most obliged,

and most devoted

faithful Servant,

SAMUEL BOYSE.



THE
CONTENTS.

TRANSLATIONS.

P S A L M IV. <i>Paraphrased</i>	Page 3
P S A L M XLII. <i>Part Paraphrased</i>	6
* C A N T I C L E S, Chap. V. v. 16. <i>Paraphrased</i>	8
* J O H N, Chap. XXI. v. 17. <i>Paraphrased</i>	9
<i>The Lamentation of DAVID, Translated</i>	11
<i>Oratio GALGACI Ducis Britannici</i>	15
<i>Translated</i>	18
<i>Responsio Catonis ad Labienum</i>	23
<i>Translated</i>	24
H O R A C E, Book I. Ode XI. <i>Imitated</i>	26
————— Ode XII. <i>Translated</i>	28
————— Ode XXVI. <i>Imitated</i>	29
————— Ode XXXI <i>Translated</i>	31
————— Ode XXXVIII <i>Translated</i>	33
————— Book III. Ode XXVI. <i>Imitated</i>	34
————— Book IV. Ode V. <i>Imitated to the KING*</i>	35
————— Ode II. <i>Part imitated</i>	39
Claudian. (<i>de Somniis</i>) <i>Paraphrased</i>	41
Catullus (<i>de Sepulchro suo</i>) <i>Paraphrased</i>	42
Propertius (<i>de Uxoribus Indis</i>) <i>Translated</i>	44
Corn. Galli (<i>ad Uxorem</i>) <i>Paraphrased</i>	45
Sannararii <i>Epigramma in Venetiam, Translated</i>	47
<i>In Mortem Moliere. Translated</i>	48
<i>In Fontes Lutetiæ. Translated</i>	49
<i>Inscriptio Fontis. Translated</i>	50
	J.

The CONTENTS.

<i>In Regiam Sagittariorum Cohortem, Translated</i>	50
<i>Placet de Voiture, Imitated</i>	52
<i>Chanson de Moliere, Imitated</i>	55
<i>Ode de Messire Jaques Chatelard, Translated</i>	57
<i>M. Boileau a Perrault, Translaeed</i>	59
<i>The Descent of ORPHEUS, Translated from BOETIUS</i>	60

P O E M S.

PART I.

N ATURE, <i>A Poem</i> *	73
<i>Love and Majesty, Written 1718</i>	83
<i>The Force of Love, A Pastoral Essay</i>	88
* <i>To the Author with Cato and Tamerlane</i>	98
<i>To Mr. Aikman on his Painting</i>	99
<i>Verses on the Picture of MARY Queen of Scots</i> *	100
<i>On the Retreat of King Stanislaus</i>	105
<i>On the Marriage of the Prince of Orange</i>	107
<i>On the Birth of the young Princess Augusta</i> *	108
<i>To the Author of the polite Philosopher</i>	110
<i>To his Grace COSMO Duke of GORDON</i>	113
<i>To the Countess of EGLINTON</i>	117
<i>To the Lady ELISABETH GORDON, Ode</i>	119
<i>To the Lord KINNAIRD, An Epistle,</i>	122
<i>To Serena, An Epistle</i>	126
RETIREMENT, <i>a Poem</i> *	137
<i>Written in the Palace of Falkland, 1735</i>	155
<i>To Mr. William Cumming going to France</i>	158
* <i>To Mr. Monro, Professor of Anatomy at Edinburgh,</i>	162
<i>To the Author of Universal Beauty</i>	164

To

The CONTENTS.

<i>To Marcella</i>	166
<i>On the Death of Mrs. Stuart of Cardinefs</i>	169
<i>To Amanda, Epistle I.</i>	170
<i>To the same, Epistle II.</i>	174
<i>To the Lady Susanna Montgomery</i>	176
<i>To Mr. Henry Tonge</i>	177
<i>To the Hon. Sir John Clerk, Bart.</i>	180
<i>To the same</i>	183
<i>The TEARS of the MUSES. A Poem *</i>	189
<i>The OLIVE, an Heroic Ode *</i>	207

P O E M S.

PART II.

B AVIUS	241
<i>Apollo and Daphne</i>	242
<i>Poetical Love</i>	ibid.
<i>Phœbus mistaken</i>	ibid.
<i>Susanna and Lucretia *</i>	243
Homer	244
<i>The Wilb</i>	ibid.
<i>On Mr. C ———s Motto</i>	245
<i>The Golden Rule</i>	246
<i>Justice why blind ?</i>	ibid.
<i>Written in Lord Dorset's Poems</i>	ibid.
<i>Stanzas to Mr. M—y *</i>	247
<i>To a young Lady with a Letter from Voiture,</i>	248
<i>To a Lady on a Patch</i>	249
<i>Inscription for a Statue of Diana</i>	250
<i>Written in Mr. Thomson's Essays on Liberty</i>	251
<i>To Semanthe, Ode *</i>	252

The

The CONTENTS.

<i>The Parallel, Ode</i>	254
<i>To Clarissa, Ode</i>	256
<i>To Hilaria, Ode</i>	258
<i>To Ethelinda</i>	259
<i>To Marinda Singing, Ode</i>	260
<i>The Advice</i>	262
<i>On the Archers Procession at Edinburgh *</i>	265
<i>To a Gentleman on a Lady's fine Hand</i>	271
<i>The best Cosmetic</i>	273

P O E M S.

PART III.

T HE Anniversary Mourner, <i>A Poem</i>	277
<i>The Only Wish *</i>	283
<i>The Complaint</i>	285
<i>Stanzas to a Candle</i>	286
<i>The Farewell to Friendship</i>	288
<i>The Author's Epitaph</i>	289
<i>Epitaphium Patris optimi</i>	291

P R O S E.

<i>Counsels to a young Lady of Quality</i>	297
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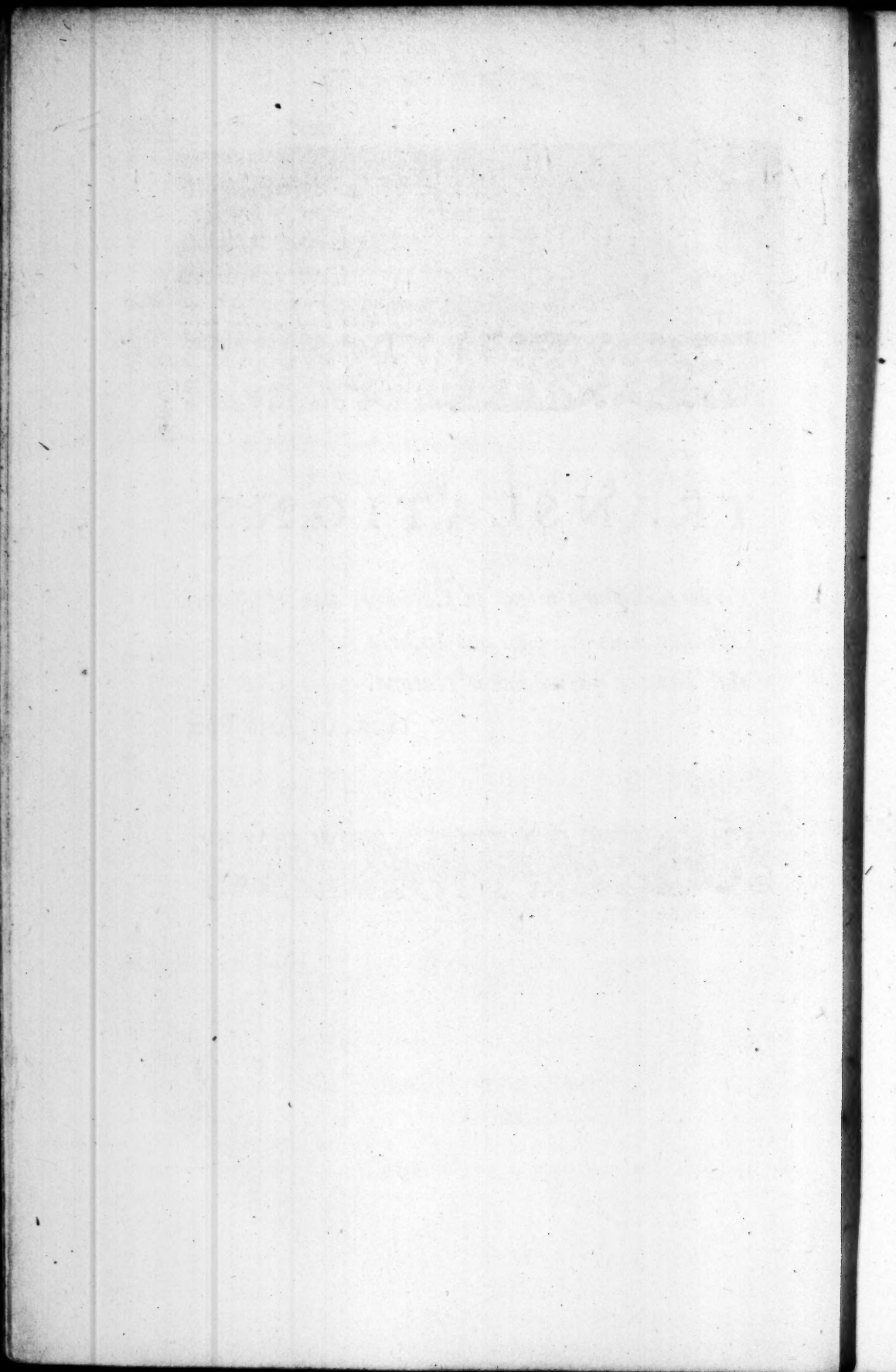


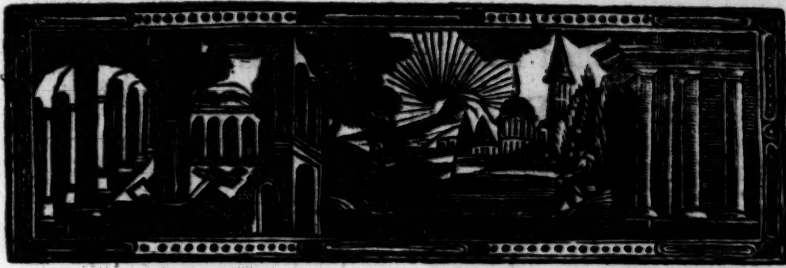
TRANSLATIONS.

*Verum ubi plura nitent in Carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quos aut Incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavet Natura.*

HOR. de Arte Poet.







PSALM IV.

PARAPHRAS'D.

I.



Thou, Almighty Righteousness!
Who oft has fav'd me in Distress;
In Mercy bow thy sov'reign Ear,
Relieve my Woe, my Sorrows hear!

II.

From Men, who flight thy sacred Ways,
To thee my weary'd Eyes I raise,
That nothing here below can see
Worthy to be compar'd with thee!

III.

Yet Men, blind Men, their Dreams pursue,
Vain shadowy Forms of Bliss untrue!
And empty Images prefer
To thee, the sole all-beauteous Fair!

IV.

Thy piercing Eye, that marks the whole,
Thro' all Disguise can view the Soul;
Can see conceal'd where Virtue lies,
And Innocence unheeded cries!

V.

This keeps the pious Mind in awe,
Observant of thy holy Law;
From every Dread that Heart is free,
That feels the conscious Fear of thee!

VI.

Supremely merciful and just,
In thee, thy faithful People trust;
To thee their daily Incense bring,
And smile beneath thy guardian Wing.

Let

VII.

Let Earth-born Souls with groveling Sight,
 In Wealth or Power, or Pride delight;
 More Transport gives a Ray of thine,
 Than BRITAIN'S Crown, or INDIA'S Mine!

VIII.

More from this Joy refin'd I taste,
 Than Misers from their Bags increas'd;
 From thence more Gladness fills my Heart,
 Than all the World can e'er impart.

IX.

Fed by thy providential Care,
 I take content my little Share;
 And humbly on thy Aid depend,
 Eternal Father, God, and Friend!

X.

When the provided Day is done,
 And Night with sable Train comes on;
 In Peace my weary'd Limbs I lay,
 He guards the Night, who gave the Day.

XI.

When breaks the Dawn of rosy Morn,
 To thee, the Lord of Life, I turn;
 And my awaken'd Senses raise,
 Attentive in their Maker's Praise.

XII.

Thou great Omniscience! watch my Ways,
 Protect my Nights and guide my Days;
 Give me thro' Life, obscure or known,
 To love and fear but Thee alone!

*Part of* PSALM XLII.

In Imitation of the Style of *SPENSER*.

I.

LIKE some faire Deer by Hunters close pursued,
 Who bath'd in sweet explores the cooling Flood;
 So my poore Soul, by eager Foes subdued,
 Looks up to thee, the ever-living God!
 When, when shall I approach that happy Place
 Where shines thy Glory, and where rests thy Peace?

I pass

II.

I pass my Days in Sighs, in Groans, and Tears,
 While my sad Breast incessant Railings load,
 " Who now his Cries, or his Petition hears,
 " Where is, they scornful cry, his boasted God?
 My Heart oppress'd, with Anguish and Despair,
 Looks up to thee, sole Auditor of Prayer!

III.

Oh! let thy heav'nly Beams these Sorrows cheere,
 Dispell these Clouds of Life-consuming Care!
 Vouchsafe the Voice of my Distress to heare,
 Regard my Sufferings, and attend my Prayer!
 While my proud Foes insult me from afar,
 Be thou my Refuge from the hostile War!

IV.

And see! — my Soul, his glorious Arm display'd!
 My Rock of Hope, my high Defence is near;
 At length he grants his favourable Aid,
 Behold my great Deliverer appear!
 Smile then my Soul! nor droop within my Breast,
 Trust still in God, and he shall give thee Rest!



*Canticles Chap. V. v. 16, Paraphras'd. **

O *H* how his pointed Language, like a Dart,
Strikes thro' my Breast, and thrills my melting Heart!
Thro' all my Soul the charming Accents slide,
Which from his heav'nly Lips harmonious glide;
And while I the enchanting Sounds admire,
My ravish'd Senses in a Trance expire.

Go, Son of VENUS! mourn thy baffled Art,
Thy vainly boasted Pow'r, and pointless Dart;
Thy feebler Rays undazzled now I view,
Thy Altars scorn — and nobler Joys pursue:
As in the Sun the glimm'ring Taper glows,
Compar'd with his thy faint Resemblance shows;
Shalt thou his Rival then presume to prove,
Or vie with him the only God of Love?
Thy idle Flame but plays around the Heart,
His fills the Heav'n-born Soul in every Part;
Thou but imaginary Bliss can'st boast,
And transient Pleasures in Possession lost;

* These two Pieces were wrote by a young Gentleman, who died at *Glasgow*, 1721, in the 18th Year of his Age, universally regretted.

*While real Raptures from his Precepts flow,
 Such as the Heav'n-born Soul delights to know;
 He seeks not to constrain, but to invite,
 His Chains are Freedom, and his Yoke Delight;
 " Then ever-lovely Saviour! why in thee
 " Do the blind World no Form or Beauty see?*

*Where is that Radiance, JESUS! so divine,
 So brightly splendid, to out-glitter thine?
 With whose dear Sight, Mortality once bless'd
 Would throw off all its Robes, to be possess'd:
 " Then altogether lovely! why in thee
 " Do the blind World no Form or Beauty see!*



JOHN Chap. XXI. v. 17. Paraphras'd.

By the Same.

*YES, thou that knowest all things, know'st my Love,
 And that I prize thy Interest far above
 The utmost Joys, this Earth can e'er bestow,
 Or all the shining Vanities below:
 To thy unerring Censure I appeal,
 And thou, who art Omniscience, sure can'st tell.*

*I love thee more than Life or Interest,
 No Rival shares with thee this destin'd Breast;*

I love

*I love thee so, that I can calmly bear
The Laugh of Fools, and bless my happy Ear,
So I from thee but one kind Whisper bear.*

}

*I love thee so — that for a Smile of thine,
Were this, and all yon' glittering Planets mine,
I would not pause, but with a sacred Scorn
The mean unequal Offer gladly spurn;
To busy Mortals all their Wish resign,
Nor envy them, while thou, O Lord, wert mine!*

*I love thee as my Center, and can find
No Point but thee, to fix my restless Mind;
Wild and uncertain all its Motions were,
Till plac'd in thee, their only proper Sphere;
Urg'd with a thousand specious Forms I stood,
Displeas'd; — and sigh'd, as for some distant Good,
Till thou appear'd — I heard the heav'nly Voice,
And my Soul quickly made its happy Choice!*

*I love thee so — 'tis more than Death to be
Thus pain'd by Absence, and depriv'd of thee;
'Tis all but Darknes and the Shade of Night,
While this poor mortal Veil obstructs the Sight:
Would'st thou but call — I'd kiss the Dart should free
My fluttering Soul, and send her up to thee;*

O would'st

O would'st thou break her Chains! with what Delight
 She'd plume her Wings, and bid this World good Night!
 Scarce for her bright Conductors would she stay,
 But lead thy flaming Ministers the Way,
 In their known Passage to eternal Day:
 And yet those Realms of Light would seem less fair,
 Until she met her bright Redeemer there;
 Until she gaz'd upon his radiant Face,
 Beheld his Smiles, and liv'd in his Embrace;
 Thence should his Praise her heav'nly Song employ,
 Delightful Task, a Work of endless Joy!



*The Lamentation of DAVID for SAUL
 and JONATHAN.*

II Samuel I. v. 17 — 27. *Translated.*

“ How are the Mighty fall'n upon the Plain?

“ Unhappy ISRAEL! mourn thy Beauty slain!

LET none to ASKALON the Loss reveal,
 Oh, publish not, in GATH, th' accursed Tale!
 Left our insulting Foes, with cruel Pride,
 Smile at our Weakness, and our Arms deride,
And

And as they count the Spoils in Triumph o'er,
Rejoice the Strength of JUDAH' is no more!

“ How are the Mighty fall'n upon the Plain?

“ Unhappy ISRAEL! mourn thy Beauty slain!

On GILBOAH's Heights let no more Dew be found,
For ever blasted be the fatal Ground!

Let Heav'n displeas'd its kindly Smiles refrain,

Nor send the genial Warmth, nor fruitful Rain!

Nor Grass its Hills, nor Corn its Vallies yield,

Nor Shade nor Streams refresh the barren Field!

For there our antient Glory fell a Prey,

And the Imperial Shield was cast away!

There SAUL and JONATHAN resign'd their Breath,

The Monarch and the Friend were lost in Death.

“ How are the Mighty fall'n upon the Plain?

“ Unhappy ISRAEL! mourn thy Beauty slain!

How oft in Arms together have they fought,
And for their Country Deeds heroick wrought?

Bold as the Lion seizes on his Prey,

Swift as the Eagle wings his rapid Way,

So bold in War the conquering Sword they drew,

So swift were wont the Vanquish'd to pursue:

“ But now the breathless Warriors press the Plain,

“ Unhappy ISRAEL! mourn thy Beauty slain!

Whom

Whom Nature join'd, and fond Affection ty'd,
 Now sleep in Death, nor can the Grave divide;
 United once in Conquest, as in Love,
 The same Society in Fate they prove!
 By Numbers overwhelm'd they bravely die,
 See! red with Wounds the mangled Heroes lie!
 In ISRAEL's much lov'd Cause with Honour bleed,
 Nor live to see the Woes that must succeed.

“ How are the Mighty fall'n upon the Plain?

“ Unhappy ISRAEL! mourn thy Beauty slain!

Let ZION's Daughters at the rueful Tale,
 In solemn Grief their Monarch's Fate bewail;
 For him distress'd in sable Weeds appear,
 Raise the sad Song, and shed the pearly Tear!
 Who oft, when crown'd with Conquest he return'd,
 With foreign Spoils their lovely Charms adorn'd!

“ But now he helpless lies upon the Plain,

“ Unhappy ISRAEL! mourn thy Beauty slain!

Oh JONATHAN! — the Brother and Friend,
 How shall I mourn thy too untimely End?
 What Language shall express the Grief I feel
 For one I lov'd so long, and knew so well!

Thro'

Thro' every State my chequer'd Life has known,
 Still was thy constant Faith unalter'd shewn,
 And DAVID's Interest dearer than thy own! }
 Our Stations different — yet our Hearts the same,
 Preserv'd entire the unextinguish'd Flame!
 Still were our Joys, and still our Sorrows shar'd,
 Mutual our Trust, and equal our Regard ;
 Such was our sacred Union far above
 The common Ties of Friendship or of Love :
 Now snatch'd at once—in vain thy Loss I mourn,
 And pay these fruitless Honours to thy Urn!

“ How are the Mighty fall'n upon the Plain?

“ Unhappy ISRAEL! mourn thy Beauty slain!



ORATIO



ORATIO GALGACI *Ducis Britannici*,
EX TACITO *in Vita* JUL. AGRICOLÆ.

Et Nomen Pacis dulce est, et ipsa Res salutaris, sed inter Pacem et Servitutem plurimum interest: Pax est tranquilla Libertas; Servitus autem malorum omnium extremum, non modo Bello, sed etiam Morte repellendum!

Quoties Causas Belli et Necessitatem nostram intueor, magnus mihi Animus est, hodiernam Diem Consensumque vestrum initium Libertatis totius Britanniae fore. Nam et universi servitutis expertes ac nulla ultra Terrae nec Mari quidem securum, imminente nobis Classe Romanâ. Ita praelia atque arma, quæ fortibus honesta, eadem etiam ignavis tutissima sunt. Priores pugnae quibus adversus Romanos varia Fortuna certatum est, spem ac subsidium in nostris manibus habebant, quia nobilissimi totius Britanniae, eoque in ipsius penetralibus siti, nec servientium littora adspicientes, oculos etiam a contactu Dominationis inviolatos habebamus. Nos Terrarum et Libertatis extremos, recessus ipse ac sinus Famæ in hunc diem defendit. Nunc terminus Britanniae patet, atque omne ignotum pro magnifico est. Sed nulla jam ultra Gens, nil nisi fluctus et saxa et interiores Romani, quorum superbiam frustra per obsequium et modestiam effugeris. Raptores Orbis, postquam cuncta vastantibus defuere, terræ ac mari scrutantur; si locuples Hostis est, avari; si pauper, ambitiosi; quos non Oriens, non Occidens satiaverit,

foli

foli omnium opes, atque inopiam pari affectu concupiscunt. Auferre, trucidare, rapere, falsis nominibus, Imperium; atque ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant! Liberos cuique et propinquos suos Natura carissimos esse voluit; hi, per delectus, alibi servituros auferuntur. Conjuges et Sorores, si hostilem libidinem effugiunt, nomine Amicorum atque Hospitum polluantur. Bona, Fortunaeque in Tributum egerunt, in Annonum, Frumentum: Corpora ipsa atque manus, in silvis et paludibus emuniendis, verbera inter et contumelias, conterunt. Nata servituti mancipia semel veneunt, atque ultro a Domino aluntur. Britannia verò servitutem suam cotidie emit, cotidie pascit. Ac sicut in Familia recentissimus quoque fervor et conservis in ludibrio est, sic nos, in hoc Orbis Terrarum veteri famulatu, novi et viles in excidium patimur. Neque enim nobis arva, aut metalla, aut portus sunt, quibus exercendis reservemur. Virtus autem ac ferocia subjectorum, ingrata imperantibus, et longinquitas et secretum ipsum, quo tutius eo suspectius. Ita sublata spe veniæ, tandem sumite animum tam quibus Libertas, quam quibus Gloria carissima est. Brigantes, Fœmina Duce! exurere coloniam, expugnare castra, ac (nisi felicitas in fœcundiam vertisset) exuere jugum potuere. Nos integri, et indomiti, et Libertatem non in Præsentiâ laturi, primo statim concursu non ostendemus, quos sibi Caledonia seposuerit viros? An eadem Romanis in bello virtutem quam in pace luxuriam adesse creditis? Nostri illi dissensionibus ac discordiis clari, vitia hostium in gloriam exercitus sibi vertunt; quem contractum ex diversissimis gentibus ut secundæ res tenent, ita adversæ dissolvent; nisi si Gallos et Germanos, et (pudet dictu) Britannorum plerosque dominationi alienæ sanguinem commodantes, diutius tamen hostes quam servos, fide et affectu teneri putatis. Metus et Terror sunt infirma vincula Caritatis, quæ ubi removeris,

removeris, qui timere desierint, odisse incipient. — Omnia victoriæ incitamenta pro nobis sunt. Nullæ Romanos Conjuges accendunt; nulli Parentes fugam exprobatum sunt; aut nulla plerisque Patria est, aut alia. Paucos numerus circa trepidos Ignorantia, cœlumque ipsum, ac mare, ac silvas, ignota omnia circumspicientes; clausos quodammodo et vinctos Dii nobis tradiderunt. Ne terreat vanus aspectus, et auri fulgor et argenti, quod neque tegit neque vulnerat. In ipsa hostium acie inuenimus nostras manus! Agnoscent Britanni suam causam! Recordabuntur Galli priorem Libertatem! Deferent illos cæteri Germani (ut nuper Usipii reliquerunt! — Nec quidam ultra formidinis, vacua castella, senum coloniæ, inter male parentes, et iniuste imperantes, ægra municipia et discordantia! Hic Dux, hic Exercitus! — ibi tributa et metalla et cætera seruentium pœnæ! quas in æternum proferre, aut statim ulcisci, in hoc Campo est. Proinde ituri in aciem et Majores vestros, et Posteris cogitate!





The Speech of GALGACUS.

TRANSLATED.

*Felices errore suo, quos ille Timorum
Maximus, haud urget Leti metus, inde ruendi
In Ferrum mens prona Viris, animique capaces
Mortis, & ignavum rediturae parcere vitæ!*

LUCAN.

When stopp'd beneath the GRAMPIAN's rugged
Height,
The ROMAN Eagles check'd their prædal Flight;
While every Pow'r that watch'd BRITANNIA's Fate,
In Silence, seem'd the doubtful Day to wait!
In Terms like these,—great GALGACUS address'd
His *faithful Few!* and eas'd his lab'ring Breast! —

“ **W**Hen round this Camp, I cast my ravish'd
Eyes,

“ And view the glorious Cause that bids us rise!

“ Methinks the long expected Hour is come,

“ To stop the Progress of usurping ROME!

“ These

" These Arms, my Friends! that never felt their Chain;
 " These Arms must BRITAIN's latest Hopes sustain:
 " Beneath their Yoke surrounding Nations groan,
 " Our Country's Safety lives in us alone!
 " On us her longing Eyes impatient wait,
 " On us depends her everlasting Fate!
 " All further Means of Refuge now are vain,
 " And Death or Liberty alone remain;
 " In vain amongst these Rocks we hop'd to find,
 " Peace and the native Freedom of Mankind;
 " Ev'n here, our Foes, our last Retreat have found,
 " And envy us th' uncultivated Ground:
 " Nor think Submission can prevent our Chain,
 " To us, Submission would itself prove vain;
 " See from their Hands what Mercy will ye find?
 " These civiliz'd Destroyers of Mankind!
 " Whose boundless Lust of Riches and of Sway,
 " Has ravag'd all the wasted World for Prey;
 " And like a marching Plague, by Fraud or Force,
 " Has blasted Nature in its deadly Course!
 " With specious Arts has veil'd its baneful Face,
 " Call'd Rapine Virtue, and Destruction Peace!
 " See! wheresoe'er their conq'ring Arms have gone,
 " What Woes attend the vanquish'd and undone?
 " View Sons and Brothers from their Dwellings torn,
 " In distant Lands their servile Fortune mourn!

" Our faithful Matrons, and our spotless Maids,
 " Their Guile seduces, or their Pow'r invades!
 " Their Goods and Lands, the haughty Victor's Spoil,
 " Themselves reserv'd as Slaves to work the Soil!
 " Compell'd, thro' Blows and Hardships to obey,
 " And wear in ceaseless Tasks slow Life away :
 " Others by Birth, may wear the cursed Chain,
 " And drudge for those who do their Life sustain ;
 " But BRITAIN daily aids the Yoke she scorns,
 " And feeds that Insolence and Pride she mourns :
 " As in domestic Usage to the rest,
 " Still the last Slave becomes a constant Jest ;
 " So we, the last of unflav'd Mankind,
 " Shall be the Sport and Laughter of our Kind !
 " Nor Fields have we to till, nor Mines to drain,
 " Nor Ports to open for the Victor's Gain :
 " But Rocks and Woods are all the Wealth we boast,
 " And yet our all we lose,—when these are lost !
 " Let Freedom, then my Friends ! your Souls inspire,
 " And warm your Bosoms with Heroic Fire !
 " If led to Conquest by a Female Hand,
 " ROME scarce a BRITISH Heroine could withstand ;
 " But to her antient Cunning had recourse,
 " And triumph'd by Division, not by Force ;
 " In us, as yet unalter'd, firm and free,
 " Her boasted Sons, let CALEDONIA see !

" To

" To whose known Virtue she commits her Cause,
 " And trusts her future Liberty and Laws:—
 " Nor think the ROMAN Force in Battle try'd
 " Equals their home-bred Luxury and Pride;
 " In our Dissentions half their Hope they place,
 " And raise their Trophies on our own Disgrace;
 " From distant Climes they form their venal Bands,
 " Whom Plunder arms, and ill Success disbands;
 " Nor think of GAULS or GERMANS are so blind,
 " To waste their Blood, a hated Yoke to bind?
 " Terror and Fear are slender Ties of Love,
 " Which when your conqu'ring Arms shall once re-
 move,
 " Will soon transform'd to nobler Passions glow,
 " And aid our Vengeance on the common Foe!
 " For us, Success displays its fairest Charms,
 " To fire our Hearts, and animate our Arms.
 " No Wives the ROMANS have, no helpless Friends,
 " Whose Life and Safety on their own depends;
 " No native Land have they — or distant far,
 " Unjust their Cause, and unprovok'd the War;—
 " See! how surpriz'd they view the Wilds around,
 " And trembling tread along the hostile Ground!
 " Thro' Woods and Rocks direct their cautious Way,
 " And seem distrustful ev'n of Earth and Sea!

“ Bewilder’d, thus, to our avenging Hand
 “ The righteous Gods have given this lawless Band:—
 “ Dread not their haughty Mien, and glitt’ring Show,
 “ A weak Defence against a valiant Foe!
 “ Vain are the Rays their splendid Dresses send,
 “ Gaudy to shine, but useless to defend;
 “ Amongst themselves we may on Aid depend,
 “ And every BRITON is our secret Friend;
 “ For us they wish,— while for the Foe they fight,
 “ And in their Hearts assist our social Right!
 “ Once let your Virtue break the Force you see,
 “ Your injur’d Country is for ever free!
 “ Before your Eyes, your latest Choice remains,
 “ Freedom, or Death, or everlasting Chains;
 “ This to enjoy, or under these to groan,
 “ Depends, my Friends! upon yourselves alone;
 “ Think that your generous Ancestors were free!
 “ If they were so — what must your Children be?
 “ Undaunted then the Paths of Honour try,
 “ And live with Freedom, or with Glory die!





Responsio M. CATONIS *ad* LABIENUM,
De Oraculo Ammonis consulendo.
 LUCAN, lib. V.

Errat, si quis putat hanc Vocem M. CATONIS, ipsius non Oraculi esse. Quid enim est Oraculum? Nempe Voluntas divina ore Hominis enuntiata. Et quem tandem Antistitem digniorem invenire sibi potuit Divinitas quam M. CATONEM?

SENECA.

ILLE Deo plenus, tacito quem Mente gerebat,
 Effudit dignas adytis e pectore Voces:

- “ Quid quæri LABIENE, jubes? — an liber in Armis
 “ Occubuisse velim, potius quam Regna videre?
 “ An sit Vita nihil, sed longum differet Ætas?
 “ An noceat vis ulla Bono? Fortunaque perdat
 “ Opposita virtute minas? laudandaque velle
 “ Sit satis? & nunquam successu crescat Honestum?
 “ Scimus, & hoc nobis non altius inferet Ammon!—
 “ Hæremus cuncti superis, temploque tacente
 “ Nil facimus non sponte Dei; nec vocibus ullis
 “ Numen egit; dixitque semel Nascentibus Auctor
 “ Quicquid scire licet; sterileis non legit arenas

“ Ut canerent paucis—merfitque hoc pulvere verum !
 “ Estne Dei sedes nisi Terra, et Pontus et Aer
 “ Et Cœlum et Virtus?—superos quid quærimus ultra?
 “ Juppiter est quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris !
 “ Sortilegis egeant dubii ! semperque futuris
 “ Casibus ancipites ; me non oracula certum
 “ Sed mors certa facit—pavido fortique cadendum est,
 “ Hoc satis est dixisse Jovem.” — Sic ille præfatur
 Servataque fide, templi discedit ab aris
 Non exploratum, Populis, AMMONA relinquens.



TRANSLATED.

Victrix Causa Diis placuit, sed victa CATONI.

LUCAN.

FULL of that Pow'r, whose Light inspir'd his
Breast,

Great CATO answer'd thus the Chief's Request :—

“ What, LABIENUS ? dost thou seek to know ?

“ Is it our Chance in Arms against the Foe ?

“ Or shall we doubt all Evils to sustain,

“ E're ROME be fetter'd, or a CÆSAR reign ?

“ Is Life then nothing but protracted Breath ?

“ Or Slavery a slighter Ill than Death ?

“ Must

" Must Virtue take its Colour from Success,
 " Or does opposing Fortune make it less ?
 " While nobly we assert the righteous Cause,
 " Of suffering Liberty, and injur'd Laws,
 " Do we not act like ROMANS and like Men ?
 " Or must precarious Chance direct the Scene ?
 " All this we know ourselves—nor can the Pow'r
 " That rules these hallow'd Shrines inform us more:—
 " Tho' dumb the Oracle he speaks his Mind,
 " In lively Characters to all Mankind ?
 " Gilds Life's first Dawn with Reason's heav'nly
 Rays,
 " And takes the Tribute of imperfect Praise !
 " Ev'n Nature, here in Silence, sounds his Name,
 " And these vast Wilds Omnipotence proclaim !
 " The Fire, the Earth, the Seas, and ambient Air
 " Point out his Wisdom, and his Pow'r declare !
 " In Heaven and virtuous Minds he makes Abode,
 " Thro' all her Works Creation owns his Nod ;
 " Beneath, around us, and display'd above,
 " Whate'er we see, where'er we go, is JOVE !
 " Let others, anxious for their doubtful Fate,
 " On the dark Oracle's Decision wait !
 " 'Tis Death, whom Coward and Hero must obey,
 " 'Tis certain Death takes all my Cares away ;

“Qr

“ Or soon, or late, we all are doom’d to fall,
“ Jove speaks by me this Lesson to you all!”—
So said—the God-like *Chief* his Legions join’d,
And left the unconsulted Priest behind.



ODES of HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XI. *Imitated.*

I.

FOrbear, my Friend! with idle Schemes,
To search into the Maze of Fate;
Your Horoscopes are airy Dreams,
Your Coffee-tossing all a Cheat!

II.

What adds it to our real Peace,
To know Life’s Accidents or Date?
The Knowledge would our Pains encrease,
And make us more unfortunate.

III.

Wisely conceal’d in endless Night,
Has Heav’n wrapp’d up its dark Decrees;

The

The View, too strong for human Sight,
Might else destroy our present Ease!

IV.

Then gladly use the courting Hour,
Enjoy, and make it all your own!
And pull with Haste the fairest Flow'r,
E're Time's quick Hand have cut it down,

V.

Chearful fill up the genial Bowl,
And crown it with some lovely Toast!
'Till the rich Cordial warm your Soul,
And every Thought in Joy be lost,

VI.

The fleeting Moments of Delight,
Improve with an uncommon Care!
For now they urge their destin'd Flight,
And now are mix'd with vulgar Air!

VII.

Still, let me taste my Share of Bliss,
Pure and unmix'd with Care and Sorrow!
No more, my Friend, in Life I wish,
'Tis all a Jest to trust To-morrow.



BOOK I. ODE XXII. *Translated.*

I.

Cease, SYLVIA! cease, as I pursue,
 With causeless Haste to shun my View;
 Nor deaf to all a Lover's Cry,
 Like a young Fawn, affrighted fly,

II.

Who wand'ring from its Guardian's Care,
 Distracted runs, it knows not where;
 And every harmless Noise it hears,
 Endures a thousand nameless Fears!

III.

With panting Heart and trembling Knees,
 Each Object round distrustful sees;
 Whether the Leaves the Breezes shake,
 Or the green Lizard stirs the Brake!

IV.

Then, SYLVIA! stop your needless Flight,
 I wear no hostile Form to fright;

But

But only seek my Pains to show
To thee, fair Cause of all my Woe!

V.

Then quit a-while your Mother's Side,
To which too long you have been ty'd;
'Tis more than Time to change the Scene,
For SYLVIA, — now you're past Fifteen!

BOOK I. ODE XXVI. *Imitated.*

BE gone! ye vain distracting Fears,
I to the Winds resign my Cares,
A Poet should be gay!
Haste then, the flow'ry Chaplet twine,
Fill out, profuse, the generous Wine,
And drive all Pain away!

Let others idly rack their Brain,
With Doubts of FRANCE, or Fears from SPAIN,
Or foreign Jars or Leagues;
To artful Statesmen and their Tools,
That motley Pack of Knaves and Fools,
I leave their own Intrigues.

What

What is it, Friend, to you or me,
 If CARLOS reign in ITALY,
 Or stay at SEVILLE's Court?
 Or if cross'd Statesmen in Disgrace,
 Still rail with Spite at those in Place,
 Tho' ne'er the better for't.

Where some fair spreading Chesnut grows,
 And near a murm'ring Fountain flows,
 Give me Repose to find!
 There with their own celestial Fire,
 Let all the Nine my Breast inspire;
 And raise my ravish'd Mind!

Then should the Lyre resound thy Praise,
 And consecrate its fav'rite Lays
 To thee, the Muse's Friend:
 Immortaliz'd by these, thy Fame
 Should, with their happy Master's Name,
 To latest Days descend!





BOOK I. ODE XXXI. *Translated.*

I.

WHILE humbly offering at thy Shrine,
I pour the consecrated Wine;
Of thee, bright God of Verse and Day!
What shall thy suppliant Poet pray?

II.

I ask not all the Golden Stores,
That wave on rich SARDINIA's Shores;
Nor yet the Flocks, a countless Train!
That tread CALABRIA's verdant Plain.

III.

I ask no Heaps of glitt'ring Coin,
Nor Diamonds brought from INDIA's Mine;
Nor yet the Plenty Heav'n bestows,
Where softly winding LYRIS flows:

IV.

Let the toil'd Merchant yearly stray,
Thro' every Land and every Sea;

And

And led by Fate in search of Gain,
Explore the Earth, and tempt the Main.

V.

Grant me this Wish — a Country Farm,
Where all is fair, and clean, and warm;
The neighb'ring Woods shall yield me Fire,
My Garden feed, my Flocks attire.

VI.

And, PHOEBUS! to confirm me blest,
Still grant me Health those Joys to taste!
And still with Health, let there be join'd
An honest Heart, and chearful Mind.

VII.

Then to compleat thy Bard's Desire,
Give me to touch thy sacred Lyre!
Still let the Nine inspire my Lay,
And help to sooth all Care away!

VIII.

Untroubled thus, serenely clear,
The Evening of my Life shall wear;
Till Death unfear'd, unheeded come,
And lay me peaceful in the Tomb!



BOOK I. ODE XXXVIII. *Translated.*

I.

A Way! my Boy, 'tis needful Toil,
 I hate your Essences and Oil,
 And all th' enervate Train!
 Leave the nice Flow'r, th' *Autumnal* Rose,
 Of Myrtle Twigs the Wreath compose,
 Both beautiful and plain.

II.

With this, beneath the friendly Shade,
 Surround thy careless Master's Head,
 And then adorn thy own:
 The fragrant Plant shall gaily shine,
 Shall aid the generous Joys of Wine,
 And form a grateful Crown!





BOOK III. ODE XXVI. *Imitated.*

LATE unconfin'd, as fleeting Air,
 I gaily rov'd amongst the Fair;
 And in my yielding Heart
 As sov'reign Beauty gave the Law,
 From every lovely Face I saw,
 Receiv'd the pleasing Dart!

But now, fair VENUS! Queen divine!
 I hang beside thy honour'd Shrine
 The consecrated Lyre!
 No more thy charming Wars I prove,
 No more the powerful Joys of Love
 My feeble Breast can fire!

Yet, VENUS! e're thy faithful Slave
 Thy Altars quit, thy Service leave;
 Let him one Grace implore!
 Let stubborn CÆLIA own thy Sway,
 Make her imperious Heart obey!
 My Vows shall ask no more! —



BOOK IV. ODE V. *Imitated.*

To the KING.

During his MAJESTY'S Stay at *Helvoetsluys.*

I.

TOO long, great Monarch! has BRITANNIA'S
Isle

Perfisted sad thy Absence to deplore;
Long miss'd the Sun-shine of thy Royal Smile,
Long wish'd that every Gale might waft thee o'er;
Oh then no longer let the Nation mourn,
Delay'd the Blessings of thy hop'd Return.

II.

Just to our Vows, auspicious speed thy Way,
O Prince belov'd, those kindly Beams restore,
That rule thy Subjects with the gentlest Sway,
And make all Hearts confess thy sovereign Pow'r:
As after Winter blooming Nature springs,
So after Absence shines the Best of Kings.

III.

Impatient for thy Sight, across the Main,
 Eastward, to wat'ry BELGIA's shadowy Coast,
 Long has BRITANNIA cast her Eyes in vain,
 And griev'd each favourable Wind she lost!
 Eager to thee to pay her grateful Vow,
 From whom her numerous Blessings constant flow.

IV.

For safe the Lab'rer tills the peaceful Plain,
 Secure the future Harvest is his own;
 The Merchant spreads his Riches o'er the Main,
 And pays his chearful Tribute to thy Throne:
 And public Faith and joyful Commerce join,
 To mark this Golden Age of BRITAIN, thine.

V.

Ev'n when thy genial Warmth was felt no more,
 When BRITAIN mourn'd, her great Defender gone;
 Thy CAROLINA's soft angelic Power
 Supply'd the Absence of thy stronger Sun:
 And blest'd we found beneath her guardian Sway,
 The Sweets of Peace's soft-continued Day.

Justice

VI.

Justice maintain'd, and regulated Law,
Freedom at Home, and Safety all around,
From thy acknowledg'd Reign their Source shall draw ;
By these thy Name shall be with Glory crown'd :
And future Days that best these Gifts shall see,
Shall point their grateful Eyes to Heav'n and Thee.

VII.

Protected thus beneath thy watchful Care,
What People like thy own, great GEORGE, is
blest'd !
Nothing but for that precious Life we fear,
Lest Fate should rob us of the Bliss possess'd :
Nor potent GAUL we dread, nor haughty SPAIN ;
While thou art safe, they waste their Threats in vain.

VIII.

While the glad Artisans, and chearful Swains,
As o'er their native Land they cast their Eye,
Behold her crowded Ports and smiling Plains,
How do their Bosoms swell with honest Joy !
How do they daily wish their King restor'd,
And to his Safety crown the friendly Board !

IX.

For this, when free, the social Bowl runs o'er,
 Dispelling Fraud and Care from every Heart;
 Thy Health, of gracious Heav'n, we first implore,
 And speak thy Praise untaught by servile Art:
 For this we point the sparkling Glass, and join
 NASSAU's and great ELIZA's Names to thine.

X.

Long live, illustrious Prince, our just Delight,
 Thy BRITAIN's Shield, the Darling of Mankind!
 May Heaven indulgent soon restore thy Sight,
 May BRITAIN long thy happy Presence find;
 And to thy Godlike Race devolve the Power
 To bless this Land, till Time shall be no more!





BOOK IV. ODE II. *Part Imitated.*

I.

WHO strives, my Friend, with fruitless Toil,
To rise to PRIOR's matchless Style,
But makes his Folly known:
He, like a first-rate Star sublime,
Shines in a Sphere, where none can climb,
And draws his Light from none!

II.

Or like some River swell'd with Rain,
That swift-descending o'er the Plain,
Impetuous shapes its Course;
So his inimitable Lays
Still charm the Heart a thousand Ways,
With irresistible Force!

III.

Whether he make his glorious Theme,
Immortal NASSAU's godlike Name;
Or pleas'd in WINDSOR's Groves,

Attunes his Lyre to gentler Sounds,
And with his Notes assembles round
The Graces and the Loves!

IV.

Or whether Love his Strains inspire,
To sing the constant HENRY'S Fire!
Or paint the *Nut-brown Fair*:
Like the white Swan's expiring Strain,
So soft the dying Notes complain,
And charm the list'ning Ear!

V.

Aw'd as his Beauties I explore,
With distant Reverence I adore,
The Bard's exalted Height:
Like the laborious Bee I rove,
And o'er the Field, or thro' the Grove,
Obscurely wing my Flight.——* * * *



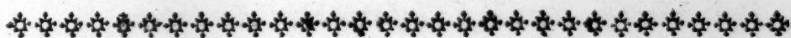
CLAUDIAN,



CLAUDIAN.

(de Somniis.)

*O*Mnia quæ Sensu voluntur vota diurno,
 Pectori sopito reddit amica quies.
Venator defessa Toro cum Membra reponit,
Mens tamen ad Sylvas & sua Lustra redit;
Judicibus lites, aurigis Somnia curris,
Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur Equis;
“ Me quoque Musarum studium sub Nocte silenti
“ Artibus assuetis sollicitare solet.



PARAPHRAS'D.

THose Pleasures still in which the Mind delights,
 Employ our Dreams, and entertain our Nights!
 The Huntsman wearied with his toilsome Sports,
 Still haunts the Covert, or the Glade resorts;
 In Sleep the Judge hangs o'er the noisy Bar,
 In Sleep the Victor drives the rapid Car!
 With fancy'd Coursers turns the imagin'd Round,
 Whirls o'er the Distance, and attains the Bound!
 In Sleep the Lover does his Mistress hold,
 In Sleep the Miser trembles o'er his Gold;

In

In Sleep the Merchant safe secur'd on Shore,
 Fancies the Storm, and dreads his ventur'd Store;
 Me too, in Sleep, the much-lov'd Muses love,
 Point to the Mead, or lead me thro' the Grove;
 Where to chaste Minds they all their Charms reveal,
 A Joy unknown by all — but those who feel!



CATULLUS. (de Sepulchro suo.)

*DI faciant mea ne terrâ locet ossa frequenti
 Qua facit assiduo tramite vulgus Iter ;
 Post Mortem tumuli sic infamantur Amantum,
 Me teget arboreâ devia Terra comâ !
 Aut humet ignotæ cumulus vallatus Arenæ
 Non juvat in medio nomen habere Viæ.*



PARAPHRAS'D.

THE stately Monument let others raise,
 And seek by Art to live till future Days;
 To Stone or Brass their Hope of Fame intrust,
 The flatt'ring Marble, or deceitful Bust!
 No pompous Ornaments my Wishes crave,
 But simple as my Life, I wish my Grave!

When

When Fate impartial calls this fleeting Breath,
 And every Tie dissolving yields to Death ;
 To the kind Bosom whence I took my Birth,
 Commit the Remnant of returning Earth ;
 Far from the common Graves, and publick Way,
 Peaceful inter th' inanimated Clay,
 In some fair Mead, some Wood-enshelter'd Ground,
 Or near some bubbling Fountain's soothing Sound,
 Where no rude Hand my Ashes may invade,
 Disturb my Urn, or fright my watchful Shade ;
 Green be the Spot beneath, and over Head
 Let some fair Tree its guardian Umbrage spread !
 Light lie the Earth, and hallow'd be the Ground,
 And Flow'rs in sweet Profusion rise around !
 Let others servile beat the common Road,
 A Poet dead or living scorns a Crowd !





PROPERTIUS. (de Uxoribus Indis.)

Felix *Æois* lex *Funeris* una *Maritis*
Quos Aurora suis rubra colorat Aquis ;
Namque ubi mortifero jacta est Fax ultima læto
Uxorum sævis stat pia Turba comis.
Et certamen habent Lethi, quæ viva sequatur
Conjugium, Pudor est non licuisse mori !
Ardent viætrices, et Flammis pectora præbent,
Imponuntque suis ora perusta viris.

Happy the Laws that in those Climes obtain,
 Where the bright Morning reddens all the Main !
 There, whensoever the happy Husband dies,
 And on the funeral Couch extended lies ;
 His faithful Wives around the Scene appear,
 With pompous Dress and a triumphant Air ;
 For Partnership in Death, ambitious strive,
 And dread the shameful Fortune to survive !
 Adorn'd with Flowers the lovely Victims stand,
 With Smiles ascend the Pile, and light the Brand !

Grasp

Grasp their dear Partners with unalter'd Faith,
And yield exulting to the fragrant Death. *



EX CORN. GALLI Eleg. II.

(AD UXOREM.)

SUM Grandævus ego, nec tu minus alba capillis,
Par ætas animos conciliare solet;
Si modo non possum, quondam potuisse memento
Sit satis ut placeam, me placuisse prius.
Permanet invalidis Reverentia prisca Colonis,
Quod fuit in vetulo milite, miles amat;
Rusticus expertum deflet cessasse Juvencom;
Cum quo consenuit miles honorat Equum;
Nec me adeò primis spoliavit floribus Ætas,
En facio Versus, et mea dicta cano!



PARAPHRAS'D.

Since creeping Age has seiz'd us like a Dream,
Then be our State and Sentiments the same;

* Mr. Prior justly observes of this barbarous Indian Custom,

IN EUROPE 'twould be hard to find,
"Of all the Sex, one half so kind."

If now no more to Love my Form invite;
 Reflect you once beheld it with Delight?
 And let the Merit of preceding Days
 Plead for th' Enjoyment of immediate Ease!
 Or fruitless if these vain Persuasions fail,
 Let Nature, with Experience join'd, prevail!
 The Veteran Colony its Worth sustains,
 And tho' the Place decays, the Name remains!
 The Soldier once dismiss'd — his Labours done,
 Retires to Rest, and shews his Trophies won;
 The grateful Farmer feeds the feeble Steer,
 Whose faithful Toil produc'd his plenteous Year;
 And by the honest Master's Hearth is found,
 Compos'd to Sleep, the antiquated Hound!
 By these instructed, learn to compromise,
 Let past atone for want of present Joys!
 Nor yet condemn me as disabled quite,
 If I can do no more — you see I write:
 Still make our former Loves my pleasing Theme,
 And, in default of Passion, give you Fame!





SANNAZARII Epigramma in VENETIAM.*

*V*iderat Hadriacis, Venetam Neptunus in Undis
Stare diù, et toto ponere juga mari;
“ Nunc mihi Tarpeias quantumvis Juppiter Arces
“ Objice, et illa tui Mænia Martis! (ait)
“ Sic Pelago Tybrim præfers, urbemq; aspice utramque
“ Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse Deos!”



TRANSLATED.

AS NEPTUNE saw, with fond delighted Eyes,
From ADRIA'S Waves his fav'rite VENICE
rise!

A Length extended o'er the liquid Plain!
And sit the Sovereign of the subject Main,
“ Now vanquish'd Jove! (the God exulting cry'd)
“ Extol no more thy ROME's imperial Pride;

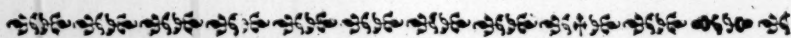
* SANNAZARIO received from the Senate of VENICE for this Epigram 6000 Chequins, which are about 9s. 6d. sterl. each in Value, and was made a Knight of the Order of St. MARK.

" View but this lovely Empress of the Sea,
 " Her floating Tow'rs and Palaces survey!
 " As well may TYBER with the Ocean vie,
 " Or mortal Builders emulate the Sky.



In Mortem JO. BAPT. MOLIERE,
 Histrionis Celeberrimi Epigramma.

Roscus hic situs est tristi MOLIERIS in Urnâ,
 Cui genus humanum ludere, Lusus erat;
 Dum ludit Mortem, mors indignata jocantem
 Corripit, et sæva fingere mimum negat.



T R A N S L A T E D.

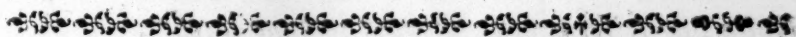
Hard Fate! within this Urn MOLIERE's confin'd,
 Whose Humour hit the Faults of all Mankind,
 Such in his Page the living Picture shown,
 That Folly grew asham'd her Sons to own;
 But while he mimick'd Death's pretended Rage,
 The angry Tyrant snatch'd him off the Stage,*
 Surpriz'd him in the Height of all his Art,
 And forc'd the Player to compleat his Part!

* He died Acting his Malade Imaginaire.



In Fontes LUTETIÆ. Epigramma
* SANTEUIL.

*SE*quana cum primum Reginæ allabitur Urbi
Tardat præcípites ambitiosus Aquas ;
Captus amore Loci, cursum obliviscitur anceps
Quo fluet ? et dulces nectit in urbe moras :
Hinc varios implens, fluctu subeunte, Canales,
Fons fieri gaudet, qui modo Flumen erat.



TRANSLATED.

*S*oon as fair SEINE the Royal City sees,
She stops her Course, and winds by soft Degrees ;
Struck with the wond'rous Beauties she surveys
Along th' ELYSIAN Plain she gently plays,
Thro' the enchanting Town delighted glides,
And gently rolls her Silver-flowing Tides ;
Till thence, her Wave a thousand Channels bring,
And the fair River changes to a Spring.

INSCRIPTIO FONTIS.

*Quæ dat aquas saxo latet hospita Nympha sub imo,
Sic tu, cum dederis dona, latere velis.*

Hid lies the Nymph from whom this Bounty flows,
So let thy Hand conceal, when it bestows.



In Regiam SAGITTARIORUM
Cohortem, Anno MDCCXXXII.

ECce, pharetratos, Mavortia Pectora Scotos !
Hostibus ut fortes tela tremenda ferunt !
Nulla Sagittiferos gens unquam impune lacesset,
Usque Caledoniis Robor ac Ardor inest :
Si quis HAMILTONIUM curvo dum fortis in Arcu,
Dum viatrix valida missa sagitta manu est,
Viderat insignem fida comitante catervâ,
Nobilis et turmæ, et fortia tela Ducis.
Proclamet, dextrâ quantum pro Civibus audet
Gentis HAMILTONIÆ spesque decusque Domus,
JUPPITER ipse jubet, nunc cedes, PHÆBE, sagittas
Huic, jubet ipsa VENUS cedi CUPIDO tuas
Invictas acies, invictaque Pectora cerno
Invictumque suum qualibet ire Ducem.

Fata

Fata ferunt, nec sunt avibus prædicta sinistris

Dum SCOTIS arcus, dumque sagitta manet ;

Ille Caledoniis arcebit finibus hostem

Et reddet Patriæ pristina jura suæ.



IMITATED.

SEE, Sons of MARS! the Warrior SCOTS appear,

And by their Sides their fatal Weapons bear ;

While the same Fires their valiant Breasts inflame,

“ No Pow’r unpunish’d shall provoke the Name.”

Who doubts of this, has surely never seen

Their mighty Chief’s inimitable Mein,

As with triumphant Air he march’d along,

Distinguish’d Leader of the chosen Throng :

Just to his Worth—his very Looks declare,

That HAMILTON’s illustrious Hand shall dare

(Whene’er his Country shall the Service claim)

Deeds yet unknown to Envy or to Fame !

Now PHÆBUS yields, so Stative JOVE commands

His Monster-killing Bow to mortal Hands ;

And VENUS, whom a nearer Passion moves,

With her Son’s Arrows arms the Youth she loves ;

Such Souls, led on by his conducting Hand,

Wou’d unresisted compass Sea and Land ;

Nor LYBIA's Sands, nor frozen SCYTHIA's Snows,
 Their Arms cou'd baffle, or their March oppose ;
 If yet we may in Fate's Decisions Trust,
 While SCOTSMEN are to native Virtue just,
 He shall his Country guard from foreign Pow'r,
 Assert her Freedom, and her Rights restore ;
 Do Justice to her long forgotten Fame,
 And prove the Royal Source from whence he came.



Placet de M. VOITURE. Au Madame
 la Duchesse de LONGUEVILLE.

*P*Laise à la Duchesse tres bonne !
 Aux yeux clairs, et bruns cheveux,
 Reine de Flots de la GARONNE,
 Dame de LOTH, et de tous ceux,
 Qui jamais virent sa Personne !

De laisser entrer franchement,
 Sans peine et sans Empeschement,
 Un homme au lieu de sa demeure ;
 Qui s'il ne la vit promptement,
 Enragera dans un heure.

*Ou a pour lui trop de Rigueur
 Chez vous, et tout haut il proteste,
 Que par un larcin manifeste,
 On retient son ame et son cœur,
 En on ne veut point le reste.*

*L'un est dedans, l'autre dehors,
 Et l'un et l'autre est tout en flame,
 Il est raisonnable Madame !
 Ou que l'on recoive son corps,
 Ou que l'on luy rend son ame.*

*Il se voit pris comme un Lacet,
 Et souffre un estrange supplice ;
 Mais le Pauvret est sans malice,
 Ne refusez pas son Placet,
 Car sans doute il est de justice.*

*Il a trop souffert de moitie,
 Au nom de son ferme amitie,
 Consolez son ame abbatuë ;
 Ou dites au moins par pitie
 A votre SUISSE qu'on le tuë.*

IMITATED.

To the Right Honourable the Countess of EGLINTON.

Will she with condescending Goodness deign
To hear her most unhappy Bard complain?
Beneath whose Empire winding GARNOCK strays,
Whom every Eye admires, and Heart obeys!

Amidst the Groves that grace her rural Seat,
Say, will she grant the Muse a kind Retreat?
Who, if she fails to gain her wish'd Complacence,
Will in a little time lose all her Patience.

To tell the Truth his Case is very hard,
And from a Breast like yours deserves Regard;
That while his Wishes and his Heart are there,
His Shadow is confin'd to linger here.

To you then, MADAM, in this dull Condition,
He humbly thus addresses his Petition;
Hoping your Pity will permit the Favour,
Nor let his Soul and Body longer sever.

Allow him further but a Word to say,
To add some Colour to his slender Plea,

What

What you'll believe with Ease, for you have seen him,
At least he's harmless, and has little in him!

He begs in Mercy then, and just Compassion,
You'll take his Case into Consideration;
Or if you shou'd reject what he has pray'd,
You'll bid your Porter knock him in the Head.



Chanfon de MOLIERE
Dans les Plaifirs de l'Ifle Enchantee.

I.

*A*Rbres epais, et vous prèz emaillez,
La beauté don't l'Hyver vous avoit depouillè,
Par la printemps vous est rendüe ;
Vous reprenez tous vos appas,
Mais mon ame ne reprend pas,
La Joye, belas ! que j'ay perduë.

II.

Tu m'ecoutes, belas, dans ma trifte langueur
Mais je n'en fuis pes mieux, O beauté fans pareille !
Et je touche ton oreille,
Sans que je touche ton cœur !



IMITATED.

I.

YE tall unguarded Trees! ye russet Meads!
 Whose Bloom deform'd by frozen Winter lies;
 Tho' now your Beauty with the Season fades,
 Renew'd by Spring ye soon shall charm the Eyes.

II.

But blasted by DORINDA's cold Disdain,
 And daily torn with Life-consuming Care;
 Its former Peace my Heart can ne'er regain,
 But sinks a wretched Victim to Despair.

III.

Yes, fair Insensible! my Complaints you hear,
 Yet unaffected seem with all my Smart;
 Alas, my Sufferings only reach your Ear,
 But want the Pow'r to touch your cruel Heart!





O D E

De Messire J A Q U E S C H A S T E L A R D,
Savoyard qui fut decapite a *Edin-*
bourg, pour l'amour de M A R I E
 Reine d'E C O S S E. *

I.

A Rbres, Prez, Monts, Plaines !
 Rochers, Forêts et Bois !

Ruisseaux, Fleuves, Fontaines !

Ou perdu je m'en vois.

D'une plainte incertaine,

De Sanglots toute pleine,

Je veux chanter ;

La miserable Peine,

Qui me fait lamenter !

II.

Mais qui pourra entendre,

Mon Soupir gemissant ?

* For a particular Account of this unhappy Foreigner, see Mr. FREEBAIRN's Life of MARY Queen of SCOTS. I shall only observe the Style of this Ode is very correct, for the Age it was wrote in.

*Ou qui pourra comprendre
 Mon Ennui languissant ?
 Sera ce cette Herbage ?
 Ou l'Eau de cette Rivage ?
 Qui s'écoulant
 Porte de mon visage,
 Le Ruisseau distillant !*



TRANSLATED.

I.

YE rocky Cliffs ! ye defart pathless Woods,
 Where wild I wander wretched and alone ;
 Ye savage Prospects ! ye descending Floods !
 That hear the Murmurs of a Heart undone,
 In broken Sounds to you I wou'd express
 My cruel Anguish, and conceal'd Distress.

II.

But oh ! what Soul the Torture can conceive,
 Which I despairing ever must endure ?
 Doom'd an ill fated Passion still to grieve,
 And hopeless ever to receive a Cure !
 Witness this little Stream that daily flows,
 Swell'd with the Burthen of a Lover's Woes !

Epigrame



Epigrame de M. BOILEAU, Adresse
a PERRAULT.

TOn Oncle, tu dis ; l'Assassin,
M' a gueri d'une maladie ;
La preuve q'uil ne fut jamais mon Medecin,
C'est que je suis encore en vie.



TRANSLATED.

PERRAULT, I hear proclaims it every where
I owe my Life to his Quack-Uncle's Care ;
To shew how well he can invent a Lye,
There needs no Proof—for all his Patients die !





The Descent of ORPHEUS.

Translated from the Third Book of BOETHIUS.

Sed tu crudelis ! crudelis tu magis ORPHEU !

Oscula cara petens rupisti Jussa Deorum ;

Dignus Amor Venia !—

OVID,

Bless'd the Man, whose perfect Sight
Views the Rays of heavenly Light !

Happy, he who can unbind

The Chains that clog the fetter'd Mind !

Break from the Ties of Matter forth,

And struggle to a mental Birth ?

So his EURYDICE's sad Fate

Deploring, wretched ORPHEUS fate ;

And with soft complaining Sound,

Made the ecchoing Vales resound !

Melting Nature own'd his Skill,

Forests mov'd, and Streams were still !

What

What can Music not assuage?
 Savages forgot their Rage,
 And submissive at his Feet,
 Lambs with harmless Lions meet;
 But not the Magic of his Lyre
 Which could such a Change inspire,
 Nor all the Virtues of his Art,
 Could ease the tortur'd Poet's Heart!
 Seeking thus in vain Relief,
 Restless, raging, wild with Grief!
 Higher Pow'rs his Suit disdaining,
 Down he went to Hell complaining!
 There with all the Skill he took,
 From his Mother's sacred Book,
 A-new he rais'd the solemn Sound,
 Which wak'd the dismal Regions round!
 Fix'd, attentive, to the Song
 The gliding Ghosts unnumber'd throng;
 Form round his Steps an airy Choir,
 And hang upon the vocal Lyre!
 The Furies, in their gloomy Seat,
 Feel their ceaseless Rage abate;
 And amidst the Toils of Hell,
 Suspended stand to hear the Spell:
 The Dog, whose Yell with horrid Fright
 Wakes the remotest Cells of Night,

Now

Now charm'd to Silence as he hears,
 Wishes his Tongues were chang'd to Ears !
 Old CHARON, proud of such a Guest,
 Taking him in forgets the rest,
 Leaves in haste the crowded Shores,
 And with softly moving Oars
 Steals along the dusky Lake ;
 Afraid to stir, afraid to speak,
 Slow he rows his heavy Boat,
 Concern'd to lose the weakest Note !
 TANTALUS might have eaten now
 At large of the suspended Bough ;
 But he, all Thoughts of Hunger past,
 To feed his Hearing, starv'd his Taste.
 IXION felt no more his Wheel,
 And SYSIPHUS for once stood still ;
 While from PROMETHEUS, endless Prey !
 The tort'ring Vulturs turn'd away !
 And now at PLUTO's awful Throne,
 ORPHEUS arriv'd renews his Moan ;
 And increasing with his Woe,
 More sublime his Numbers flow !
 Matchless Numbers ! surely blest
 Which cou'd touch that Iron Breast,
 That ne'er before had Pity felt,
 Yet now constrain'd was forc'd to melt ;

And

And yielding to his pow'rful Prayer,
 Give him back the long-sought Fair:
 Displeas'd to see a Form of Day,
 So far intrude beneath his Sway,
 " Cease, the fullen Tyrant cry'd,
 " Take restor'd your much lov'd Bride!
 " But one Restraint a Gift must bind,
 " That never shall be match'd in Kind;
 " Till you reach the Bounds of Light,
 " Command your Looks—avert your Sight:
 " For if within our awful Coast
 " You once look back—the Prize is lost!
 So said the God his Eyes withdrew,
 And shunn'd a Mortal's hated View!

But who to Lovers Rules can draw?
 Love to himself alone is Law!
 As well he might forbear to give,
 Since not to look was not to live:
 Fond ORPHEUS now, his Wish bestow'd,
 Returns with Joy the gloomy Road;
 And now they left the Gloom of Night,
 Now saw the distant Glimpse of Light,
 When he, no longer able now
 To check his Sight, or keep his Vow,

A backward Glance impatient cast,
 That Look his fondest—but his last !
 For now o'er the retreating Shade
 New-gath'ring Clouds of Darkneſs ſpread,
 And now his Eyes in vain explore,
 The fleeting Form he ſaw before,
 EURYDICE is now no more !
 In vain her Name he fondly cries,
 Her Name the winding Vault replies ;
 And wild he leaves the hated Coaſt,
 His Pains, his Hopes, his Treafure loſt !

M O R A L.

THE Moral of th' inſtructive Tale be this;
 That all below who ſeek for certain Blifs ;
 Whether Ambition, Riches, Love, or Fame
 Give the vain Paſſion its diſtinguiſh'd Name !
 Will equal Grief and Diſappointment find,
 And ſighing leave the ſhadowy Joy behind !





Epitaphium Amici optime merentis.

M.S.

SPE.IMMORTALITATIS.PLENA
HIC.JUXTA.CONDITÆ.SUNT.RELIQUIÆ.MORTALES
JUVENIS.PRÆSTANTISSIMI
MALCOLMI STARK
JOHANNIS.STARK.ARMIGERI.CIVITATIS
HUJUS.MERCATORIS.NEC.NON.NUPER.PRÆTORIS
FILII.PRIMOGENITI.ET.DIGNISSIMI
QUI
CONSUMMATUS.IN.BREVI.EXPLEVIT
TEMPORA.MULTA
INGENII.SUAVITATE.CARUS
MORUM.CANDORE.CARIOR
VITÆQUE.MIRA.INTEGRITATE.CARISSIMUS
CUM.PARENTIBUS.PIE
CUM.AMICIS.PLACIDE
CUM.CONCIVIBUS.CANDIDE
HEU.QUAM.BREVE.DESIDERATUS
VIXIT
NE.MALITIA.ÆVI.JAM.DEGENERANTIS
INTELLECTUM.MUTARET
VEL.MOLLITIES.INNOCENTIAM.CORRUMPERET
RAPTUS.EST.IN.COELESTEM.PATRIAM
DIE.MAII.28.A.D.MDCCXXX.

CARISSIMO.ET.AMANTISSIMO.FILIO
MOESTI.PARENTES
HOC.LUCTUS.ET.AMORIS.MONUMENTUM
L.M.P.



Epitaphium Amici optimi meritis.

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P O E M S.

P A R T I.

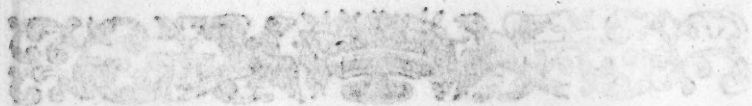
—————Smit with the Love of sacred Song
I feed on Thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious Numbers, as the wakeful Bird
Sits darkling, and in shadieft Covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal Note.

MILTON.

*Me quoque Musarum studium sub Nocte silenti
Artibus assuetis sollicitare solet.*

CLAUDIAN.





P O E M S.

PART I.

— — — — —
I feel on thoughts that voluntarily move

Harmonious Numbers, as the waken'd bird

Its chirping, and in that sweet part did



Traces her nocturnal Notes

MILTON

As every Muse was wont to sing

When first she sung her sweetest song

CLAUDIAN



NATURE:
A
POEM.

Occasion'd by seeing the
PALACE and PARK
OF
DALKEITH,
Anno MDCCXXXII.

— *Ego laudo ruris amœnæ*
Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa, nemusque.

VIRG.

THE THIRD EDITION.



LONDON:
MDCCXXXVII.

NATURE:

P O E M.

Occasion'd by seeing the

PALACE AND PARK

OF

DALKEITH.

Anno MDCCXXII.



From the library of the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

The Third Edition.



L O N D O N

MDCCXXVII



To the RIGHT HONOURABLE
The Earl of *Dalkeith*,
Eldest Son to his GRACE
THE
Duke of *BUCCLEUGH*,

This ESSAY is most humbly inscrib'd,

By the AUTHOR.



To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

The Earl of Dalkeith,

Eldest Son to his GRACE

THE

Duke of Buccleugh.



This Essay is most humbly inscribed,

By the AUTHOR



NATURE: a Poem.

— *Quo me Musa rapis tuæ*

Plenum? quæ in nemora, aut quos agor in specus,

*Velox mente nova? ******

****** Ut mihi devio*

Rupes, et vacuum nemus

— *Mirari libet!*

HOR.



ASK not PHOEBUS, nor the fabled Nine,

To rule the Verse, or favour my Design:

Of Nature's Beauties, ravish'd, while I sing;

Aid me, thou matchless Pow'r, from whom they
spring!

By whose supreme Command, profuse they rise,

And in a thousand Forms attract our Eyes.

SHALL WINDSOR's Groves, when all their Bloom
is lost,

In sacred Verse unfading Verdure boast?

Shall COOPER's Hill, for ever dear to Fame,

Preserve its Honours lasting as its Name?

And shall Oblivion still a SCENE conceal?

That yields to neither, were it known as well.

BUT

BUT how shall Words the varied Plan disclose,
 Like native Life, what faint Resemblance glows!
 Yet would the Muse, enamour'd of her Theme,
 As pleas'd she roves on ESCA's mazy Stream,
 The blooming Wonders that surround her fmg,
 And touch once more the long unpractis'd String.

NOR thou, Illustrious PRINCE! whom Heav'n
 ordains

Lord of these Groves, and all the neighb'ring Swains
 Disdain the Verse,—but mild the Muse receive,
 And to her rural Notes Attention give,
 That faithful would th' united Charms repeat,
 Which Art and Nature lend thy Princely Seat.

CLASP'D in the Arms of two surrounding Floods,
 Compass'd with gentle Hills and rising Woods,
 On a green Bank the beauteous Fabric stands,
 And the subjected Stream with Pride commands.
 What tho' no lofty Domes project in Air,
 Or lengthen'd Colonnades with Pomp appear;
 Yet is the whole in simple State design'd,
 Plain and majestic, like her mighty Mind;
 From GOTHIC Ruin, and obscure Disgrace,
 Who rais'd the slumb'ring Genius of the Place,
 And fix'd the Mansion of her future Race.

WITHIN

WITHIN collected, all the Beauties lie
 That Art can form, or foreign Lands supply:
 Here the fair Pillar rears its polish'd Height,
 And with its Harmony detains the Sight;
 There the great Works the Master Pencil drew
 Start from the Walls, and swell to meet the View!
 How just each Stroke! how soft each flowing Line:
 In every Piece, what strong Perfections shine!
 I ask, whence Light and Shade such Pow'r derive,
 And think the animated Figures live!
 Thro' ev'ry Part, delighted, as I stray,
 New Beauties catch me, and retard my Way.
 Now INDIA'S rich *Grotesques*, with vivid Dyes,
 In gay Confusion play before my Eyes;
 And the bright Labours of the artful Loom,
 With painted Grace, embellish every Room:
 While shining Mirrors, with a silver Gleam,
 Reflect the hanging Trees and winding Stream:
 But all so rang'd, so elegantly plac'd,
 As shews the Cost inferior to the Taste.

PROUD of the Treasures it conceal'd within,
 So have I, unadorn'd, a Casket seen,
 Which, open'd, did surprizing Wealth unfold,
 INDIA'S bright Gems, and bright PERUVIAN Gold.

PRESERV'D

PRESERV'D by Time, here Beauty seems to
 breathe,
 And mocks the Spite of Age, and Darts of Death;
 Renew'd by LELY's, or by KNELLER's Hand,
 Angelic Forms! the BRITISH Charmers stand!
 And such the Force of Life-resembling Art,
 Still touch the Soul, and triumph o'er the Heart.

THERE plac'd on high the Royal Youth appears,
 Whose early Fate demands the Muse's Tears;
 Beneath the Chief the generous Courser rears,
 And seems transported with the Weight he bears:
 How sweet his Look, how gallant is his Air!
 Warlike as MARS, and as ADONIS fair!
 But doom'd, alas, by Destiny to prove
 Ambition's Victim, and the Slave of Love!
 With all the Gifts adorn'd that Man could boast,
 His opening Virtues just display'd, and lost.
 Lost in eternal Night his rising Fame,
 And not a Muse to vindicate his Name;
 Heroic MONMOUTH! could my feeble Lay
 Thy early Dawn of Excellence display;
 With sacred Lawrels should thy Temples shine,
 And yield a slender Wreath to shelter mine.

So does the Sun his Orient Beams display,
 And gives the Promise of a smiling Day ;
 When e'er he reach his fair Meridian Height,
 Opposing Clouds conceal him from our Sight ;
 Till lost in Darkness to his Fall he bends,
 And veil'd in Night his mournful Progress ends.

BUT see what Beauties bless th' adjacent Ground,
 What wild romantic Prospects rise around !
 In Silence here, unrival'd Nature reigns,
 Blooms in the Wood, and smiles along the Plains ;
 With all her native Charms allures the Heart,
 And far disdains the mimic Force of Art.

HERE when AURORA with her Crimson Dyes
 Proclaims the Day, and stains the blushing Skies ;
 While the bright Dew bespangles all the Plain,
 And soft the wakeful Lark renews her Strain ;
 On some fair Bank, where circling Waters play,
 The placid Scene attentive I survey ;
 While round my Head the balmy *Zephyres* breathe,
 And the clear Stream in Murmurs flow beneath :
 From these my Passions gently learn to move,
 And leave my Soul compos'd to Peace and Love.

'Tis

'Tis hot—and PHOEBUS shines intensely bright ;
 The dark Recesses of the Wood invite :
 Where ancient Oaks their sacred Branches spread,
 And court the Wand'rer to the solemn Shade ;
 With conscious Awe I view the Gloom around,
 And softly tread along the peaceful Ground.
 There the steep Precipice, with craggy Brow,
 Hangs o'er the Deep, and forms an Arch below !
 Scarce the loft Eye perceives the winding Flood,
 From Woods that rises,— and is lost in Wood.
 With Noise unheard it rolls its Crystal Waves,
 And faintly glitters thro the quiv'ring Leaves :
 While distant Hills a varied Prospect yield,
 And golden Harvests float along the Field.

THE Deer now seek the Shelter of the Grove,
 Or thro' the Forest unmolested rove :
 Some lie repos'd, while others careless stray,
 And their young sportive Fawns around them play.
 How happy they, who here enjoy, at Ease,
 Nature's first Blessings, Liberty and Peace !
 While wretched Man, the Slave of Hopes and Fears,
 Thro' Life sustains a Train of endless Cares.

ROUND

ROUND the fair Park the Guardian Rivers glide, *
 Now seem to meet, and now their Arms divide :
 Like some coy Nymph the southern NAIADE plays,
 And thro' the Meads and Groves forgetful strays ;
 With wanton Grace she bathes her flow'ry Shores,
 And each new Object seems to change her Course :
 But like some vigorous Lover, fond and young,
 The northern Water swiftly rolls along ;
 Thro' Rocks and Woods precipitates his Pace,
 And seizes unobserv'd the secret Place,
 From whence he rushes to the Nymph's Embrace :
 Swell'd with his Prize he proudly cuts the Plain,
 And flows exulting to his Parent Main.

CLOSE by the wid'ning River's verdant Side
 See lovely SMEATON rise with rural Pride ! †
 As waits some favourite Grace on Beauty's Queen,
 At distance so the charming Bow'r is seen ;
 POMONA here her endless Treasures pours,
 And FLORA smiles along the flow'ry Shores !

* The Park is surrounded by the two Rivers of North and South
 ESK, which meet at the lower End of it, and fall together into the
 Sea at MUSSELBURGH.

† A beautiful Retreat built at the extremity of the Park, below
 the Confluence of the two Rivers, and surrounded with fine Gardens ;
 to which his GRACE has lately added considerable Improvements.

Here Greatness, wearied with its Rooms of State,
 Finds oft the secret Charms of a Retreat ;
 Within the soft Recess reclines its Head,
 And feels the Calmness of the peaceful Shade.

THE length'ning Shadows, and the cooler Air,
 The soft Approach of Evening now declare.
 In a fair Vale, that courts the Setting Sun,
 I end the Pleasures that the Day begun.
 Before my Eye a rising Grove appears ;
 The purling Waters sooth my ravish'd Ears ;
 The warbling Birds their tuneful Songs repeat,
 And the sad Turtle murmurs for her Mate :
 Touch'd with her plaintive Woe, to her alone
 I listen, and conceive her Griefs my own.
 From grateful Toil repos'd, I gently rest ;
 And all, unmix'd, the Sweets of Nature taste :
 Sweets that for ever please, but never cloy,
 And fill the virtuous Mind with constant Joy !

NATURE, thou Pow'r divinely fair and young,
 Like the GREAT BEING from whose Word thou
 sprung !
 Unwearied still, the Blessings I explore,
 Which o'er the Earth thy Hands incessant pour :

And

And while I view thy Works with fond Delight,
 Wealth and Ambition vanish from my Sight :
 I lothe the giddy Pleasures of the Town ;
 I long to taste thy purer Joys alone ;
 I court the Gloom, and sigh to be unknown !
 With envious Eyes behold the Shepherd's Lot,
 In Shades who dwells contented, tho' forgot ;
 And wish the Bliss, from Noise and Business free,
 To live in Silence—and converse with thee !

Beneath the Shade of WINDSOR's lofty Grove,
 On Silver THAMES, as EATON's Muses rove ;
 Nor do the Nine on ESCA's Bank disdain
 To choose a Shelter, and renew their Strain :
 While these fair Scenes to learned Ease invite,
 And heighten Contemplation to Delight !
 Within this bless'd Retreat the BRITISH Youth
 Are taught the Love of Virtue, and of Truth :
 And from the Patterns of preceding Days,
 Learn by just Merit to arrive at Praise :
 From ancient Heroes catch the noble Fire,
 Inflam'd, to practise what they first admire ;
 While healthful Exercise the Mind unbends,
 And Health and Study serve each other's Ends :
 I view the *happy School*,—and thence presage
 The fair Succession of a rising Age.

AND now descending from her short-liv'd Height,
 TH' advent'rous Muse restrains her further Flight:
 Reluctant, closes the unequal Strain,
 And leaves with ling'ring Steps the lovely Plain;
 Pleas'd, that the Beauties of a Place so fair
 Have first, tho' faintly, been describ'd by Her.
 Her humbler Numbers if the Critics blame,
 Before they censure, let them view her Theme:
 Where nothing nice or regular has Part,
 But all is Nature, undisguis'd with Art.





LOVE and MAJESTY.

VERSES written in the Year 1718.

*Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur
Majestas et Amor ———*

OVID,

OF Passions widely different and extreme,
Sing, Muse, regardless of the Critic's Blame, }
Love and Ambition be the daring Theme.
In Lights distinct their jarring Natures show,
And how united fatally they glow.

How can Ambition fire the soften'd Soul,
Where Love enervating enjoys the whole?
How can the Pride of arbitrary Sway
Quit all its boasted Glories to obey?
Can Empire deign to stoop so meanly down,
And Beauty trample on the sov'reign Crown?

AND yet will Love no Pow'r superior bear,
Robb'd of Distinction, all are Equals there!

There all agree to quit the Shows of State,
 Princes are Slaves, and Kings no longer great;
 And while unrivall'd Beauty bears the Sway,
 Ev'n Tyrants stoop, and Conquerors obey!

How many by this fatal Strife have fell,
 In every Age Historic Records tell,
 How many Heroes here have met their Doom?
 This lost great ANTONY the World of ROME.
 'Twas this the memorable Union ty'd,
 Between the TROJAN Prince and SPARTAN Bride;
 For which the God's tremendous Rage came down,
 And laid in Ruins TROY's devoted Town:
 This fatal shining Meteor led astray
 The hapless Steps of long lamented GRAY;
 Who chose the Lot her Judgment disapprov'd,
 And only reign'd, because too much she lov'd,
 For her eternal, shall the Muses mourn,
 And bathe with Tears the ROYAL MARTYR's Urn.

'Twas this that fully'd gallant MAHOMET's Name,
 And robb'd the *Sultan* of his Peace and Fame;
 Here let the Muse an awful Instance prove,
 How ill Ambition shares the Throne with Love.
 Of the illustrious Line of OSMAN born,
 Long had he Royalty with Honour worn;

His growing Empire stretch'd from Shore to Shore,
 Where ne'er the Silver Crescent shone before.
 And now from War returning with Applause,
 (The sure Attendant of a prosperous Cause!)
 To fair IRENE'S Charms he falls a Prey,
 And throws for Love his Majesty away!
 New Passions now his alter'd Mind employ,
 And fill his Bosom with tumultuous Joy!
 Now with alluring Arts he sooths the Fair,
 His Fame forgot, and all the Pomp of War;
 Each Day consum'd in languishing Delight,
 In pleasing Riot spent each happy Night!
 While still new Joys in soft Succession move,
 And lost in Ease, he gives a Loose to Love!

WHILE thus entranc'd in the delusive Scene,
 The fond enamour'd Prince forgets to reign;
 His murm'ring Slaves against his Life conspire,
 The loose Militia catch the factious Fire;
 Loudly the hardy JANISARS complain,
 And tax his Pleasures in the boldest Strain:
 Too late he sees the gath'ring Storm appear,
 And trembling Love first bids the Hero fear!
 Too late he finds himself involv'd in Woe,
 He scorns to fly, yet dreads to meet the Blow;

Now calls to mind his former Triumphs won,
 And blushing sees how first his Love begun ;
 Now weeping Beauty rises to his Sight,
 And puts each stern Resolve at once to flight :
 Which by a thousand struggling Passions tost,
 He eyes the Port, and sighs for Safety lost !

IRENE now in all her Charms appear'd,
 And the bright *Vision* all his Bosom chear'd ;
 So breaks the Sun a Moment thro' the Cloud,
 Whose gath'ring Shades again his Lustre shroud,
 And darkly brooding o'er th' affrighted Skies,
 The Thunder grumbles and the Light'ning flies ;
 Strait with wild Looks, and Eyes that fiercely roll,
 Which well bespoke the Tempest of his Soul,
 He seiz'd the trembling Fair—and by the Hand
 He led her blushing to the great *Divan*,
 Where every Eye her faultless Form ador'd,
 And half absolv'd the Weakness of their Lord ;
 There while with deep Attention mix'd with Dread,
 All waited the Event!—The *Sultan* said,
 “ Regard the Beauties of this matchless Dame,
 “ And cease, ye abject Slaves! your Lord to blame!
 “ If I have err'd, such Beauty is the Cause,
 “ And who so savage not to own its Laws ?

“ Yet

" Yet still himself, your Lord, superior knows,
 " Nor once forgets the Source from whence he rose ;
 " Since then **IRENE'S** Charms have caus'd your Hate
 " She falls, by me, a Victim to the State.—
 So said :—his shining Scymetar display'd,
 Full on her snowy Neck discharg'd he laid ;
 Her trembling Lips yet murmur'd as they fell,
 And seem'd to bid her cruel Lord—*Farewell !*

THE dreadful Task perform'd :—again in Arms,
 With waisting War the Nations he alarms ;
 There mourns his fatal Sacrifice in Gore,
 Resolv'd to conquer,—but to love no more !





The Force of LOVE. A Pastoral Essay.

Written in the Year 1722.

Multa putans, animoque sortem miseratus iniquam.

VIRG.

WHere KELVIN's winding Streams in Murmurs
play,

And thro' the Meads to join fair GLOTTA stray ;
Beneath the Covert of a spreading Shade,
In pensive Mood a comely Youth was laid ;
Fix'd on the Ground his down-cast Eyes were seen
The only Mourner on the flow'ry Green!
At random o'er the wide extended Mead,
His Flock regardless of their Master stray'd ;
The chearful Birds thro' the surrounding Groves,
In gladsome Notes, proclaim'd their vernal Loves!
While the sad Swain no Joy, no Pleasure knew,
From what inspir'd their Songs, his Sorrows grew ;
And Love that bid their tuneful Measures flow,
Love, cruel Love had caus'd the Shepherd's Woe ;
'Twas thus extended on the flow'ry Ground,
His alter'd Friend the young ALEXIS found ;

With

With kindly Greeting he accosts the Swain,
And thus enquires the Reason of his Pain.

ALEXIS.

If well known Friendship on my Side can plead,
Or strong Intreaty can thy Soul persuade ;
To me be just, and to thyself be kind,
And tell the Trouble that distracts thy Mind ;
Long has some secret Anguish hurt thy Rest,
And like a Canker fester'd in thy Breast ;
Long hast thou left thy Pipe and blythsome Song,
Thy Fellow-Shepherds and the rural Throng ;
Who mourn thy Change, and while they share thy
Pain,

Enquire the Motives, but enquire in vain ;
Tho' hid the Cause its sad Effects are seen,
In thy wan Face, and melancholy Mien ;
In vain to lonely Wilds MENALCAS goes,
And seeks in Silence to suppress his Woes !
His Flock neglected, once his fav'rite Care,
His silent Reed too well those Woes declare ;
Then tell, my Friend, if I mistaken prove,
This wond'rous Change is all, *The Force of Love.*

MENALCAS.

MENALCAS.

BESIDE me, dear ALEXIS! take a Seat,
 And hear thy poor MENALCAS' hapless Fate!
 From thee, alas! what Sorrows can he hide?
 Too well the fatal Passion has he try'd!—
 Careless I once presum'd to slight its Pow'r,
 Glad was each Morn, and joyful every Hour;
 Free and unfetter'd as the wanton Air,
 I pass'd my Time, nor knew a Thought of Care;
 But oh! too well has Love reveng'd his Cause,
 And taught my Heart to own his injur'd Laws;
 Well has the cruel Boy perform'd his Part,
 And pour'd out all his Venom thro' my Heart;
 From fatal Beauty, oh my Friend, remove,
 And learn by me to dread *the Force of Love*.

ALEXIS.

PROCEED, my dear MENALCAS! to relate,
 The sad Occasion that brought on thy Fate;
 And name the Fair, whose Coldness, or Disdain,
 Thus fills thy Eyes with Tears, thy Breast with
 Pain?

MENALCAS.

MENALCAS.

HEAR then, ALEXIS, what I scarce can tell,
 So much Reflection bids my Sorrows swell:
 Well may'st thou mind the Day on GLASGOW
 Green,

The fair Assembly of our Nymphs was seen;
 The beauteous Throng indifferent I survey'd,
 And thro' the Crowd, as Chance directed, stray'd;
 Secure beheld CORINNA's piercing Eye,
 And pass'd MELISSA's Air unheeded by;
 Careless I wander'd—all devoid of Fear,
 But oh, the fatal Rashness cost me dear!
 For lovely FLORA, on that luckless Day,
 Soon made my Heart a weak unguarded Prey;
 Such was her smiling Look, her easy Grace,
 And all the Charms that revel in her Face!
 Thoughtless I rush'd into the pleasing Snare,
 Nor dreamt that Mischief could appear so fair;
 Then first my Soul this new Emotion found,
 And felt the Symptoms of its recent Wound;
 I gaz'd in transport while the Maid was nigh,
 But when she left me—what a Wretch grew I?
 Soon as the beauteous Shepherdess was gone,
 I felt, but all too late, I was undone!

In

In vain amidst the Silence of the Grove,
 I thought in Solitude to vanquish Love ;
 In vain the strongest Aid of Reason try'd,
 To overcome the Passion— or to hide ;
 Till urg'd at last by the distracting Grief,
 I from the Nymph herself implor'd Relief ;
 More deaf than Rocks, or the tempestuous Main,
 Unmov'd she heard my Passion and my Pain ;
 All I could urge, her cruel Heart to move,
 She said she pity'd—but deny'd me *Love*.

ALEXIS.

I MOURN, my Friend, a Passion so sincere
 Should meet Returns so distant, so severe ;
 Hard ! that a Nymph, who can such Graces show,
 Should thus refuse to mitigate thy Woe ;
 Then rise, my Friend, and break the servile Chain,
 Assert thy Reason, and be free again !
 For sooner may'st thou hope the Winds to move,
 As fix inconstant FLORA's Heart to *Love*.

MENALCAS.

AH ! no—in vain I strive my Fate to fly,
 By FLORA's Rigour must MENALCAS die !
 Yet to the Fair, let no false Charge be laid,
 Since dying I should wrong her, to upbraid ;

What

What Fault can taint such sweetly blooming Youth?
 All there is Innocence and native Truth!
 What Crime in her she cannot ease my Pains,
 Or smile on him whom Destiny disdains?
 But oh, her Coldness hangs upon my Heart,
 And strikes a fatal Damp thro' every Part!
 The deadly Chilness seizes every Vein,
 Ev'n Life itself gives way to her Disdain!
 Adieu ye Lawns! and every neighb'ring Grove,
 Each conscious Witness of despairing Love;
 Ye Rocks! whose Eccho's did my Sighs repeat;
 Ye Streams, so oft increas'd by my Regret;
 Adieu ye Flocks! your Master's fond Delight,
 His Charge by Day, his tender Care by Night;
 Some happier Swain shall lead your o'er the Green,
 When lost MENALCAS shall no more be seen!
 Stung with the Rage of unremitting Pains;
 In vain to Woods or Waves the Wretch complains,
 In vain around these Plains I hopeless rove,
 No Cure can heal the cruel *Force of Love*.

ALEXIS.

GREAT is the Grief, MENALCAS, I sustain,
 To see thee thus, nor can relieve thy Pain!
 O could my Prayers the scornful Virgin move,
 Soon should she meet thy Vows with equal Love!

For

For well, my Friend, I know Love's pow'rful Dart,
 And feel its Force—a Stranger to the Smart;
 Nor long did I its worst of Pains endure,
 The Hand that gave the Wound bestow'd the Cure:
 Soon as I could my secret Grief impart,
 EMILIA, Stranger to her Sex's Art!
 Serenely smiling bid my Anguish cease,
 And yielding sooth'd my troubled Soul to Peace!
 Long have we mutual felt the faithful Flame,
 Our Minds united, and our Vows the same!
 Yet Fate, whose Rage no Mortal can disarm,
 Detains her still forbid my longing Arm;
 Constrain'd in flatt'ring Hope the Time to pass,
 Till Heav'n shall give her to my fond Embrace!
 Thus of our Lot, impatient we complain
 Of Fortune, I; and thou of cold Disdain
 Belov'd and loving, yet debarr'd the Bliss
 So much I prize, so ardently I wish,
 I feel the strong Emotions of a Mind,
 Engag'd by Fondness, and by Fate disjoin'd!
 While from successful Love thy Torment flows,
 And cruel Beauty causes all thy Woes!
 O could I touch that too relentless Heart,
 That thus refuses to relieve thy Smart?
 But useless here my slender Skill would prove,
 Since Verse itself is but the Slave of Love;

In vain would tuneful Numbers bar its Course,
 Since tuneful Numbers but augment its Force;
 'Tis Reason only can restore thy Peace,
 Can only bid the struggling Passions cease;
 Alone, can all thy Griefs and Pains remove,
 And triumph o'er the boasted *Force of Love!*

MENALCAS.

In vain the wisest Arguments I use,
 Still where I fly, my evil Fate pursues;
 No more—these unavailing Tears forbear,
 MENALCAS' only Refuge is Despair!
 In vain I strive to act a manly Part,
 And drive the lurking Poison from my Heart;
 Still with her Image is my Soul possess'd,
 Still, still, she triumphs in my bleeding Breast,
 There, there, with arbitrary Sway she reigns,
 Beats in each Nerve, and burns thro' all my Veins!
 With Force superior I no more contest,
 No more I fondly hope for distant Rest;
 I go—compell'd by Fate's uncommon Rage,
 In savage Wilds my Passion to assuage;
 To distant Lands by FLORA'S Scorn I fly,
 By FLORA'S Scorn in distant Lands to die!

Adieu,

Adieu, once more ye Meads, ye Groves, ye Plains,
Ye Streams, ye Birds, ye Flocks, ye friendly
Swains!

And thou, ALEXIS, Shepherd most belov'd,
Whose Faith and Tendernefs so oft I've prov'd.
Receive the higheft Wifh I can beftow,
The Pains I fuffer—may'ft thou never know!
Still may thy Joys each circling Year increafe,
With Beauty blefs'd, and crown'd with lafting Peace!
Still in my grateful Mind thy Name fhall live,
Poffefs'd of all the Love I've left to give;
Nor yet this flender Pipe refuse to take,
Nor flight the Prefent for MENALCAS' Sake!
For ufelefs now the Science I decline,
Mufic has Charms for calmer Souls than mine!
Adieu! for Deftiny forbids my Stay,
And loudly calls this lingring Wretch away;
O Love! thou tyrant God! in Defarts bred,
In favage Wafte by Wolves and Tygers fed,
By thee tormented, from Mankind I rove,
What can refift thy Rage, *relentlefs Love!*

ALEXIS.

FORBEAR, MENALCAS, nor with this Excefs,
Of Grief, yourfelf increafe your own Diftreffs;

Once

Once more let Friendship, and let Reason move,
And aid you to subdue the *Force of Love*.

MENALCAS.

If Chance shall guide you to the fatal Place,
Where FLORA does the bright Assembly grace;
Oh tell the Maid!—her lost, adoring Swain
MENALCAS begs her Pardon to obtain!
Tell her if Pity should her Bosom touch,
That Pity for his Fate is not—too much!
Tell her he blest'd her with his parting Breath,
In absence loves her, loves her ev'n in Death!
For only Death the rooted Flame can move,
And end the tyrannizing *Force of Love*.

HE said—and strait the Swain confus'd arose,
For now declining Day began to close;
And as along the Path the Shepherds came,
Which gently winded with the winding Stream;
ALEXIS kindly fought, but fought in vain,
To find some Balm to sooth MENALCAS' Pain;
But he no Comfort from his Counsels found,
Still were his Thoughts in fullen Silence drown'd;
And now with easy Steps approaching Home,
They to their rural Cottages were come;

G

When

When rising Grief did poor MENALCAS swell,
 Dissolv'd in Tears he bids his Friend——farewell!
 Then turning cry'd,——No Art can Passion move,
 These endless Pains must I for ever prove,
 And yield a Victim to the *Force of Love* !



To the AUTHOR,
with CATO *and* TAMERLANE.

*S*INCE CÆLIA, dear OCTAVIO, proves unkind,
 Accept this Present for the Fair design'd ;
 From my Misfortunes learn to value Ease,
 Nor trust a Woman, tho' she now may please ;
 The fickle Thing with *Airs* will plague ye more,
 Than e'er she charm'd you with her Smiles before.

Learn then to conquer Passion's Force in Time,
Devote thy Hours to Pleasures more sublime ;
The soft Reflection on a Life well spent
Will now, and Years to come, yield true Content.

For THYRSIS' sake the little Volume prize,
And let his Follies teach thee to be wise ;

When-

*Whene'er the Fair, a thousand pretty Ways,
 Thy fond, believing, artless Soul betrays ;
 When with dissembled Vows she charms thy Ears,
 And in her Bosom lulls asleep thy Cares ;
 Then think on one who could those Favours boast,
 Yet found that all was Woman to his Cost ;
 And fly, OCTAVIO, fly his hapless Fate,
 Lest you like him repent,—alas, too late !*



*To Mr. AIKMAN,
 On a Piece of his Painting.*

AS Nature blushing and astonish'd ey'd
 Young AIKMAN's Draught — surpriz'd the
 Goddess cry'd :

“ Where did'st thou form, rash Youth ! the bold
 Design

“ To teach thy Labours to resemble mine ?

“ So soft thy Colours, yet so just thy Stroke,

“ That undetermin'd on thy Work I look !

“ To crown thy Art, could'st thou but Language
 join,

“ The Form had spoke—and call'd the Conquest
 thine !



V E R S E S :

*Occasioned by seeing the Picture of
MARY Queen of SCOTS, in the Royal
Gallery of the Palace of Holyrood-
House, EDINBURGH, 1732.*

——— *Regnum poteras hoc ore mereri !
Quæ proprior Scep̄tris facies ? quis dignior aulâ
Vultus ? non Labra Rosæ, non Colla pruina,
Non Crines æquant violæ, non Lumina flammæ !*

CLAUDIAN.

BEHOLD, Spectator, here a Form design'd,
To charm all Hearts, and captivate Mankind !
See that majestic Mien, that matchless Face,
What awful Beauty mix'd with easy Grace !
Mark, from those Eyes what lambent Glories play,
Pierce thro' the Gloom, and form surrounding Day !

So look'd MARIA, when, to gain her Love,
Contending Kings with fond Ambition strove ;

When

When Factions strove to own her sov'reign Pow'r,
 All the fond Contest, who should first adore !
 When cloyster'd Zealots left the Temple waste,
 And Crowds stood fix'd to see her as she past ;
 Thro' fair LUTETIA'S Streets with regal State,
 While every Look dispens'd resistless Fate ;
 Nor Rank, nor Age was from the Danger free,
 And only those were safe,—who could not see.

MAJESTIC Shade !—forgive th' enamour'd Muse,
 Who while thy Sufferings, and thy Form she views,
 In Sorrow lost, deplores thy cruel Fate ;
 Wretched as fair, unfortunate as great !
 How strong, mistaken Bigots, was that Rage
 Which neither Charms, nor Virtues could assuage ?
 Which with unwearied Insolence pursu'd
 Thy sacred Life, and thirsted for thy Blood !
 First drove thee on the Rocks thou sought to shun,
 Then blam'd thee for the Ills themselves had done ;
 With frequent Malice all thy Steps survey'd,
 By turns deceiv'd, deserted, or betray'd ;
 To thee, fair Queen ! the sacred Rights of Kings,
 Ev'n Youth and Innocence were helpless Things :
 By factious Hands expell'd thy lawful Throne,
 Pursu'd, revil'd, imprison'd, and undone !

Till forc'd to screen thy persecuted Head,
 Thou to thy greatest Foe for Safety fled ;
 By whom, all hospitable Ties forgot,
 (Her celebrated Reign's eternal Blot !)
 The kindred Bands of Majesty and Blood,
 New Woes inflicted must increase thy Load ;
 Confin'd, for Years on Years, a heavy Train,
 While Heav'n look'd down, and Princes su'd in vain ;
 Doom'd unremitting Grievs to undergo,
 And shine a Pattern of imperial Woe.
 Till to fulfil thy unexampled Fate,
 Thy Life was lost to fix thy Rival's State,
 And satisfy ELIZA's endless Hate.

How shall the weeping Muse, with equal Lay,
 Reveal the Horrors of that cursed Day,
 When barefac'd Murder, open and display'd,
 Aim'd all its Vengeance at thy sacred Head,
 And, in thy Fate, thy great Successor bled ! *

SAD Muse, proceed, and view the lovely Queen,
 With undiminish'd Charms, and Air serene !
 Alone, unaided, with intrepid Heart,
 And native Eloquence, her Rights assert ;

* *King* CHARLES I.

At once her Wrongs and Innocence expose,
 And silence all the Malice of her Foes ;
 With solid Reason every Charge confute,
 And speak and look her barb'rous Judges mute !
 Till half confounded they, with impious Breath,
 Confirm'd their Sentence, and pronounc'd thy Death !

OH yet forsake not, plaintive Muse, the Scene,
 Attend the awful Moments yet remain !
 While yet the Sentence sounds in every Ear,
 While every Eye dissolves into a Tear,
 See bright MARIA undisturb'd appear !
 Her Bosom swells with new untasted Joy,
 To see the End of all her Woes so nigh !
 Smiling she chides her faithful Servants Fears,
 Pities their Weakness, and dispels their Tears ;
 Tells them their Grief for her is wrong and vain,
 Why should they weep to see her free from Pain ?
 Restor'd to lasting Liberty again !
 No longer Life's deceitful Turns to prove,
 But gain eternal Rest and Peace above !

THE Forms of Death with mild Composure past,
 Self-recollected, equal to the last ;
 When the black Scene of Death disclos'd to view,
 Her wond'rous Conduct prov'd her Goodness true !

No Fears, no Terrors shake her cloudless Brow,
 Stripp'd of its Pomp she sees the deadly Show,
 And stands prepar'd to meet the dreadful Blow !
 Charm'd with the Prospect of a nobler Crown,
 Pleas'd she looks forward—and forgets her own !
 Comforts her Friends, and ev'n her Foes forgives,
 Since this best Gift she from their Hate receives ;
 Surveys the destin'd Block, her Journey's End,
 And Death her latest, but sincerest Friend !
 And now her lovely Neck reclin'd with State,
 To meet the Rigor of approaching Fate ;
 Patient the aggravated Wounds she bears,
 And finds a joyful Period of her Cares !

LET others envious blast thy injur'd Name,
 And with malicious Virulence defame ;
 Long prejudic'd thy Merit I survey'd,
 And saw thy Character thro' Envy's Shade !
 As Clouds a while the darken'd Sun may shield,
 Which to superior Brightness soon must yield ;
 So does thy constant Death, FAIR QUEEN, oppose
 Th' invenom'd Censures of thy keenest Foes ;
 Does, more than endless Arguments can say,
 Thy Character and Virtues to display ;
 Gilds thy past Life with its declining Rays,
 And shoots new Glories into future Days !



*On the Retreat of King STANISLAUS,
and the Surrendry of DANTZICK, 1734.*

*An noceat vis ulla Bono ? Fortunaque perdat
Oppositâ virtute minas ? —laudandaque velle
Sit satis ? et nunquam successu crescat honestum.*

LUCAN.

RETIRE, great Prince! since Heav'n will have it so,
For the World's Peace, thy *second* Claim
forego!

Crowns would to you but wretched Splendor boast,
If your dear Subjects Happiness were lost ;
More Glory gives it to your honest Name,
Than all the Wreaths Ambition e'er could claim,
That still the Friend of Men,—serenely good,
You scorn ev'n Empire!—when the Price is Blood!
Retire lamented, from thy native Soil,
Which venal Fraud, and lawless Force defile ;
Which yields no Pattern of domestic Worth,
But the fond Honour that it gave Thee Birth!

Retire

Retire——and taste the Peace Retirement brings,
 Look down with Pity on contesting Kings ;
 While the admiring Earth your Conduct owns,
 Superior to the boasted Pride of Thrones !
 While Heav'n around you forms a placid Smile,
 And says——You were too great to wear the Style !

AND thou fair TOWN ! for antient Faith renown'd,
 By Fame, ev'n in this last Misfortune crown'd ;
 Tho' now for Truth a Sacrifice thou falls,
 And the rude *Vandal* lords it in thy Walls !
 Restor'd—yet shalt thou raise thy trophy'd Head,
 And wide thy Honours, with thy Commerce, spread !
 Nations, that to thy crowded Marts resort,
 And fill with Opulence thy ample Port,
 Shall fond repeat it in thy Children's Ear,
 How much thy Loyalty has made thee dear ;
 While foreign Lands, to thy Example just,
 Extoll'd thy Worth, and mourn'd thee in the Dust !





*On the Marriage of his Royal
Highness the Prince of ORANGE, 1733.*

WHEN Heav'n BRITANNIA's further Bliss
deny'd,

And all of WILLIAM, that was mortal, dy'd ;

The Hero's Care for ALBION's happy Land

Affur'd her Sceptre to AUGUSTUS' Hand :

And PHOENIX-like, his Date of Glory run,

Sprung from his Ashes a superior Sun !

Whose Beams united on the World should shine,

And give Mankind a GEORGE and CAROLINE !

SAFE in his Care, and happy in her Smile,

Fairest of Nations, Heav'n-defended Isle !

BRITANNIA views unmov'd a World in Arms,

And sits herself secure from all Alarms.

YOUNG Prince, whose early Rays of Merit shine,

With Lustre long familiar to thy Line ;

Where more than ROMAN Virtue charms the Eyes,

And Chiefs and Patriots in Succession rise !

Heroes

Heroes who smil'd to shed the noblest Blood,
 The firm Assertors of the public Good !
 And true to Liberty, with equal Pride,
 Or triumph'd in its Cause, or greatly dy'd.

WITH grateful Joy, Oh favour'd PRINCE receive
 The Prize, for which contending Kings might strive,
 Which only Thou could'st hope, and BRUNSWICK
 give.

Again, behold the kindred Branches twine,
 Emblem propitious to thy future Line !
 Thus Heav'n rewards thy Worth with equal Law,
 So BRITAIN pays the Debt she ow'd NASSAU !



On the Birth of Princess AUGUSTA,
August 1, 1737.

AUSPICIOUS Day ! new Æra of our Joys,
 Mark'd by such Omens still revolving rise !
 To BRITAIN dear, may thy returning Face
 Augment her Glories, and secure her Peace !
 For rolling Ages still our Thanks employ,
 Till BRUNSWICK's Name expire—and Nature die !

AND

AND thou, fair PRINCESS, whose soft orient Ray,
 With new-born Lustre, gilds thy natal Day ;
 Dress'd in maternal Charms, oh, placid Smile,
 Propitious on thy BRITAIN's favour'd Isle !
 That Isle the Pride and Envy of the Earth,
 Which 'midst its foremost Honours boast thy Birth,
 Grasps thee with Transport to its glowing Breast,
 New Pledge from Heaven of Happiness increas'd.

NOR thou, ador'd AUGUSTA, mild disdain
 The faithful Duty of this humble Strain ;
 That fond (perhaps too faint) the Joy reveals,
 Which, for thy Sake, a grateful Nation feels ;
 May Heav'n, that form'd your Virtue and your
 Charms

A Gift, deserving Royal FREDERICK's Arms ;
 That saw, well-pleas'd, your Union from above,
 And with this first fair Sanction crown'd your Love ;
 That Heav'n, that watchful o'er BRITANNIA's
 Peace,

On this bright Day, distinguish'd BRUNSWICK's
 Race ;

Lengthen the lasting Honours of your Line,
 Round ALBION's Throne bid new-born Princes
 shine,

Till you behold a Race like CAROLINE !



To the AUTHOR of the Polite Philosopher.

———*Velat materno tempora myrto.*

VIRG.

WHEN Vice the Shelter of a Mask disdain'd,
 When Folly triumph'd, and a NERO reign'd;
 PETRONIUS rose, satyric, yet polite,
 And shew'd the glaring Monster full in Sight;
 To public Mirth expos'd th' imperial Beast,
 And made his wanton Court the common Jest.

IN your correcter *Page* his Wit we see,
 And all the ROMAN lives restor'd in thee!
 So is the Piece proportion'd to our Times,
 For every Age diversifies its Crimes;
 And *Proteus*-like, Vice does in one conceal,
 What in the next she boldly shall reveal;
 In different Shapes pursues the lasting Trade,
 And makes the World one changing Masquerade!

THE griping Wretch, whose Av'rice robs the
 Town,
 To gain his Point a holy Look puts on;
 To Earth his Hands directs, to Heav'n his Eyes,
 And with a Show of Grace defrauds and lies:

Th'

Th' ambitious Courtier, but for different Ends,
 With seeming Zeal the public Good defends;
 Disdains the low Concerns of worldly Pelf,
 He serves his Country—to advance himself:
 The Pettifogger still supports the Cause
 Howe'er unjust, and wrests the injur'd Laws:
 Th' Enthusiast thinks to him the Standard giv'n
 Of Truth divine, the Master-Key of Heav'n!
 To Courage, Bullies; Fops to Wit pretend;
 And all can prostitute the Name of Friend;
 The Jilt swears Honesty; the Bankrupt Faith;
 And every Mountebank can save from Death:
 Yet tho' Men want but Eyes to see the Cheat,
 They chuse to wink, and help their own Deceit;
 The Herd of Fools resign themselves a Prey,
 Which every Knave pursues his private Way!

THE Question, FORRESTER! is something hard,
 How shall the Wise the motley Scene regard?
 While Men ourselves can we unmov'd stand by?
 Pain'd shall we smile?—or honest should we cry?
 Humanity to Grief would give the Rule,
 But stronger Reason sides with Ridicule!

OH that thy Piece instructive yet refin'd,
 The Image of thy philosophic Mind;

Which

Which, like the Statues wrought by *Phidian* Art,
 Is one fair whole, complete in every Part ;
 May cure the lighter Follies of the Age,
 Cool Bigot Zeal, and banish Party Rage ;
 Expose Ill-nature, Pedantry o'ercome,
 Strike Affectation dead, and Scandal dumb ;
 Restore fair Converse to its native Light,
 And teach Mankind with Ease to grow polite !

THEN round thy Brow the Myrtle Garland twine,
 The grateful Recompence of Toils like thine !
 Go on in all your fair Designs to please,
 Join Wit to Sense, with Understanding Ease.
 Already here your just Applauses rise,
 And the *Belles* read you with impatient Eyes !
 Some in the sweetest Notes repeat your Lays,
 All join harmonious in the Author's Praise ;
 All to approve with equal Zeal conspire,
 What more can Fortune give ?—or you desire ?

AS PARIS, lost in passionate Surprise,
 To Love's resistless Queen assign'd the Prize ;
 So while you Beauty treat with such Regard,
 Your Theme like Virtue shall itself reward ;
 VENUS shall from the Shepherd's Debt be free,
 And by the fav'rite Fair repay the Gift to thee !



To his Grace
COSMO Duke of GORDON,
On his Return to Scotland, 1734.

*Homines ad Deos Immortales nulla Re propius accedunt
quam salutem hominibus dando.*

CICERO.

ILlustrious PRINCE, whose dawning Years display
The fairest Hopes of Virtue's lasting Day ;
Return'd in Safety to your native Soil,
Disdain not on an exil'd Muse to smile ;
And with mild Goodness condescending hear
The artless Numbers that approach your Ear.

LET other Pens by servile Flatt'ry please,
Heav'n keep your Ear unvex'd with that Disease !
Which rais'd by Vanity, by Folly nurs'd,
Spoils the best Tempers, and confirms the worst ;
The faithful Muse shall act a juster Part,
Nor prostitute the Honours of her Art ;
Shall chuse a Theme may suit your blameless Taste,
To noble Minds, Praise should be always chaste !

H

WHILE

WHILE Pleasure plays before your eager Eyes,
 And Scenes of Joy, as yet untasted, rise ;
 While Groupes of entertaining Forms combin'd,
 With artful Lustre, lure the yielding Mind ;
 Let Reason's cool reflective Voice be heard,
 And weigh each Object with a just Regard :
 Assign the Bounds of Virtue and of Vice,
 Ask whence th' Enjoyment comes, and what the
 Price ?

With fix'd Composure, and unbiass'd Sight,
 Examine every Form of new Delight ;
 Know whence the Picture all its Worth receives,
 If false the Rate, or such as Judgment gives ?
 So shall fair Truth establish Reason's Sway,
 And each instructed Passion mild obey !

IF Wealth allure thee, or the Charms of Pow'r,
 Think CRASSUS bleeds—and CÆSAR is no more !
 Behold the LYDIAN Monarch mount the Pile,
 Or POMPEY'S Trunk deform the faithless NILE !
 If softer Scenes of Blandishment invite,
 See ANTONY the Victim of Delight !
 Mark HORACE idoliz'd by old and young,
 Mute are the tuneful Accents of his Tongue,
 Deaf are the Objects of his deathless Song.

}

So

So all the fleeting Forms of Bliss decay,
And so the lovely Phantom dies away !

Must then Life pass neglected like a Dream,
Must human Conduct wear no certain Aim ?
One lasting Joy the Muse directs to find
A Pleasure of the purest noblest Kind,
That spreads a Day diffusive o'er the Mind !
Benevolence ! the godlike Skill to raise
From a consenting World unblemish'd Praise !
GORDON, be this thy Care, this happy Art,
To fix a Pow'r eternal in the Heart ;
Well be this glorious Science understood,
The secret Charm of doing constant Good ;
Hence rose rever'd the GREEK and ROMAN Name,
Chiefs lov'd by Men, and deify'd by Fame ;
So the great FABII common Worth surpass'd,
So the first BRUTUS shone, and—so the last !
So SCIPIO's Deeds the LATIAN Records grace,
And TITUS liv'd the Joy of human Race.

BUT tho' true Goodness fills the generous Heart,
Still to exert it claims some Care and Art ;
Of all who lavish give, or wise bestow,
How few this useful mystic Lesson know ?

Where different Shades of Grief demand Redress,
 To chuse the greater Suffering from the less ;
 Where various Suitors seek alike for Grace,
 To give to modest Worth the foremost Place ;
 The meanest of Mankind as Men to use,
 Nobly to grant,—and nobly to refuse !
 As in the Diamond's precious Dye is shown
 The genuine Value of the brilliant Stone ;
 So from the Manner, which you form to give,
 Each Obligation will its Price receive ;
 This will the Benefit itself refine,
 As the stamp'd Image dignifies the Coin !

NOR need you Models foreign to your Blood,
 To gain the Knowledge of conferring Good ;
 In your maternal Form the Science trace,
 A Virtue long familiar to her Race !
 Survey her gen'rous Life with early Care,
 And copy from the bright Example there !

So the young Eaglet, to confirm his Sight,
 Waits his imperial Parent's lofty Flight ;
 Careless of Earth, exulting lifts his Eyes,
 Spreads his firm Wing,—and gains upon the Skies !
 By her instructed, meets the solar Ray,
 And grows familiar with the Blaze of Day !



To the Right Honourable

SUSANNA *Countess of* EGLINTON, 1734.

WHEN EGLINTON forfakes the blooming
Groves,

And quits the Solitude her Heart approves ;
When for the noisy Courts and City Throng,
She leaves the silver Stream, and Shepherd's Song ;
Well may the Muses follow in her Train,
Her lovely Prefence consecrates the Scene !

EDINA long, that did your Absence mourn,
Feels with unusual Joy your kind Return ;
Here 'midst contending Pow'rs, and Party Arms,
Exert the peaceful Influence of your Charms ;
Confess'd by all, our Guardian PALLAS stand,
Bear the dread Shield, and wave the olive Wand !
Heav'n in your Looks, and Empire in your Eye,
On you, bright Arbitress, our Hopes rely ;
Your sov'reign Sentence Concord shall restore,
And bid the Sounds of Strife be heard no more.

ROUND thee uniting Virtues softly shine,
 Thy Breast the heav'nly Center, where they join !
 In thee complete an Age's Task we find,
 A radiant *Phœnix* of the fairest Kind :
 Our Admiration in Suspence is lost,
 Where it shall fix itself with Justice most :
 Our Transport grows, the longer still we view,
 Still something Charms inimitably true !
 And Time and Envy stand subdu'd by you.

WHATE'ER exalted Heroines of old
 In Fame's eternal Page have been enroll'd ;
 All the bright Plans which Time has yet brought
 forth,
 Of GRECIAN Virtue, or of ROMAN Worth ;
 Unite in thee,—in thee consummate shine,
 And all the Glories of the Sex are thine ;
 LUCRETIA's Firmness, PORTIA's godlike Mind,
 With fair SUSANNA's Purity are join'd ;
 In Form confess'd great EGYPT's matchless Queen,
 But all PALMYRA's Sovereign smiles within ! *
 Or not beyond our native Soil to stray,
 MARIA's Beauty weds the Truth of GRAY !

* ZENOBIÀ, *Queen of PALMYRA, one of the most amiable as well as noble female Characters of Antiquity.*

So tho' the Planets lend their feeble Light,
 And CYNTHIA silvers o'er the Face of Night :
 'Tis Darkness still—tho' in a soft Disguise.
 No Colours charm, no painted Prospects rise !
 But when the Morn dispels the doubtful Gleam,
 And SOL with orient Lustre sheds his Beam ;
 Nature in all her Pomp attracts the View,
 Such Joy they feel—who fix their Sight on You !



To the Right Honourable
The Lady ELIZABETH GORDON,
At EDINBURGH, in the Year 1735.

O D E.

I.

FORGIVE, fair high-born Maid ! an artless Bard,
 Who daring ventures on so bright a Theme ;
 If real Merit claims the first Regard,
 The noblest Numbers shou'd record your Name !

H 4

To

II.

To those whom PHOEBUS lends his sacred Lyre,
Belongs such matchless Virtues to rehearse ;
What noble Measures might not these inspire ?
How fit the Subject to embalm the Verse !

III.

Weak is the Influence of external Charms
(Unaided Beauty's short enduring Tie !)
If Virtue lend not more prevailing Arms,
To the pall'd Sense, alas, how soon they die !

IV.

But when the Mind's sublime Perfections join,
To animate a Form itself complete ;
How must the fair distinguish'd Portrait shine !
How strong the Union,—and its Force how sweet ?

V.

If Truth and Goodness, in thy beauteous Breast,
Their blended Stores of happy Fragrance shed ;
No Wonder, if they flourish still increas'd,
And rise eternal from so chaste a Bed !

Others

VI.

Others by Art may wise or beauteous seem,
And use vain Toils to captivate the View ;
GORDON insensibly secures Esteem,
And then convinces us—it was her due.

VII.

Fond Muse, forbear—what unavailing Lays
Can point out Virtue's unexhausted Mine ?
When master'-works inferior Painters trace
Trembling they sketch, and faintly they design !

VIII.

From FARINELLI when the Warblings flow,
What vulgar Notes can reach the flying Sound ?
When JERVASE bids the swelling Canvas glow,
Where can the imitating Hand be found ?

IX.

Propitious Heav'n our just Petition hear !
And still protect with ever-guardian Care
One who below resembles you so near,
Good as she's great,—and gentle as she's fair !



To the Right Honourable
 CHARLES, *Lord KINNAIRD.*

An EPISTLE.

——— *Primoque a cæde Ferarum*

Incaluisse putem maculatum sanguine Ferrum.

OVID.

HOW soft the Blis on TAY's sweet winding
 Stream,

To taste the Breeze that cools the sultry Gleam?

Where Woods embow'ring with projected Head,

Infold the subject River in their Shade!

Now pleas'd I wander by its flow'ry Side;

Now gently sail along its silver Tide;

Now hear the feather'd Concerts in the Wood;

Or mark the Natives of the happy Flood!

Along the Surface how they dart with Joy,

Or rise deluded to the fatal Fly!

With Pain I see the cruel Sport renew'd,

The silver *Salmon's* Scales deform'd with Blood;

I mourn the Arts the Fish to Fate beguil'd,

How much he suffer'd, and how well he toil'd!

See on the Grass the Captive pants for Breath,

Till some rude Hand bequeath the Stroke of Death!

Oh

Oh barbarous Pleasure ! oh deceitful Skill,
 That joys in Murder, and betrays to kill !
 Here if we break—MY LORD, I am sorry for't,
 I love the Scene—but I detest the Sport.

IF smaller Objects may with great compare,
 So have I seen a Stripling eye the Fair !
 Survey the Fly unconscious of his Fate,
 And swallow down the Charms of a *Coquette* ;
 The Dart well struck, away the Novice runs,
 And thinks, by Flight, Captivity he shuns ;
 Fix'd in his Heart the Barb destructive plays,
 And holds him tho' he turns a thousand Ways ;
 His Struggles but perplex the artful Fold,
 For if the Girl has Wit—the Line will hold.

BLESS'D was the Time, oh had that Bliss remain'd !
 When Nature's Fruits the lengthen'd Life sustain'd ;
 Ere Hate was known, or in his Brother's Blood
 His curst Hands the wretched CAIN embro'd ;
 But thro' the happy Grove, serene and mild,
 Man walk'd with Man,—and all Creation smil'd !

BUT now that peaceful Scene is vanish'd far,
 What wide Destruction ? what domestic War !

We

We waste for Riot the devoted Ball,
 And learned Luxury is blind to all !
 New Arts of Slaughter daily must be known,
 And Millions bleed for the Caprice of one !

NOR yet content—with what at Home remains,
 We spoil the Groves, and fright the peaceful Plains ;
 Nor the weak Deer, nor unoffending Hares,
 Nor yet the feather'd Tribes, our Fury spares ;
 All, all must perish by our cruel Hand,
 And Nature mourn the Curse of our Command !

SUCH is the Passion, which inspires your
 Breast,
 To make eternal War on Bird or Beast ;
 Each Day the Net, or Hook, or Gun prepare,
 And thus unpeople Water, Earth, and Air !
 Strange Contraste !—you, MY LORD, whose tender
 Eye
 Can see no human Pain without a Sigh !
 Whose worthy Breast with generous Pity glows,
 To ease the Anguish of inferior Woes ;
 Should see no Error in this wanton Taste,
 To cherish which, you lay Creation waste.

Wou'd but the Kindness of relenting Fate
 Crown my low Wishes, with some small Estate !

Nor

Nor Dogs, nor Guns should fright my peaceful Grove,
 There free the Birds should sing, the *Sylvans* rove!
 Should unmolested Nature's Gifts enjoy,
 Enchant my Ear, or entertain my Eye;
 And, in my small Inclosure, guarded find
 A Shelter from the Malice of Mankind!

OH then, MY LORD, advis'd forbear in Time,
 Nor stain your Goodness with this needless Crime!
 Forgive the Muse, if fondly led astray,
 By Zeal for Nature, she has lost her Way;
 Her End was honest, tho' her Speech be free,
 So far the just Similitude of Thee!

LET others drag the cumb'rous Loads of State,
 Where the gay Trappings but augment the Weight;
 Taste you, MY LORD, in your paternal Field,
 The native Sweets that Peace and Freedom yield;
 Behold each Year your golden Harvests rise,
 Or blooming Planting lengthen round your Eyes!
 While Beauty, with her own celestial Smile,
 Rewards each Care, and softens ev'ry Toil;
 Bless'd in your little House, and little Grove,
 Happy yourself,—and happy in your Love;
 Defy all foreign Troubles would invade ye,
 Receive your Rents well paid:—and kiss MY LADY!



To SERENA.

An EPISTLE.

*Dic mihi, URANIA! tanto cur tempore differs
Pierio meritam ferto redimire SERENAM?*

CLAUD.

RESUME, URANIA! the celestial Lyre,
PROFITIOUS MUSE, the favour'd Numbers
fire!

If real Worth thy guardian Care employs,
Let the full Notes in due Proportion rise;
While bright SERENA * bends her gentle Ear,
And what the Goddess dictates deigns to hear:
To noblest Minds the Love of Verse belongs,
And Virtue is the Theme of lasting Songs!

THE Ways of Heav'n are hid from human View:
A Proof of this was strongly giv'n in you!

* *The Honourable the Lady MURRAY of STENHOPE, Daughter
to the Right Honourable GEORGE BAILIE of JERVISWOOD,
Esq; late one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury.*

Could

Could Fortune's Gifts secure establish'd Rest,
 You had the Lot of Happiness possess'd ;
 Could Truth maintain the Conquests Beauty won,
 Your Triumphs wou'd have been eclips'd by none ;
 Could Love o'er subject Hearts his Sway retain,
 Your Constancy had fix'd the lasting Chain ;
 Yet vain were all your Comfort to insure,
 Below no Bliss, that Man can taste, is pure ?

If Souls (as *Eastern Sages* say) above
 Are pair'd in equal Bonds of Life and Love ! †
 Yours in its downward Passage chanc'd to stray,
 And miss'd its kind Associate by the way !

YET of the kindred Partnership depriv'd,
 The faithful Passion in your Breast surviv'd ;
 Your tender Mind the Semblance still explor'd,
 The Phantom in MURENUS' Shape ador'd ;
 Approv'd his Vows, and to your yielding Heart
 Convey'd the fatal Seeds of future Smart !
 For soon the dreadful Error you perceiv'd,
 And what you felt unwillingly believ'd ;
 Fond Love, that from his Wings was wont to shed
 Ambrosial Sweets around the nuptial Bed ;

† See this beautiful Sentiment enlarged upon in Dr. WATT's
Horæ Lyricæ.

Flew off averſe :—

While dark Suspicion, Child of Hell and Night,
Which all Things views in a diſtemper'd Light ;
Succeeding, gave the Colour of your Life,
And bid you be a greatly ſuffering Wife !

VIRTUE's like Gold : — the Ore's allay'd by
Earth,

Trouble, like Fire, refines the Maſs to Birth ;
Tortur'd the more, the Metal purer grows,
And ſeven Times try'd with new Refulgence glows !
Exults ſuperior to the ſearching Flame,
And riſes from Affliction into Fame !

FEEDLE o'er gen'rous Minds is Fortune's Pow'r,
She gives no Wounds, which Reaſon can't reſtore !
From hence your calmly recollective Sight
Drew future Wiſdom, and unbought Delight ;
Firm you beheld the viſionary Scene,
And Courts beſtow'd their ſplendid Charms in vain !
You, like the Bee, run each Inchantment o'er,
And drew Inſtruction from the noxious Flow'r ;
But 'midſt the Joys you moſt were pleas'd to prove,
In virtuous Friendſhip and parental Love ;
One Trial was reſerv'd—by Heav'n deſign'd,
To ſhew the Temper of your matchleſs Mind !

'Twas

'Twas Night—when Mortals to Repose incline,
 And none but *Demons* could intrude on thine;
 When wild Desire durst thy soft Peace invade,
 And stood insulting at thy spotless Bed;
 Urg'd all that Rage, or Passion could inspire,
 Death arm'd the Wretch's Hand, his Breast was Fire!
 You, more than ROMAN, saw the dreadful Scene,
 Nor lost the Guard, that always watch'd within!
 LUCRETIA suffer'd;—and OBIZZI bled, *
 Your Virtue triumph'd,—and the Villain fled!

* LUCRETIA OBIZZI, Marchioness of ORCIANO, who was
 assassinated in her Bed, by a Russian who attempted her Chastity,
 to whose Memory the Senate of PADUA erected a Monument,
 with the following honourable Inscription below her Bust.

VENERARE.PUDICITIÆ.SIMULACRUM
 ET.VICTIMAM
 LUCRETIAM.DE.DONDIS.AB.HOROLOGIO
 PYÆNÆ.DE.OBIZZONIBUS
 ORCIANI.MARÇIONIS.UXOREM
 HÆC.INTER.TENEBRAS.MARITALES.ASSERENS.TÆDAS
 FURIALES.RECENTIS.TARQUINIÏ.FACES
 CASTO.CORDE.EXTINXIT
 SICQUE.ROMANAM.LUCRETIAM.INTEMERATA.GLORIA
 VICIT
 TANTÆ.SUÆ.HEROINÆ.GENEROSIS.MANIBUS
 HOC.DICAVIT.MONUMENTUM
 CIVITAS.PATAVINA.DECRETO
 DIE.310.DECEMBERIS
 Aº. 1661.

WHAT Doubt that Goodness is your native Choice!
 We know your Country by your tuneful Voice!
 Which lift'ning Angels may descend to hear,
 And learn their sacred Songs are copied here!
 As the bright Sun thro' one unclouded Day
 Drives o'er the Horizon his chearful Ray;
 No Shadows interpose, no Mists appear,
 Clear he arises, and he sets as clear;
 So shall thy Life, SERENA, charm Mankind,
 And teach your Sex th' Importance of the Mind.

LONG may you prove the Joys so well you know,
 The calm Delights from Solitude that flow;
 Where Reason can its genuine Pleasures taste,
 Enjoy the present—and approve the past;
 Bless'd is that Life, that thus declining wears;
 Vice laughs an Hour,—but Virtue smiles for Years!

OH! could the Muse th' ambitious Strain prolong,
 Soft as the Accents of MYRTILLO's Song;
 MYRTILLO, * by APOLLO's self inspir'd,
 Mourn'd as belov'd, lamented as admir'd;

* *The Right Honourable the Lord BINNING died at NAPLES, 1732, universally lamented; his Father, the Right Honourable the Earl of HADDINGTON, surviv'd him but a short Time.*

By ev'ry Muse adorn'd, and Virtue blest'd,
 Of ev'ry Grace, of ev'ry Charm possess'd ;
 Near VIRGIL's sacred Tomb MYRTILLO dy'd,
 In Life how like ! in Manners how ally'd !
 In Fate resembling,—and almost in Fame,
 So lik the ROMAN's was the BRITON's Flame ;
 But too imperfect flow my feeble Lays,
 To speak MYRTILLO's Merit, or his Praise !
 Far other Honours should adorn his Herse,
 The Tribute of his own parental Verse ;
 Let pious HADDINGTON, with equal Hands,
 Raise the fair Monument his Loss demands ;
 For the lov'd Youth compose the lasting Crown,
 A PATRIOT need not blush to praise his Son !



By every shade around, and Virtue's name,
Of every Class, of every Clime possess'd;
Men, Women, and the sacred Temple's floor,
In this low life, in darkness how ally'd!
In this dim light,--and almost in Fane,
So in the Roman's was the Briton's share;
But too impetuous how we feel the Law,
To seek Myrtles' shade, or laurel's bower;
For when the Roman's found his Home,
The Roman of his own paternal Vale;
Let him be satisfied, with equal share,
Of the same Freedom, and the same demand;
For the same Cause, the same young Gown,
A Roman need not seek the same



RETIREMENT:

A

P O E M.

Occasion'd by seeing the

PALACE and PARK

O F

W E S T E R.

Si canimus silvas, silvæ sunt Consule dignæ.

VIRG.

THE SECOND EDITION.



L O N D O N:

MDCCXXXVII.

RETIREMENT:

P O E M.

Occasion'd by seeing the

PALACE and PARK

Y E S T E R.

By William Pitt, first Lord of the Treasury.

Yre.



L O N D O N :

MDCCLXXII.



To the MOST HONOURABLE

J O H N,

Marquis and Earl of

TWEEDDALE,

Lord HAY of YESTER, &c.

One of the Extraordinary Lords of
Session in SCOTLAND.

This ESSAY is, with all Respect and Gratitude,
inscribed,

By the AUTHOR.

THE

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE

JOHN

MARQUIS AND EARL OF

TWEEDDALE,

Lord HAYTER, &c.



One of the Extraordinary Lords of
Session in Scotland.

This Essay is, with all respect and Gratitude,
submitted,

By the Author.



RETIREMENT: a Poem.

*An me ludit amabilis
Insania ? audire videor et piqs
Errare per lucos, amænæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.*

HORAT.



THOU, who in eternal Light, unseen,
Survey'st, distinct, the universal Scene !
Whose Power, imparted, animates the
whole

With Vegetation, Motion, Life, and Soul ;
Deign to inform the *Muse's* solemn Thought,
To sing the Wonders thou alone hast wrought.
And, as thro' Nature's Walks she ravish'd strays,
Instruct her humble Reed to sound thy Praise !

HAIL, rural Views ! Life's pure unmingled
Sweets ;
Long-winding Walks, and ever-calm Retreats !
Where still succeeding Charms of various Kind
Infuse a balmy Temperance of Mind !

Where

Where the mild Gale, that murmurs thro' the Trees,
 The Soul from each corroding Passion frees ;
 And the smooth Stream, that gently glides along,
 Inspires Delight, and aids the Muse's Song.

How bless'd are they by all-disposing Heav'n,
 To whom this fav'rite Lot on Earth is giv'n !
 Where Waters flow, or Woods their Umbrage
 spread,
 To taste a Bliss, that Fortune can't invade ;
 Health firm from Exercise, with Labour Ease,
 Unapprehensive Nights, and guiltless Days ;
 No Sounds of War their downy Peace molest,
 No Pleas of Law disturb their anxious Breast,
 No Dreams of Bliss, no false Pursuits of Gain,
 No Fears of Tempests on the faithless Main,
 No envious Frowns, no treach'rous Smiles of Court,
 Can reach the Shelter of so safe a Port ;
 Where Innocence and Truth have fix'd their Home,
 And Vice, and Fraud, and Malice dare not come !

O STRANGE Effect of Self-deceiving Art !
 Surprizing Weakness of the cheated Heart !
 All Ranks, all Nations, own this genuine Bliss,
 Nay, all their Pains seem meant to purchase this.

The

The toilsome Dangers of destructive War,
 The ceaseless Wranglings of the doubtful Bar,
 The thin Refinements of the Courtier's Brain,
 The Merchant's Venture for uncertain Gain,
 To this great Object lead,—in this conspire,
 That wearied Nature may at last retire :
 But Life precarious Date perhaps is done,
 'Ere half th' imaginary Course is run ;
 Or, by the Means, the very End is cross'd,
 And, when th' Enjoyment courts, the Taste is lost.
 The different Passions, which our Lives employ,
 Outreach our Footsteps, and forbid the Joy :
 Or some inveterate Habit's strong Disease
 Infects our Age, and interrupts our Ease.
 The feeble Veteran, in the silent Shades,
 The sudden Tumult of the War invades ;
 There still the Lawyer trifles with the Laws,
 And the Judge nods, as when he heard the Cause ;
 There, to the antiquated Courtier's Eyes,
 Long Scenes of Pomp, and gay Processions rise ;
 And there, when Storms, with Breath outrageous
 rore,
 Tho' safe beyond the Reach of Fortune's Power,
 The Merchant shrinks, nor thinks his Wealth secure.

 AND

AND yet, sequester'd from the public Voice,
 This Lot has been of old the Heroes Choice.
 Thus SCIPIO, foremost of the Godlike Name,
 Despis'd the vain Applause of vulgar Fame ;
 More bless'd with LELIUS, rang'd the Sylvan Scene,
 Than when he shone the Lord of ZAMA's Plain :
 Or, when at CARTHAGE, * in his blooming Pride,
 He gave th' IBERIAN Prince his Captive-Bride.
 Nor did this Victor of himself disdain
 To hear the Muse, and aid a TERENCE' Strain.

NOR need Examples of th' historic Kind,
 To prove this native Bias of the Mind ;
 From CINCINNATUS and LUCULLUS, down
 To him who greatly left th' Imperial Crown, †
 Of Chiefs, high-fam'd, the wisest and the best,
 Have, full of Honour, fought this Point of Rest ;
 Have laid, well-pleas'd, the Weight of Glory down,
 And wish'd to call this Span of Life their own.
 Happy for him, had CÆSAR done the same,
 Nor lost his Life to gain a dubious Fame.

THIS future Ease, which all so fond pursue,
 Is justly to heroic Virtue due.

* *New CARTHAGE in SPAIN, now CARTAGENA.*

† *The Emperor CHARLES V.*

For Cities modell'd, and for Nations freed,
 Or Tyrants quell'd, be this the glorious Meed!
 No sordid Passions wound the gen'rous Breast,
 No Cankers lurk to taint their future Rest;
 With Thoughts humane their kindly Bosom glows;
 These lead them gently to their Life's Repose,
 While Honour's Beams, with mild Reflexion sweet,
 Play round their Steps, and gild their soft Retreat:
 So, thro' the Course of one unclouded Day,
 The Sun serenely marks his radiant Way,
 By soft Degrees, to the Horizon bends,
 And, rob'd in purple Majesty, descends.

ILLUSTRIOUS Peer, whose fair unblemish'd Youth,
 Improv'd by Wisdom, and adorn'd with Truth,
 Already has such noble Fruits brought forth,
 And gives such Hopes of still succeeding Worth;
 Oh deign thy condescending Ear to bend!
 An exil'd *Muse's* humble Strains attend.
 If YESTER'S Charms her Numbers can display,
 To you belongs to judge her fond Essay;
 If to her Theme her Lays Proportion bear,
 Th' Attempt, she hopes, will not offend your Ear.

SAFE in the Bosom of a SYLVAN Scene, *
 Amidst projecting Shades of varied Green,
 Like some fair Matron-form in Cypress veil'd,
 In Solitude sweet YESTER lies conceal'd ;
 Plain, but majestic, with proportion'd Height,
 Equal it rises to the ravish'd Sight.
 Judgment, with Taste, inspires the true Design,
 And all the different Parts harmonious join
 Without Confusion :—wond'rous Pow'r of Art !
 That gives its proper Grace to every Part,
 And, from the whole Arrangement well-combin'd,
 Calls out a Master-Beauty of the Kind.

NOR only outward is this Order seen,
 The same Simplicity obtains within ;
 No gaudy Ornaments the Eye betray,
 No Affectation leads the Taste astray ;
 A modest Grandeur dignifies the whole,
 Thy Palace, TWEEDDALE, represents thy Soul.
 Its Disposition shews the Owner's State,
 Where all is finish'd, chaste, correct, and great !

* The Palace is situated deep in the midst of a Groupe of Planting
 near five Miles in Circumference.

FULL, in the Front, an ample Circle lies,
 Where Trees on Trees in soft Succession rise!
 A blooming Round!—where Verdure ever new
 Spreads the fair Amphitheatre to view.
 While, in the intermediate Space below,
 The Brooks clear Waves in calm Procession flow,
 High o'er the Banks, their lovely fragrant Shade
 The native Rose and twining Woodbind spread;
 With mingling Beauties blest the charming Bound,
 And waft united Fragrance all around!

* BEHIND, the fair-dispos'd *Parterre* is seen,
 With Flow'rs adorn'd, and Slopes of lively Green;
 A chrystal Fountain in the Center plays,
 And mitigates the Sun's intemp'rate Rays.
 Four Statues, equal, rise on every Hand,
 Divide the Circuit, and the Space command;
 Here dark'ning Shades exclude the Blaze of Light;
 There, open Walks, when Day declines, invite;
 Thick spreading Trees defend the Space around,
 And shed a solemn Stillness o'er the Ground.
 In these the feather'd Nations of the Grove
 Enjoy their Freedom, and pursue their Love;

Amidst the friendly Boughs, in Choirs rejoice,
And pay for their Protection with their Voice.

* A Neighb'ring Structure's well-intended Care
Invites those Plants that shun our Northern Air ;
Protected, here the Myrtle-Buds may bloom,
Or the fair Orange shed its rich Perfume ;
Secure from Cold, HESPERIAS Sweets may rise,
Charm the blest's Sense, and strike the ravish'd Eyes !
In Winter's Rage, may Spring's mild Charms restore,
And please us when the Fields can please no more.

† SEE, from the Depth of the surrounding Shade,
An ancient Chapel rears its spiry Head !
Close by the Margin of the winding Flood,
The *Muse* pursues that Object thro' the Wood ;
With Awe surveys the Marks diffus'd around ;
Hail, Mansions of the Dead ! Instructive Ground !
Here Nature's Victor spreads his Trophies wide,
And mortal Dust confounds all human Pride.
Receive, my Heart, this Lesson from the Eye,
Hence learn to live, and hence prepare to die.
Here, TWEEDDALE, in a Vault's contracted Space,
Lie the Remains of thy distinguish'd Race !

* *The Greenhouse.*

† *An old ruined Chapel, the Burial-place of the ancient Family of YESTER.*

Like thee, they once this happy Bow'r possess'd,
 Were crown'd with Honours, and with Riches
 blest'd.

With these (late may that Loss thy Country mourn!)
 One Day shall rest thy venerable Urn :
 Let Virtue then the Span of Life employ,
 Let Goodness minister the noblest Joy ;
 Indulge the soft Humanity of Mind,
 And live the Guardian-Friend of Human-kind !

* TURN, *Muse*, thy Steps, and quit the lovely
 Shade,

Explore yon rising Hill, and opening Glade ;
 Soon as the Summit of the Height I gain,
 The grateful Prospect well rewards the Pain.
 The *Palace*, there, embosom'd in the Leaves,
 Like some rich Gem deep-set, the Eye perceives.
 There *LOTHIAN*'s fertile Vale at Distance lies,
 And the long Landskip mingles with the Skies.
 Below, the Brook in Mazes wanders round,
 And sports delightful thro' the flow'ry Ground.
 Here the bleak Hills, irregular, and rough,
 Appear, as Foils, to set those Beauties off.

* *The Park.*

Fair, to the left, a soft Ascent is seen,
 With Thickets spread, and Rows of rising Green,
 Where Nature claims supreme the Sov'reign Part,
 Yet leaves some Touches to her Handmaid, Art.
 The peaceful Deer, and little wanton Fawns,
 Sport in the Shades, or range along the Lawns ;
 Some, basking, lie beneath the genial Gleam,
 Some court the Coolness of the friendly Stream.
 See yon large Stag!—his spreading Branches rear'd,
 Stalks proudly forward, and commands the Herd!
 Th' obedient Flock to all his Motions bend,
 Move as he walks, and, as he stops, attend ;
 Beneath his watchful Eye directed tread,
 Explore the Covert, or enjoy the Mead.
 Fair harmless Creatures, whom no Fears annoy,
 To whom kind Nature lends a Waste of Joy!
 Who taste secure the utmost Bliss ye can,
 Nor feel the Cares of Self-tormenting Man.

* AH ! quit not, Muse, too soon, th' enchanted
 Scene,

Unnumber'd Beauties yet remain unseen !
 As once, of old, by smooth CLITUMNUS' Side,
 SOL's Milk-white Heifers rang'd the Pastures wide,

* *Wild White Cows.*

Whose

Whose spotless Forms, with rosy Garlands gay,
 Were Victims worthy of the *God of Day*;
 So here, preserv'd, the snowy Race remains,
 And wanders, unconfin'd, these happy Plains.
 The lordly Bull exulting roams alone,
 And boasts the *Sylvan* Empire all his own.

† STEEP o'er the Brook, abandon'd and defac'd,
 An ancient Castle stands deform'd and waste!
 Of old, perhaps, within whose friendly Gate,
 Repos'd from Toil, the weary Trav'ler fate;
 Or the Night-wand'ring Pilgrim, led astray,
 Here found a Shelter till the Dawn of Day;
 The Stranger hospitable Rites receiv'd,
 The Rich were honour'd, and the Poor reliev'd:
 Now Trees o'ergrown the ruin'd Walls embrace,
 While the Winds murmur thro' the hollow Space!
 Along the wind-rock'd Tow'r the Ivy creeps,
 And the brown Ruin trembles o'er the Deeps!
 So Time, with ceaseless Rage, relentless preys
 On all the Trophies human Art can raise.
 In vain we Fame to faithless Marble trust,
 In vain to Brass consign distinguish'd Dust,
 He eats th' Inscription, and consumes the Bust!

† *The old Castle of YESTER, the Seat of the GIFFORDS, anciently Lords YESTER.*

His undermining Hands the Pile displace,
 He heaves the Column from its solid Base !
 By him triumphal Arches naked glare,
 And ample Theatres are mix'd with Air ;
 Ev'n Pyramids, that claim Duration most,
 Shrink from their Height, and hasten to be lost !
 The Eyes, with Pain, deserted ATHENS see,
 And what PALMYRA is, *—VERSAILLES may be.

† BUT, homeward, now returning to the right,
 Thro' soft vicissitudes of Shade and Light,
 Which to the setting Sun declining lie,
 Fair Nature's rich Embroidery to the Eye !
 A winding Path, with thickest Umbrage spread,
 Does to the Center of the Forest lead :
 Here num'rous Vistas crowd upon the Sight,
 And every Termination gives Delight ;
 Some rural Object still presents to View,
 A Grove, a Village, or the Mountain blue !
 See from the Brake the lonely Pheasant fly,
 Mark his rich Plumage, and his scarlet Eye !
 Look how the Peacock, there, his Pride displays,
 And spreads the Lustre of his varied Blaze.

* *For the Ruins of PALMYRA, see the Philosophical Transactions, Vol. III.*

† *The Wood.*

Hark, what enliv'ning Sounds the Heart inspire?
 How the Woods eccho to the tuneful Quire!
 What mingling Harmony diffuses round?
 What endless Measures of responsive Sound!
 The jocund Tribes in gay Confusion play,
 Dart cross the Walks, and shoot from Spray to
 Spray :

But most the Turtle, on yon top-moſt Bough,
 Detains the Ear with her harmonious Coo;
 Penſive ſhe ſits, without her Mate unbleſt,
 And murmurs out the Anguiſh of her Breſt;
 Attention ſeems concern'd for her Relief;
 Sure there's a ſecret Eloquence in Grief!
 Transported could I loſe my Footſteps here;
 Here Meditation holds her proper Sphere.
 I wonder not, of old the Wiſe and Good
 Walk'd ſelf-converſant in the ſacred Wood;
 And Truth's divine myſterious Sources ſought,
 Where ev'ry Object was a Help to Thought.

NOR want theſe happy Shades a Guardian Pow'r,
 When great HONORIA, * at the Even-tide Hour,
 A firmer EVE, amidſt a ſafer Grove,
 Taſtes the ſoft Joy, ſequeſter'd here to rove,

* The late Marchionefs of TWEEDDALE who died at EDINBURGH, 1736, univerſally lamented and eſteem'd.

While some attending Seraph, Virtue—taught,
 Guards her Retirement, and inspires her Thought ;
 Shares in the Pleasures of her pure Retreat,
 And sees one Mortal here below compleat.

BUT now, descending from the pleasing Scene,
 With easy Steps the *Avenue* I gain,
 Where, to the left, the Brook its Passage steals,
 And in its rocky Bed its Stream conceals ;
 Now gently purling forms a soft Cascade,
 Now glides involv'd beneath the happy Shade ;
 While on the Bank, that guards the upper Side,
 A *Sylvan* Wilderness displays its Pride.
 Here the gay Foliage sheds a vivid Gleam,
 Reflected brightly from the solar Beam ;
 There, alter'd, does a darker Face assume,
 And strikes us with a deep majestic Gloom ;
 Yet, e're six Months their short-liv'd Course have
 run,

These Charms shall vanish, and this Bloom be gone !
 These Trees, that now such lavish Verdure boast,
 Shall naked stand, deform'd by Winter's Frost,
 Till Spring returning dress the painted Plain,
 And bid reviving Nature smile again.

O THOU, by Virtue more than Titles great,
 Whom Heav'n has blest'd with such a calm Retreat;
 Mild TWEEDDALE, deign to hear the faithful Muse,
 Accept her Homage, and approve her Vows;
 Long may you firm BRITANNIA'S Cause defend,
 And be in all Extremes her steddy Friend!
 Long Honour's Paths with Self-applause pursue,
 And keep the Founders of your Line in View! *
 Who, like the great Dictator, left their Plough,
 And taught in Arms the stubborn DANE to bow;
 In the declining Battle Victors stood,
 And bought their Country's Safety with their Blood.
 Here, when the public Cares allow you Rest,
 The Calm of Philosophic Leisure taste;
 Belov'd, esteem'd, admir'd, unenvy'd live!
 And boast a Joy that Fortune ne'er could give.

Now, left the Labour, MUSE, appear too long,
 With GIFFORD end the long protracted Song;

* The first of the Family of HAY were a good Countryman and his two Sons, who, when the SCOTS were routed by the DANES at the Battle of LONCARTY, came in with their Plough-Shares, and by stopping the Fugitives recover'd the Field, and defeated the Enemy; for which they were rewarded with Lands in ANGUS, ennobled by the KING, and took the Sirname of HAY. In relation to this Accident, they bear for Arms Argent, three Escutcheons Gules. Of this Name are the Marquis of TWEEDDALE, and the Earls of ERROL and KINNOULE.

Delightful Village! blest'd with Nature's Smile,
 Where golden Plenty gilds the fruitful Soil!
 What green Inclosures mark the flow'ry Ground?
 See yon fair Hill, with Tufts of Planting crown'd,
 Behind the Mountain's azure Top is seen,
 And the Eye loses all the Vale between.
 Close by the Town the winding River glides,
 And in its hollow Channel sunk subsides;
 Yet, when the Clouds descend in wint'ry Rain,
 The Torrent overwhelms the subject Plain;
 Impetuous, drives along with rapid Force,
 And makes its Pow'r the Limits of its Course!

THUS has the Muse, but with too faint Essay,
 Thro' Nature's Maze pursued her artless Way;
 Like the laborious Bee, has urg'd her Flight,
 Where Groves, where Gardens, or where Streams
 invite;

Has o'er Creation stretch'd her artless Wing,
 And prais'd that Power, who gave her Voice to sing.
 Where Godlike Goodness spreads the bounteous Feast,
 Where each Spectator is a constant Guest;
 Whose Blessings all without Distinction share,
 Tread on his Earth, and breathe his vital Air;

Whose

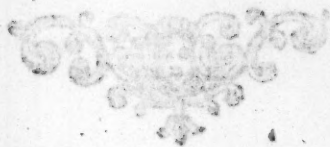
Whose piercing Eye thro' Space immense extends,
 On whose supporting Hand the whole depends!—
 From the unweildy Whale's enormous Mass,
 To the small Insect on the peopled Grass,
 Whate'er in Air, and Earth, and Sea, I see,
 All-comprehending Pow'r!—is full of THEE!
 Thy Ways with ceaseless Rapture I explore,
 And lost in Pleasure—gaze till I adore!

YET, thus instructed, by thy Providence,
 Tho' *Nature*, still profuse, her Charms dispense,
 The Storehouse of divine Magnificence! }
 Tho' all her Works conspire our Thoughts to raise
 To THEE, great Object of all Love and Praise!
 How many, dead to this exalted Joy,
 Cast o'er the whole an undelighted Eye?
 Or, at the best, but cold Spectators stand
 Unconscious of thy all-bestowing Hand;
 Thy Works, that set THEE in the strongest Light,
 Serve, like a Veil, to hide THEE from their Sight;
 Like Earth-born Moles the Ray divine they see,
 They taste not *Nature*,—for they know not THEE!



Whole piercing Eye this space immense extends,
 On whole adorning Hand the whole depends—
 From the newly Wharfe's enormous Mouth,
 To the small inlet on the peopled Coast,
 Wharfe in All, and Earth, and Sea, I see,
 All comprehending Power—is all of Thee!
 Thy Ways with ceaseless Rapture I explore,
 And lost in Admiration—gaze till I adore!

Yet, thus instructed, by thy Providence,
 I do, O Wharfe, still protest, thy Chorus dispute,
 The Storehouse of divine Providence!
 Tho' all her Works compare our Thoughts to raise
 To Thee, great Object of all Love and Praise,
 How many, dear to the exalted Joy,
 Cast o'er the waters an undimmed Eye?
 O, at the least, but cold Specimens stand
 Unconscious of thy all-pow'ring Hand;
 Thy Works, that let Thee in the strongest Light
 Shine, like a Veil, to hide Thee from their Sight,
 I like Lark-born Moles the Ray divine they see,
 They take not Water—for they know not Thee!





Written in the ancient Palace of

FALKLAND, Sept. 1735.

*Quod jam compositum violat manus hospita bustum
Da Veniam!—si quid sensus post fata relictum est.*

LUCAN.

“ **D**ESERTED FALKLAND! when thy Face
“ I view,
“ It gives me Grief—but gives me Wonder too;
“ Wonder, * the noble Hand, that has thy Trust,
“ Leaves thee to fall a mould’ring Heap of Dust!
“ To see the fine Effects of JAMES’s Taste †
“ A Mass of Ruin, beautifully waste!
“ Grief, in thy ruin’d yet majestic State,
“ To mark the *Picture* of thy Country’s Fate!”

* *It were to be wish’d those noble Persons to whom the Care of Royal Palaces, and other ancient Buildings, both sacred and profane, belongs either by Commission or Right, would take some more Care to preserve those venerable Remains of Antiquity, as entire as possible to Posterity.*

† JAMES V. the politest and most elegant Prince of his Time, repaired and beautified this Palace, and built that of LINLITHGOW, which are both in a fine Taste for that Age, and both much superior to some celebrated Pieces of modern Architecture.

THUS

THUS as I mus'd intent—and gaz'd around,
 Along the fractur'd Walls with Ivy bound !
 Where the worn Bust display'd a dubious Face,
 As if it mourn'd insulting Time's Disgrace ;
 Faint from beneath a hollow Murmur broke,
 Resembling human Voice—and thus it spoke. *

“ ENQUIRE not, *Stranger*, Time so fast devours
 “ These faithless Walls and sacrilegious Tow'rs ?
 “ Oh rather wonder they so long have stood,
 “ Stain'd with black Parricide, and rais'd in Blood !
 “ Here regal Murder fix'd its deepest Dye,
 “ A PRINCE by Famine lost !—that *Shade* am I !
 “ From a fond Father's tender Arms betray'd,
 “ To linger here unpity'd, unsurvey'd !
 “ Nor think a Stranger gave the deadly Blow,
 “ A barbarous Uncle bid me perish so !
 “ First to his Pow'r my heedless Steps allur'd,
 “ Then in a Dungeon's dismal Depth immur'd.
 “ Think I the Heir immediate to the Crown,
 “ Brought up in Elegance, and nurs'd in Down ;

* The Person introduc'd speaking here is ROBERT, Prince of SCOTLAND, eldest Son to ROBERT III. and Brother to JAMES I. who was betray'd to this Place, and most inhumanly starv'd to Death by his Uncle MURDOCH, Duke of ALBANY, at the Age of nineteen Years ; for which Story see Buchanan. It is remarkable this Prince had been very wild, which makes the Contraste remarkably strong.

“ Who

" Who by too fond a Parent's Kindness blest'd,
 " Could form a Wish for nothing unpossess'd ;
 " While head-strong Passion, deaf to Reason's Law,
 " Pursued intensely every Bliss it saw ;
 " Consum'd the short-liv'd Day in new Delight,
 " In wasteful Riot lengthen'd out the Night ;
 " Think on the Change—the sad Reverse I found !
 " Intomb'd alive, and shackled to the Ground ;
 " Where then was Minstrelsy ? the Voice of Joy ?
 " The lavish Banquet, and the wanton Eye ?
 " The high Respect by menial Slaves bestow'd,
 " The gay Attendance ? and deceitful Crowd ?
 " All the wild Luxury, my Youth had known,
 " Vanish'd at once—for ever, ever flown !
 " Nine Days I struggled—think the cruel Strife !
 " The Gnaw of Anguish, and the Waste of Life !
 " No Cup of Water, and no Crust of Bread,
 " And the cold Stone a Pillow for my Head !
 " The Tenth——unable longer to sustain
 " The cruel Smart, and Strength-consuming Pain,
 " To my devoted Arm I turn'd for Food,
 " And broke the vital Channels of my Blood !
 " But Nature wasted now refus'd Supply,
 " For Life's exhausted Fountains all were dry !
 " In Clouds of Dizziness, involv'd my Sight,
 " Dim grew all Objects, and confus'd the Light !

" In

“ In my dull Ears a distant Murmur rung,
“ The trembling Accents falter'd on my Tongue!
“ Wearied I sunk in Death's embracing Shade,
“ And mingled with that Earth which now you
tread.”

FROZE with the Tale, I turn'd me quickly round,
And left with hasty Steps the fatal Ground.



To Mr. WILLIAM CUMMING going to
France, in August 1735.

O D E.

—*Finibus Gallicis*

Reddes Incolumem, precor

Et serves Animæ dimidium meæ.

HORAT.

I.

O BLOW serene, ye soft *Etesian* Gales,
Curl the blue Main, and fill the whit'ning Sails,
The guardian Vessel thro' the Deep attend!
Shine ev'ry favourable Planet bright!
To guide the prosperous Navigation right,
And bear to GALLIA's Shore my happy Friend!

THENCE

II.

THENCE to LUTETIA's Walls, a pleasing Way!
 Thro' Scenes by Nature dress'd profusely gay,
 May Fate auspicious all his Passage guide :
 Till safe arriv'd he views the stately Town,
 Which all agree, unprejudic'd, to own,
 At once fair EUROPE's Envy, and its Pride!

III.

THERE while his Thought intent surveys the Plan
 Of Pow'r divine ; the *Microcosm* of Man !
 From ev'ry Danger Heav'n preserve his Youth !
 With manly Strength his growing Virtue arm,
 To break the Force of ev'ry *Syren* Charm,
 And keep unblemish'd all his native Truth.

IV.

WHEN Views of Pomp and bright Processions rise,
 When LOUVRE or VERSAILLES enchants his Eyes,
 The grand Assembly, or imperial Train :
 Oh *Liberty*, thy just Perspective lend,
 To BRITAIN's Isle his calm Reflection bend,
 And say, that Slavery makes the Splendor mean !

V.

WHEN artful Beauty lays the fatal Snare,
 Instruct him, friendly *Goddeſs*! to beware,
 Defend him from each captivating Art!
 For *there* fair VENUS keeps her ſov'reign Court,
 There all her laughing *Loves* in Crowds reſort,
 And in a thouſand Shapes ſurprize the Heart!

VI.

YET, *Goddeſs*! let him, as intent he ſees
 That airy Nation's native Skill to pleaſe,
 Shun the Reflection of the mimic Glaſs!
 Of all the Foreigners I yet have ſeen,
 Who ap'd the Graces of the GALLIC Mein,
 Scarce one, but copying writ himſelf an Aſs!

VII.

BUT that Politenefs of the genuine Kind,
 Which both adorns and cultivates the Mind,
 This let his careful Study borrow thence;
 Manners from this new Ornament receive,
 To Knowledge this can double Luſtre give,
 So Travel finiſhes the *Man of Senſe*!

VIII.

SOMETIME retir'd, if carelessly he strays,
Where SEINE along th' ELYSIAN Meadows strays;
Oh gentle *Goddeſs*! whisper in his Ear ;
How many Vows for his Succeſs are paid,
How many for his ſafe Return are made,
How many think his Abſence tedious here !

IX.

BUT ah! in vain—my *Friend*! theſe Numbers flow,
The ſpecious Covering of intrinsic Woe!
While Fortune's partial Favour I accuſe :
Who, when my Sorrows needed moſt a Friend,
Was pleas'd in thee the precious Gift to ſend,
Malicious Bounty! juſt beſtow'd to loſe !

X.

OH no forgive, the ſacred Tye I wrong,
Where Virtue binds ;—the laſting Union ſtrong
Diſtance, Miſfortune, Time, and Fate defies ;
From Pole to Pole—from th' GANOEſ to the
THAME,
Immortal ſpreads the unextinguiſh'd Flame,
For Ages ſtill the ſame,—and never dies !



To Mr. MONRO,
Professor of Anatomy at Edinburgh.
Presented with his COMPARATIVE ANATOMY,
*By a Gentleman who attended his Lectures. **

Jam dudum ausculto et cupiens tibi dicere fervus
Pauca reformido.

HOR.

RECEIVE, thou Judge of Nature's mystic Maze !
The Gift, that faint restores its Master's Praise ;
However copied—still thy Labours shine,
And all the Beauties of the Page are thine !
Where Judgment scorns the feeble Props of Art,
And Truth, with native Lustre, strikes the Heart.

THY Sight the little World of Man can view,
Thro' complex Forms arising ever new,

* The ingenious Gentleman, who wrote this Poem, is intreated to excuse the Author for adorning his Collection with it, not having the Opportunity of immediately asking his Consent for inserting it.

*Where Spirits imperceptible dispense
 Thought to the Mind, and Motion to the Sense ;
 Thou Reason-taught can'st trace their mazy Course
 Thro' each dark Muscle, to their wond'rous Source ;
 Shew in what secret Foldings they combine,
 Unite to spread, and seperate to rejoin !
 Beneath the Skin in clear Mæanders Play,
 Or thro' disclosing Fibres dart away !
 How with the Sister-Vein the Ar^tery blends,
 And where the Nerve's conceal'd Insertion ends :
 How thro' the Cloud the fair Lymphatics pour
 Their milky Juice to feed the vital Store ;
 With fresh Supplies to cheer th' exhausted Brain,
 And bid the strengthen'd Heart dilate again !
 Thou, great EUSTATHIUS of a wiser Age,
 Can'st with new Knowledge stamp a fairer Page ;
 Can'st bid the Atheist but his Form explore,
 And, Self-convicted, tremble and adore !
 Phyfic should ill sustain the Sceptic Load,
 Since all her Science vindicates the God.*

*LET the vain GREEK his wanton Triumphs boast,
 Or bold COLUMBUS' Name a new-found Coast !
 Unlike the Glories from thy Searches rise,
 Where Knowledge learns us to approach the Skies !*

*Long may she boast your Truth-exploring Mind,
Whose happier Toils are Blessings to your Kind;
Others from War may savage Trophies plan,
Your mild Discoveries shew the FRIEND OF MAN!*



To the Author
Of UNIVERSAL BEAUTY. A Poem.

Amicitia reddit Honores—

SA Y, HEAV'N-BORN MUSE! for thence thy
blameless Tongue,
And Melody divine, declare thee sprung!
What sacred Ardour taught thy Wing to try
A Flight unknown to our polluted Eye?
Learn't thee to scorn the glitt'ring Joys of Earth,
And kindle conscious of a nobler Birth!
Whence catch'd thy glowing Breast the hallow'd
Fire?
Or with such Raptures swell'd thy charming Lyre?
Sure Heav'n that saw thy Purpose sent the Aid,
Some *Seraph* to thy View the whole display'd;
With friendly Hand ordain'd thy happy Sights,
Thy Colours blended, and dispos'd thy Lights!

— From

" From radiant Suns th' effulgent *Gilding* drew,
 " White Moons the *Silver* gave, and Air the *Blue* !"
 Celestial Groves the lovely *Verdure* shed,
 And blushing Morning lent the rosy *Red* !
 So gave, compleat, thy beauteous Works to shine,
 And speak their great Original Divine !

Go on, chaste *Bard* ! protract the spotless Page,
 And shame the Scriblers of an idle Age !
 Low restless Minds ! whom vain Ambition fires,
 Or Earth-born Love inflames, or Wine inspires !
 Like Meteors creeping near their native Earth,
 Whose faint Duration speaks their humble Birth !
 Thy higher Theme a surer Praise secures,
 " Fame be their Recompence — but Heav'n be
 yours !"

NATURE'S Attractions by thy Pencil trac'd, —
 Like Nature's Self, shall ever-blooming last ;
 The moral Beauties of the mystic Kind,
 The stronger, fair Perfections of the Mind !
 Next claim thy Song ; — nor thou the Task refuse,
 Worthy the Subject of thy purer Muse ;
 Enraptur'd on the Charms of Virtue dwell,
 And paint those Joys you seem to know too well !

Thus, while with pleasing Admiration led,
 Thy faultless Lays enamour'd I survey'd!
 Prais'd, where I thought that real Praise was due,
 Approv'd the Work, nor yet its Author knew;
 Now known;—no more I gaze on the Design,
 But wonder that I did not guess it thine!
 I love thee so:—I dare not ev'n commend,
 Ev'n slight Applause is Flatt'ry in a *Friend*;
 More proud of this than all the Wreaths of Fame,
 That *you* bestow'd—and I preserve the NAME!



TO MARCELLA.

—*Tanto devinxit Amore*

Nos Pudor, nos Probitas, castique Modestia vultus!

LUCAN.

THOU spotless Fair! accept the faithful Lay,
 The Thanks the fondly grateful MUSE would
 pay;

Who void of Adulation tries her Wings,
 And suits her Numbers to the *Theme* she sings;

Where

Where all the Strength of Virtue gather'd lies,
And Goodness like your own attracts the Eyes!

SAY, heav'nly Charm! whose magic Fetters bind
In soft Captivity the yielding Mind!
Thou *Child* of Peace! refin'd ethereal Flame,
Thou bright Impression of th' *eternal* NAME!
BENEVOLENCE!—thou Smile-creating Joy,
Life to the Heart, and Lustre to the Eye!
Oh say!—so little why thy Influence known?
So few, who claim thy Bounty as their own?
Say, why so much while Pow'r or Int'rest sway,
The *Great* are blind to thy superior Ray?
Why 'midst the Pomp of Courts thou shuns to dwell?
Yet com'st unsent for to the Shepherd's Cell!
Or why when Wealth neglected sets thee by,
Steals thou to fill my Bosom with a Sigh?
Who want the Pow'r thy Blessings to impart,
And grasp thy *barren Image* in my Heart;
From Fortune's Wants this sole Instruction gain,
That *Virtue* ev'n distress'd is *happy Pain*!

Go, gentle Guest! to fair MARCELLA * go,
Whose Mind resenting feels ev'n distant Woe;

* The Honourable Lady MARY CUNNINGHAM, Daughter to the
late Earl of EGLINTON.

Calm tho' the happy Region lies within,
 Her gentle Bosom swells to take thee in !
 There shed thy Balm, from thence exert thy Pow'r !
 Not Heav'n itself can love thy Presence more,

YET, Pow'r propitious to Mankind, beware,
 Bid Fortune wait thee to the *noble Fair* !
 Ample her own, her Wishes think it small ;
 Her Soul's fair *Sunshine* would extend to all !
 But such a fond Petition would be vain,
 Earth would be Paradise were she to reign !
 Else might'st thou wound the tender *Seraph's* Rest,
 And, blessing others, leave herself unblest'd !

So the bright Lamp of Night the constant *Moon*,
 Unwearied, does her circling Journey run ;
 Oft thro' the fleecy Cloud irradiant bends,
 And to benighted Lands her Influence lends ;
 Wide o'er the Globe her genial Lustre throws,
 And all the Splendor she receives — bestows !





On the Death of
Mrs. STUART of CARDINESS,
At Edinburgh, August 29. 1732. aged 73.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus

Tam cari Capitis ?

HOR.

THOU fair instructive Pattern to thy Kind,
 That Beauty lies not in the Face but Mind !
 Thou gentle Proof of Virtue's sov'reign Pow'r
 Lovely in Age, and pleasing past threescore !
 Farewel, since Death our further Wish denies,
 And in kind Slumbers seals thy placid Eyes ;
 While Heav'n, assenting to thy own Delight,
 Recalls thy Spirit to the Land of Light !

LIKE one unhappy, who in Slumber lay,
 Thro' the fair Course of some unclouded Day ;
 Who, looking up surpriz'd, regrets to find,
 How low the Sun's bright Journey is declin'd !
 So with a doubtful Pleasure I survey'd
 The chearful Saint in Life's increasing Shade ;
 And, from the Calmness of her Evening-Hour,
 I guess'd the temperate Day had gone before :
 So the wise INDIAN, from the ruddy Gloom,
 Likes the Day pass'd—and hails the Morn to come !

To



To A M A N D A.

EPISTLE I.

*Extremus perit tam longi fructus amoris,
Præcipitantque suos luctus, —neuterque recedens
Sustinuit dixisse Vale! vitamque per omnem
Nulla fuit tam mæsta Dies.*

LUCAN.

L I K E some fair *Turtle* who, in Sorrow mild,
Sees by rude Hands her little Nest despoil'd ;
And 'midst the Grove, abandon'd to Distress,
Bemoans a Wrong her Fondness can't redress !
So while with equal Justice you complain
(Alike the Injury,—alike the Pain !)
While sadly pensive to yourself you mourn
Your tenderest Blessings from your Bosom torn ;
Permit the plaintive *Muse*, illustrious Fair !
To grieve a Fate, which all must own severe !
For surely none, who boast a human Heart,
Can hear your Loss unconscious of a Smart.

OH why ye Pow'rs, who grac'd AMANDA'S
Youth

With smiling Innocence, and native Truth ;

Such,

Such, as in spite of Malice, well might claim
 The noblest Titles, and the brightest Fame ;
 You, who so tender form'd her lovely Breast,
 That ev'ry Woe she saw, disturb'd her Rest !
 Why so unequal did ye fix her Fate ?
 To crown her with the Wretchedness of State !
 In shining Dignity her Peace destroy,
 And raise her Fortune, to disturb her Joy !

So fondly wept the *Muse* AMANDA's Care,
 So mourn'd, concern'd the visionary Fair ;
 Pictur'd her languid Look, and thoughtful Mien,
 That spoke the struggling Passions held within !
 When quick the Change—as Fancy could sustain,
 Appear'd a Native of the heavenly Plain !
 And while the Rapture thro' my Senses ran,
 The *Cherub* rosy-smil'd—and thus began.

“ CEASE, anxious Mortal ! long inur'd to Care,
 “ 'Tis Heav'n disposes, and 'tis Man's to bear !
 “ 'Tis thine the salutary Smart to know,
 “ The secret Value of instructive Woe !
 “ But if long prov'd thou yet Remain untaught,
 “ Perplex'd with Scruples, and confus'd by Thought ;

* This was occasioned by the Misfortune of a Lady of Quality,
 who had her Children forc'd from her in a very unhappy Manner.

“ If

" If dubious thou beholds AMANDA's Fate,
 " Or why such Virtues such Distress should wait ?
 " From me submissive all the Reason know,
 " And own that sov'reign Justice rules below !

" As *Pictures* plac'd too distant, or too near,
 " Or wildly glaring, or confus'd appear ;
 " But, justly seated in their proper Day,
 " Immediate Sense and present Life convey !
 " So fix'd in peaceful State, or private Ease,
 " AMANDA had but gain'd a vulgar Praise ;
 " Life's cloudless Scene had seen her Smiles alone,
 " And half her Virtues had remain'd unknown !
 " But Virtues, as AMANDA's firm, require,
 " Like Gold, the Standard of afflictive Fire !
 " 'Tis then they struggle from the Torture forth,
 " With native Lustre, and acknowledg'd Worth ;
 " In Blessings on delighted Nations fall,
 " Their Influence felt, their Value own'd by all !

" THO' harsh to thee appear AMANDA's Pain,
 " Forbid by Duty—Honour—to complain !
 " Yet from her Suffering shall her Glory rise,
 " And gain Applause from all impartial Eyes ;
 " The *Hand*, that triumphs in her present Smart,
 " Shall wish it ne'er had wing'd the hostile Dart ;

" Her

“ Her lovely Offspring, hurry’d from her Sight,
“ Shall in Captivity assert her Right !
“ As late their Infant-Hands the *Mourner* saw
“ Clasp her fond Side—and half arraign the Law ;
“ So shall Heav’n right her injur’d Excellence,
“ And arm her Troubles in her just Defence !

“ And he the beauteous Youth, who yet remains,
“ Source of her Hope, and Solace of her Pains !
“ Who with officious Tendernefs would please,
“ Whose Bosom swells to give AMANDA Ease ;
“ Shall by his future Merit boast a Name,
“ From Censure free, and unobscur’d by Fame ;
“ Shall all his lovely Mother’s Griefs atone,
“ And blefs her with the Honour of a *Son*.”

So ceas’d the Angel!—thro’ the Void of Day,
Surpriz’d I saw his glitt’ring Pinions play ;
While recollective, as my Slumber broke,
I mark’d the pleasing Prefage he had spoke ;
Bless’d, could the *Muse* but make her Wishes good,
Accept her Vows—she cannot what she wou’d !





To A M A N D A.

EPISTLE II.

—Prodesse voluptas.

O BSCUR'D by Fortune, — and by Anguish
pain'd,

Long, fair AMANDA ! had the *Bard* complain'd ;
And blam'd those *Muses*, whose too fond Address
Had meant him Genius, but deny'd Success !
Long had he pin'd beneath neglected Grief,
And, only not despairing, hop'd Relief !
When Heav'n which better than its Creatures knows
Our real Sufferings, or imagin'd Woes ;
That Heav'n that never yet receiv'd, unheard,
The Prayer in Bitterness of Soul preferr'd !
Was pleas'd to touch your sympathizing Ear,
And make a Stranger's Grief your gen'rous Care !

To vulgar Minds let Wealth its Charms unfold,
For vulgar Minds alone are touch'd with Gold !

To

To mine *your soft enchanting Lines* convey *
 A nobler Sense, and strike a stronger Way!
 Like placid Light, a gentle Beam reveal,
 Chear as they warm, and strengthen as they heal!
 Such Words from kind descending Angels flow,
 When from their native Skies they stoop below }
 Commision'd to repair some fatal Woe!
 So kind they fly to stop the deadly Hour,
 And bring Relief—when Earth can do no more!

THUS with uncommon Goodness you receive
 A Tribute—which I scarce presum'd to give!
 Soften an Anguish to the World unknown,
 And make Heav'n's fairest Attribute your own!

OH had the *Muse* the dear celestial Art,
 With tuneful Sounds to sooth internal Smart!
 Oh were she favour'd by the *sacred Nine*,
 To ease the Sighing of a Heart like thine!
 Soon should thy Bosom, chearful as thy Eyes,
 From ev'ry secret Weight deliver'd rise:
 AMANDA should the grateful Debt receive,
 And find it was not her's *alone* to give!

* *A Letter wrote to the Author in answer to the first Epistle.*



To the Honourable

The Lady SUSANNA MONTGOMERY.

———*Raro est adeo Concordia Formæ
Atque Pudicitia.*

JUVEN.

VAIN are the weak Allurements of the Form,
Unless the mental Part its Task perform ;
External Beauty Time and Chance invade,
The Soul's superior Graces never fade !
But while, in *your* accomplish'd Person join'd,
We see with Virtue ev'ry Charm combin'd ;
By Merit won the subject Heart obeys,
And by *hereditary Right* you please !
Well with your matchless Mother may you share
Her lasting Pow'r, whose *spotless Name* you bear, }
As chaste your Breast—your Face *almost* as fair !





To Mr. HENRY TONGE,
Student in the University of Edinburgh.

Erat enim in seriis jocisque amicus omnium Horarum.

CICERO.

ACCEPT the Verse no Strains of Flatt'ry
fwell,

That only artless aim thy Worth to tell;
Pleasing the Task, where *Friendship* lends its Flame,
To make thy Merit the selected Theme;
As difficult, too fondly to commend,
And yet preserve the sacred Name of Friend!
Yet, by Affection taught, forgive the *Muse*,
If she, intent, the fair Design pursues;
Speaks prepossess'd the Language of her Heart,
And tells what thou shalt be—from what thou art.

WITH Love of Learning while thy Bosom glows,
Refulgent Youth its roseate Charms bestows;
And in thy chearful Look appear design'd
United Health of Body and of Mind!

M

Virtue

Virtue and Wit their mutual Force employ,
 One fills thy Heart, one sparkles from thy Eye!
 One governs thy Discourse, one gems thy Thought,
 And marks thy Converse dear, without a Fault;
 Politeness waits on Reason for its Guide,
 And sov'reign Sense disdains the Aid of Pride;
 For Science oft its weaker Sons betrays,
 And Knowledge stiffens over-starch'd with Praise!

WELL have you chosen the Life-restoring Art,
 Which suits the native Purpose of your Heart!
 Where soft Humanity its Pow'r extends,
 And makes Distress and Misery its Friends;
 Where boundless Fortune must defraud your Wish,
 Nor give your Goodness—half the Means of Bliss!

NOT madly airy, nor morosely grave,
 The Fools Surtout, and Refuge of the Knave;
 Wise with the Serious, chearful with the Gay,
 You dress your Mind congenial to the Day;
 Place every Action in its softest Light,
 And speak, as if you still were in the Right;
 So *Painters* still exert their strongest Care,
 To place the Master-Figure strong and fair;
 The rest with fainter Colours are display'd,
 And ev'ry Foible sinks behind the Shade!

Most happy he! to whom the Fates shall give,
 The blest'd Associate of thy Joys to live!
 To whom you shall the Leisure-moment lend,
 With whom the Cares of busy Life unbend!
 With lively Thought, exalted Truth refine,
 And give new Lustre to the genial Wine;
 May Fortune, yielding to your Science kind,
 Bestow her Bounty equal to your Mind.
 Shall groveling Souls their useless Treasures boast?
 In whom the Sense of Human-kind is lost!
 Shall titled Slaves Heaven's rich Elixir waste,
 To gratify a mean luxuriant Taste?
 And shall just Heav'n deny the Means to thee,
 To make its Blessings like its Bounty free!
 But if in vain the fond Petitions aim,
 Still may your lovely Temper last the same!
 Belov'd, unenvy'd, pass your happy Days!
 Stamp ev'ry Joy with bright intrinsic Ease;
 Till Fate turn out the destin'd Hour assign'd,
 Till Heav'n reclaims you, and you leave behind
 A Memory dear, and useful to Mankind!





To the Honourable

Sir JOHN CLERK, *Baronet*,

One of the Barons of his Majesty's Exchequer
in SCOTLAND.

EPISTLE I.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem

Diligit tutus, caret obsoleti

Sordibus tecti, caret invidendâ

Sobrius Aulâ.

HOR:

WHILE you with ATTICUS enjoy the
Praise,

By all distinguish'd, ev'ry Side to please ;

While Parties join your Merit to commend,

And ev'ry honest Man must be your Friend :

Forgive the *Muse* who would her Homage pay,

And to your View submit the faithful Lay ;

Who, conscious of the Joys you most approve,

Seeks you, retir'd, within your fav'rite Grove :

On

On ESCA's Bank, * where, with melodious Sound,
 The Thrush responsive charms the Shades around :
 Where free from public Cares, and City-Noise,
 Your Mind the Sweets of Solitude enjoys !
 Where pure and undisturb'd your Blessings flow,
 As Heav'n seem'd pleas'd its Favours to bestow ;
 Blessings ! in which so few can claim a Part,
 A plenteous Fortune with a temperate Heart.

Long pass delighted here your Leisure-Day,
 And let Life's Evening shed its placid Ray ;
 Lov'd by your Friends, and to your Country dear,
 Spend the fair Remnant of the lengthen'd Year ;
 Health unimpair'd, and Passions ever ev'n,
 On Earth the Foretaste of approaching Heav'n !
 While Nature's Beauties still before you rise,
 Charm ev'ry Sense, and feast your ravish'd Eyes !
 Till by a Change insensible you gain
 Th' immortal Joys that worthy Deeds remain ;
 And with Applause receive the radiant Crown
 That waits on public Virtue,—like your own.

* MEVIS-BANK, a beautiful Villa belonging to that Gentleman,
 situated by the Side of the River NORTH-ESK, where the Disposition
 of the House and Gardens is in the most elegant and finish'd Taste,
 answerable to the fine Genius of the Owner.

So far, MY LORD, the *Muse* had gone astray,
 Nor thought to whom she sung her artless Lay?
 To thee, a *Master* of the tuneful Pen!
 And equal Judge of Manners and of Men;
 In whom the Sister-Arts complete unite,
 To form a Taste accomplish'd and polite.

ACCEPT the Verse—that scorns the venal Part,
 Nor yet has known to prostitute the Art;
 Who ne'er to Vice could slavish Altars raise,
 Or learn'd to flatter, where she blush'd to praise;
 Whose Numbers careless, like herself, and free
 Express her Thoughts, and with her Heart agree;
 Her Strength unequal to the Task she knows,
 Ill suits her Voice to sing, oppress'd with Woes;
 Let others touch the Lyre from Trouble free,
 (That happy Lot was once allow'd to me!)
 But when the Breast is torn with varied Pain,
 Wild must the Measures be, and rude the Strain;
 Your Candor only can her Faults excuse,
 Your Guardian Smile alone protect the *Muse*;
 For Worth like your's, with native Lustre bright,
 Can gild obscurest Objects with its Light!



To the SAME,

With NATURE, a Poem.

EPISTLE II.

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est.

PATRON of Learning! and the *Muse's* Friend!
To thee, accomplish'd CLERK, these Lines I
send,

Which by thy much lov'd ESCA's flow'ry Side,
With faint ESSAY, the rural *Muse* has try'd;
And, ravish'd with the various Charms she saw,
Has sketch'd a Landskip abler Hands shou'd draw.

LET others, Strangers to all foreign Worth,
Curse the cold Climate, and the frozen North!
Say, that the barren Land no Prospect yields,
But naked Mountains, and unshelter'd Fields;
Nature is blameless,—she has done her Part,
And only wants the Sister-Aids of Art;
Bless'd with such all-improving Hands as thine,
Soon would her Face with new Advantage shine!

Ev'n Rocks should bloom beneath the studious Arm,
And every Blemish soften to a Charm!

WOULD'ST thou indulge the *Muse's* fond Request,
Thy COUNTRY SEAT * in all its Beauties drest;
Fair as its Model, just as its Design,
To future Ages should distinguish'd shine;
Rais'd by thy Pen, shou'd Northern WANSTEADS
rise,
Or future CHATSWORTHS strike the ravish'd Eyes!
Till SCOTIA should as lovely VILLA's boast,
As grace fair THAMES's Shore, or bless HESPERIA's
Coast!

As once of old, at great AMPHION's Call,
To magic Numbers rose the THEBAN Wall!
The same Effect thy noble Strains should yield,
And Verse again resume the Pow'r to build.

* *An ingenious Poem of that Gentleman's, intitled, the COUNTRY SEAT, never publish'd.*



THE
TEARS of the MUSES :

A
P O E M,

Sacred to the

M E M O R Y
O F

The RIGHT HONOURABLE

A N N E,

Viscountess of STORMONT.

Anno MDCCXXXV.

Sublatam ex oculis—quærimus Invidi.

The SECOND EDITION.



L O N D O N;
MDCCXXXVII.

THE
TRANS OF THE MUSEE

P O F D

M E M O R Y

THE FIRST HONORABLE

A N N U A L



Secretary of the British Museum

The Second Edition



L O N D O N
P R I N T E D



To the

RIGHT HONOURABLE

D A V I D,

Lord VISCOUNT of

S T O R M O N T,

Lord MURRAY of BALVAIRD, LOCH-
MABEN, *and* COMLONGON,

In just and grateful Acknowledgment of his
LORDSHIP's many singular and generous Fa-
vours,

This ESSAY is, with the sincerest Duty and Respect,
inscribed by

His LORDSHIP's

Most Faithful, most Obliged,

and most Obedient *Servant*,

The AUTHOR.

THE HISTORY OF THE

To the

Right Honourable

D. A. V. I. D.

Lord Viscount of

S. T. O. R. M. O. N. I.

Lord Murray of BARRARD, Lord
MARRIS, and COMPTON.



In full and perfect conformity with the
University's many laws and statutes.

This is the first time that the
University has ever published.

The University

of Oxford, and the

University of Cambridge

The Author.



The TEARS of the MUSES : A Poem.

— O when meet now

Such Pairs ? in mutual Love and Honour join'd !

MILT.



S late the thoughtful *Muse*, in pensive
Mood,
Explor'd the Silence of an ancient
Wood,

Where, unobserv'd, she might herself disclose,
And brood at Leisure o'er her lengthen'd Woes ;
Pursued by Fortune, and by Love distress'd,
Fond to enjoy an Interval of Rest,
Sudden,—a Train of Radiance fill'd the Air,
And told, URANIA, heav'nly Maid, was near ;
Confess'd as soon appear'd the friendly Pow'r,
But ah, her Face a different Aspect wore ;
Those Eyes, whose piercing Rays could once inspire
A chearful Warmth, and shed celestial Fire !
Now veil'd in pearly Grief, diminish'd, glow'd,
Like the Sun struggling thro' a wintry Cloud :
Her Air was negligent, her Step was slow,
And all her alter'd Manner seem'd to show
Such Grief, as Angels may be thought to know.

}
A

A while she paus'd,—then, in my list'ning Ear,
She pour'd those Accents, yet I seem to hear.

“ IN vain, lost Youth ! in Shades you seek Relief,
“ And waste in Solitude unheeded Grief ;
“ What Aid can Nature to your Suff'rings give ?
“ Can Forests pity, or will Rocks relieve ?
“ Wounded by Man, if Human-kind you fly,
“ You only dig your Grave before you die ;
“ No :—if you seek a Theme to vent your Woe,
“ For ARRIA'S Loss bid every Measure flow.
“ Your noblest Strains beneath her Worth will fall,
“ Great as your Anguish is—she asks it all.

SUBMISS, I answer'd,—“ *Goddeſs*, deign to ſay,
“ This peerleſs Fair whoſe Loſs your Looks diſplay,
“ A Stranger here—in Characters unread,
“ Oblig'd to live obſcur'd by Fortune's Shade !
“ Inform the *Muſe*, who this diſtinguiſh'd Name,
“ URANIA'S Grief, would conſecrate to Fame ;
“ Oh ſpeak !—alarm'd, my preſſing Fears forgive,
“ IS ARRIA, EGLINTON ?—does ARRIA live ?”

WITH a faint Smile the *Goddeſs* thus reply'd,—
“ Long EGLINTON ſhall live her Country's Pride !

But

- “ But now beneath a mutual Loss we bend,
“ I mourn a Daughter, and she mourns a Friend ;
“ If she can suffer, and if I complain,
“ Think what must be the Husband-Lover's Pain ;
“ Think how disconsolate her STORMONT mourns,
“ While every tender Passion wounds by Turns !
“ Then raise thy Voice, the trembling Lyre awake,
“ Attentive hear, and dictate as I speak.”

*Come, ye PIERIAN SISTERS, join to mourn,
And bathe with Tears lamented ARRIA's Urn.*

WHAT blending Virtues crown'd her spotless
Youth ?

What artless Innocence, what native Truth !
How did in Life the early Charmer rise,
And with uncommon Beauties strike the Eyes ?
So does, in Spring, the gently opening Rose,
Profuse of Fragrance, all its Sweets disclose ;
Or, so unblemish'd, from its Parent Bed
The tender Lilly rears its snowy Head !
But oh, her Cheeks a fairer Bloom confess'd,
And Lillies languish'd on her purer Breast !

*Mourn, weeping Sisters, join with me to mourn,
And strow with Flowers lamented ARRIA's Urn.*

How

How many Lovers with desiring Eyes,
 And fond Contention, fought the Virgin Prize?
 But Wealth, to Souls like her's, was poor and mean;
 And Titles shed their borrow'd Blaze in vain.
 Courts might have boasted of a Form so fair,
 Nay, even her Virtue might have triumph'd there,
 But Heav'n reserv'd her for a happier Sphere. }
 Design'd (too short) the noblest Joys to prove,
 The Charms of Friendship, and the Sweets of Love.

*Mourn, weeping Sisters, join with me to mourn,
 And bathe with Tears lamented ARRIA's Urn.*

HER Choice, where Judgment held the better
 Part,

To STORMONT gave the Treasure of her Heart,
 For him reserv'd this whitest Lot of Life,
 The chaste Endearments of a ROMAN Wife.
 Not BRUTUS could his PORTIA more admire,
 Nor she esteem him with a nobler Fire,
 Than faithful ARRIA for her STORMONT own'd,
 While fair connubial Love their Union crown'd.

*Mourn, weeping Sisters, join with me to mourn,
 And deck with Flowers lamented ARRIA's Urn.*

ENRAPTUR'D,

ENRAPTUR'D, oft beneath the *Sylvan* Scene,
 Far from the restless Ways of giddy Men,
 Have this blest'd Pair in kind responsive Talk,
 Enjoy'd the Morning-Breeze, or Evening-Walk !
 While each to vye in fond Affection strove,
 And all the purple Hours flew wing'd with Love !
 So guiltless yet, in EDEN's Garden blest'd,
 The Sire of Men his charming Spouse caress'd :
 But here no Serpent e'er presum'd to glide,
 This EVE ne'er wander'd from her Consort's Side.

*Mourn, weeping Sisters, join with me to mourn,
 And bathe with Tears lamented ARRIA's Urn.*

How did her LORD, exulting, smile to see
 Her Angel-Race contending round her Knee,
 With prattling Zeal for Preference debate ;
 Or eager for some Mark of Favour wait ;
 Watch all the Motions of her smiling Eye,
 For this or that important Trifle fly,
 A Call or Message was a Fund of Joy !
 How did her Bosom give Reflection Room,
 And form gay Images of Joy to come !
 But now dispers'd, behold the little Train
 Demand their Parent,—but demand in vain !

*Mourn, weeping Sisters, join with me to mourn,
And deck with Flowers lamented ARRIA's Urn.*

SCARCE had the fair excelling Matron-Wife
Attain'd the bright Meridian Point of Life ;
When Heav'n, whose Ways are hid from human
Sight,
Recall'd this *Seraph* to the Land of Light ;
And, in a Fever's unrelenting Rage,
Involv'd the Vigour of her blooming Age.
No more the temperate Pulses kept their Course,
The sanguine Torrent roll'd with lawless Force ;
Her sprightly Eyes no more their Lustre shed,
And from her Face the roseate Colour fled !
One heavy Slumber, with consuming Heat,
Proclaim'd quick Ruin, and impending Fate.
In vain the Scene her tortur'd Lord survey'd,
Call'd every Art and Pow'r in vain to aid ;
In vain to Heav'n preferr'd the secret Sigh,
'Twas fix'd—and ARRIA was ordain'd to die !

*Mourn, weeping Sisters, join with me to mourn,
And bathe with Tears lamented ARRIA's Urn.*

So, in these cold inclement Northern Skies,
 A while the tender Myrtle charms the Eyes ;
 Warm with the genial Sun's enlivening Rays,
 The od'rous Plant its lively Bloom displays ;
 But, struck with one transpiercing Evening's Frost,
 Its Face soon alters, and its Charms are lost ;
 Its Head reclines, its verdant Leaves decay,
 And all the *Sylvan* Charmer dies away.

*Mourn, weeping Sisters, join with me to mourn,
 And deck with Flowers lamented ARRIA'S Urn.*

SEE where, yet scarce recover'd from the Blow,
 Her thoughtful LORD sustains his Load of Woe !
 While Death severe has triumph'd at his Cost,
 And half the Treasure of his Soul is lost.
 See, how enamour'd of the conscious Gloom,
 He walks disconsolate from Room to Room !
 Where every Object all his Loss recalls,
 And fancied Whispers eccho from the Walls !
 Not all the Influence of his Muse-like Art
 Can mitigate the Anguish of his Heart !
 So, lost in Grief, was hopeless ORPHEUS found,
 When RHODOPE return'd the plaintive Sound.

*Mourn, weeping Sisters, join with me to mourn,
And bathe with Tears lamented ARRIA's Urn.*

Go Heav'n-instructed *Muse*, dispatchful go,
And in URANIA's Name let STORMONT know,
She bids him dissipate his fruitless Woe :
From the dear Remnants of distinguish'd Clay,
Recall his fond mistaken Sight away,
To trace his ARRIA to the Fields of Day !
Where, brightly dress'd, in more than mortal Charms,
'Midst a glad Train of fair-resembling Forms ;
She sees the boundless Prospect round her rise,
And learns the Wonders of her native Skies :
With conscious Joy attends the Throne supreme,
Receives her Crown,—and registers her Name.

*Change, smiling Muses, change the plaintive Sound,
Sing ARRIA with unfading Honours crown'd !*

NOR is she, tho' the lovely Form she wore
Is spotless Dust, and can be his no more,
To STORMONT lost !—tho' lost perhaps in Name,
But Friendship after Death preserves its Flame,
Its Source unalter'd, and its Force the same !

Just to that Tye, amidst the heav'nly Throng,
 To her the fav'rite Charge may still belong ;
 Thro' Life a *Guardian-Seraph* may she wait,
 And temper all the various Turns of Fate ;
 In every sudden Crisis still be near,
 Avert the Danger, or allay the Care ;
 Thro' Life's rude Pilgrimage her LORD attend,
 Unheard direct him, and unseen befriend ;
 And when weak Nature to its Fate gives Way,
 She first shall greet him to the Fields of Day !
 To his pleas'd Eyes th' *Ethereal Gardens* show,
 And make him smile at all he left below.

*Change, smiling Muses, change the plaintive Sound,
 Sing ARRIA with immortal Splendors crown'd.*

MEAN Time in those superior Regions blest'd,
 Where Joys unblemish'd court her purer Taste !
 Less bright the Groves of PARADISE appear,
 Till she behold her *kindred Essence* there !
 Here, Souls by feeble Ties are faintly join'd,
 Tis there, * they meet and mingle unconfin'd !

N 3

Like

* One cannot without Pleasure read the following Passage in
 Mr. RAMSAY'S *Cyrus* ; (a Work that abounds with the noblest and
 justest Sentiments.) " I comfort myself (says that Prince of the
 " Eastern

Like Beams of friendly Light consenting shine,
 And kindle in the Flames of Love divine !
 Immortal Union !—undiminish'd Ray !
 Fed from the FOUNTAIN of ETERNAL DAY !

*Change, smiling Muses ! change the plaintive Sound,
 Sing ARRIA with unfading Glories crown'd !*

Go, helpless Youth ! record the sacred Verse,
 The *Muses* form to grace fair ARRIA's Herse ;
 And, as the unexampled Scene appears,
 Of Worth superior to her Span of Years,
 Bid all her Sex the bright Example trace,
 And fill with Dignity Life's narrow Space.
 Bid them, like her, the outward Form resign'd,
 Tho' fair as e'er adorn'd the fairest Kind,
 Improve the nobler Beauties of the Mind. }

*End, smiling Muses, end the plaintive Sound,
 Bright ARRIA lives with lasting Honours crown'd !*

“ *Eastern Philosophers*) with the Hopes of seeing SELIMA again in
 “ the Sphere of Fire, the pure Element of Love ! Souls only make
 “ Acquaintance here below, it is above their Union is consumma-
 “ ted ! O SELIMA ! SELIMA ! our Flame will be eternal ! I
 “ know that in these superior Regions your Happiness will not be
 “ complete till I share it with you ! Those who have lov'd each
 “ other purely, will love for ever. TRUE LOVE IS IMMORTAL !”
 These, who had the Honour and Happiness of knowing this noble Pair,
 will see with Pleasure the Justice of this Application.

THE

THE *Goddeſs* ceaſ'd :—and in a radiant Shrowd,
 Which gold-encircled Clouds of blue beſtow'd
 Involv'd,—ſhe gently from my Eyes withdrew,
 Which yet the pleaſing *Vifion* ſeem'd to view ;
 But, as ſhe went, ſhe ſaid,—poor Mourner, ceaſe
 “ Thy Griefs, for Fortune yet ſhall give thee Peace.
 “ To STORMONT let theſe Numbers be addreſs'd,
 “ He beſt muſt judge, who knows the Subject beſt ;
 “ To make his ARRIA's full Perfection known,
 “ No *Muſe* ſhould do her Juſtice—but *his own*.





THE
O L I V E:
A N
Heroic O D E.

Occasioned by the auspicious Success
of his M A J E S T Y's Counfels, and his
M A J E S T Y's most happy Return, 1736-7.

In the STANZA of SPENSER.

— *Tua, CÆSAR! ætas*
Fruges, et agros rettulit uberes,
** * * * et vacuum duellis*
Janum Quirini clausit, et ordinem
Rectum evaganti fræna Licentiæ
Injecit, amoritque culpas,
Et veteres Revocavit artes!

HOR.

The SECOND EDITION.



L O N D O N:
MDCCXXXVII.

THE

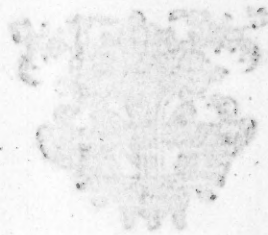
OLIVE:

A

Heroic O.D.R.

Overpowered by the suspicious
of the M.A.T.'s Council, and his
M.A.T.'s most worthy member.

In the STANLEY of England.



1914



To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE,

CHANCELLOR of His MAJESTY'S EXCHE-
QUER, First LORD COMMISSIONER of
the TREASURY, One of His MAJESTY'S
Most Honourable PRIVY-COUNCIL,
and KNIGHT of the Most Noble
ORDER of the GARTER,

This ESSAY is most humbly inscrib'd,

By the AUTHOR.

THE ROYAL HANDBOOK

OF THE ROYAL HANDBOOK

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER
OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND OF THE ROYAL EXCHEQUER
OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND OF THE ROYAL EXCHEQUER
OF GREAT BRITAIN



THE ROYAL EXCHEQUER

THE ROYAL EXCHEQUER



The P R E F A C E.

THE Reader will easily perceive, that the following Ode is formed upon the same Model with that beautiful one of the late Mr. PRIOR to her Majesty Queen ANNE in the Year 1706. The Difference of the Subjects has indeed given that Gentleman an Advantage I wanted, for Conquests, and the Glory arising from Arms, afford a much larger Field for Description than Times of Peace and Serenity. For the rest I pretend to no sort of Competition with that admirable Author, content to follow his Steps at a Distance; and, while I endeavour to imitate his Beauties, confess with Pleasure I owe my little Talent this Way, principally to the Perusal of his invaluable Remains.

IN the short Abridgement of our own History here attempted, I have blindly followed no Author nor Party; and how far I have succeeded in it, I am yet to learn myself; tho' if I may guess at it from the Success which attended the first Edition, I have no Reason to be elated on the Performance. Satire is, I know, the prevailing Taste of the Age, and for that I am not ashamed to own I have neither Genius nor Disposition. If any Thing in this Design pleases those few who judge candidly, and are best capable of judging, it will fully satisfy my Ambition; to such I will only say, I have kept in my Eye faithfully that Rule of the ROMAN Master:

Semper ad Eventum festinat, et in medias Res
Non secus ac notas, Auditorem rapit, et quæ
Desperat tractata nitescere posse,—relinquit.

HOR. de Arte Poet.

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The OLIVE: an Heroic O D E.

The ARGUMENT.

The MUSE, from the late Pacification of the Troubles in EUROPE, and his MAJESTY's safe and happy Return, takes Occasion to deduce the History of BRITAIN from its earliest Time, and concludes with shewing our present Happiness under his MAJESTY's gracious and mild Administration.

I.

LONG had BELLONA rais'd her furious
Hand,
Dispersing Terror to th' affrighted

World ;

Long had she shook on high her flaming Brand,

And wide promiscuous Devastation hurl'd !

From rapid RHINE to silver-streaming Po,

Opposing Camps deform'd the hostile Plain ;

SARMATIA, laid by prædal Rapine low,

Mourn'd the hard Yoke, and sought Relief in
vain !

While, proudly mounted on her Iron Car,

The Goddess spread the Marks of desolating War.

ENGAG'D

II.

ENGAG'D in Arms, the AUSTRIAN CÆSAR burn'd
 The adverse Force too potent to restrain ;
 To BRITAIN oft, and oft to BELGIA turn'd,
 And CHURCHILL wish'd, and AUVERQUERK
 again !

His languid Eagle droop'd her feeble Wing,
 His Hopes scarce found a Shelter from Despair !
 Nor knew intent BRITANNIA's watchful King
 Held the depending Scale, and weigh'd the War :
 And like deciding Heav'n, whose Place he held,
 Knew when to hush the Storm, and bid the Tempest
 yield !

III.

AT length commission'd came the Angel down,
 The smiling Messenger of heav'nly Peace !
 A while he stopp'd at BRITAIN's Guardian-Throne,
 Thence to the World display'd his chearful Face :
 His beamy Presence new-born Life restor'd
 To Lands too long forbid his healing Ray :
 War's grizly Pow'r the *Seraph's* Flight explor'd,
 And sick'ning shrunk in guilty Shades away !
 Quiet return'd with all her *Halcyon* Train,
 And Plenty blest'd once more the cultivated Plain.

WHILE

IV.

WHILE thus from Havock EUROPE breathes releas'd,

Whose Hand too long had laid her Bosom bare ;
While the shrill Sounds of Discord sink appeas'd,

And the glad Nations feel a milder Air ;

WALPOLE ! wilt thou, to whose experienc'd Thought

Our Great AUGUSTUS trusts the World's Repose ?

Whose Prudence has this Change pacific wrought,

And triumph'd over thine and BRITAIN'S Foes :

Wilt thou, MÆCENAS-like, beneath thy Wings

The wand'ring *Dove* receive, this OLIVE-GARLAND
brings ?

V.

LET Heroes false in Deeds of Prowess shine,

And bold Adventures boast, with Shame achiev'd :

To bless Mankind, Superior GEORGE be thine !

Tyrants to curb, and smile on States reliev'd :

These are the Toils become BRITANNIA'S King,

By these Posterity shall mark thy Name ;

These are the noblest Fruits thy Pow'r can bring,

To found on Goodness an unblemish'd Fame ;

And to succeeding Times distinguish'd stand

The Greatest PRINCE that rul'd fair ALBION's happy

Land !

O

BUT

VI.

BUT whither would the daring *Muse* aspire,
 That aims so high a Pitch her vent'rous Flight?
 Missed perhaps by fond ICARIAN Fire,
 She seeks her Ruin in the arduous Height!
 While she directs her Eyes to BRITAIN'S Throne,
 And sees such dazzling Rays of Virtue join'd;
 Wisdom and Mercy fairer Looks put on;
 In one Imperial Band of Pow'r combin'd!
 With Rev'rence aw'd she makes a sudden Stand,
 Dubious to quit the Lyre:—and stops her trembling
 Hand!

VII.

YET when bold SPENSER stretch'd the shadowy
 Wing,
 ELIZA could the Poet's Flight regard;
 When tuneful WALLER touch'd the softer String,
 MARIA'S Audience crown'd the happy Bard:
 When deathless ADDISON and PRIOR sung
 Of prostrate GAUL beneath the BRITISH Spear!
 As MARLBRO'S mighty Deeds inspir'd their Tongue,
 All-condescending ANNA deign'd to hear
 The Triumphs of her Reign their Page relate,
 Above Description high,—beyond Expression great!
 THO'

VIII.

THO' all too mean for such a Task I deem
 My artless Hand, and yet unpractis'd Voice ;
 Yet, if to thee th' Attempt shall duteous seem,
 If thou, consummate Judge ! approve her Choice :
 The gen'rous Flame, that glows in WALPOLE'S Breast,
 Shall swell with Vigour the recording Lyre ;
 His Love of BRITAIN, on the *Muse* imprest,
 Shall aid Imagination's boundless Fire :
 In lasting Colours ardent to display
 Her present blisful State, her calm *Meridian* Day !

IX.

Down thro' the deep'ning Gloom of distant Time
 The *Muse* looks back with retrospective Eyes ;
 Curious to mark her much-lov'd ALBION'S Prime,
 When from her ambient Sea she seem'd to rise :
 When the PHÆNICIAN fought her sunny Shore,
 Her harmless Natives ignorantly good,
 Her rev'rend *Druids* kept her mystic Lore,
 Their Rites observing thro' the hallow'd Wood :
 PEACE then her Joy, and LIBERTY her Flame,
 Nature's and BRITAIN'S Laws were equally the
 same !

X.

AT length, when ROME's imperious Eagles flew
 O'er the subjected Earth to fix her Sway ;
 As now near GAUL's remotest Coast they drew,
 Across the wat'ry Bound they ey'd this Prey !
 Her JULIUS, then unequall'd Chief in Fight,
 In Fancy saw his vast Ambition crown'd ;
 But to Retreat compell'd—if not to Flight,
 Then first his Arms Reverse of Fortune found :
 Oblig'd to own, that Foes so nobly brave
 Deserv'd to keep the Land indulgent Nature gave,

XI.

UNABLE to retain her Hold by Force
 (Such Spirit Freedom gives to valiant Minds)
 ROME had to ancient Artifice Recourse,
 And from Division surer Footing finds :
 The Seeds of Jealousy her Agents spread
 Fomenting thro' the brave Allies Debate ;
 Encroaching thus an easy Conquest made,
 And fix'd in ALBION first her sov'reign Seat ;
 The People learnt her gentle Sway to bear,
 The ROMAN Manners caught, and gain'd their milder
 Air !

XII.

Tho' ALBION thus beneath the Yoke resign'd,
 She found the Victor no inclement Foe ;
 Arts she was taught, the Love of Human-kind,
 And civil Rights, and social Ties to know !
 Then Cities peopled grew, and Temples rose,
 Her polish'd Face a fairer Form put on ;
 And to describe her early Change, she chose
 Recording Brass, and monumental Stone !
 Then first to distant Lands her dawning Ray
 Of Glory rising beam'd o'er her furrounding Sea !

XIII.

LIKE some rapacious Wolf inur'd to Blood,
 Who long had rang'd the Terror of the Fold,
 By Age enfeebled, by the Swains pursu'd,
 Betakes for Refuge to his strongest Hold :
 So now the ROMAN EMPIRE over-run,
 By Northern Swarms beneath its Weight declin'd,
 BRITAIN beheld recall'd her Legions gone,
 New Lords to prove of a severer Kind :
 By long succeeding Trials doom'd to get
 Strength from her Falls, and rise more prevalently
 Great !

XIV.

SCOTS now and PICTS, a rude and lawless Band,
 With rapid Course her boasted *Fence* destroy'd ;
 Thence wide Mis-rule, and Rapine o'er the Land,
 The wasteful Spoilers spread on ev'ry Side :
 BRITAIN ! that once a CÆSAR's Arms repell'd,
 Enervated too long with servile Ease,
 Inglorious now was forc'd to quit the Field,
 And cast her Eyes for Help across the Seas ;
 Where *Eastward* dwelt a Race in Arms renown'd,
 For Legislature fam'd, with Conquest ever crown'd !

XV.

To these the penfive Suppliant, press'd with Grief,
 At large her Suff'rings, and her Wrongs display'd ;
 Implor'd the gen'rous SAXON's kind Relief,
 Who, fir'd by Glory, hast'ned to her Aid :
 By two illustrious *Warrior-Brothers* led,
 On BRITAIN's Coast arriv'd their hardy Bands ;
 The vanquish'd Foe before their Presence fled,
 Their Succour paid with THANET's fruitful Lands :
 Where ravish'd with a Soil so richly sweet,
 They reap'd their Toils, and fix'd their strongly rooted
 Seat.

BUT

XVI.

BUT seldom Cause to wild Ambition fails,
 The secret Seeds of Discord quickly grow ;
 New Strength arrives—the SAXON Sword prevails,
 The BRITONS yield beneath the potent Foe !
 Seven different Chiefs the parcell'd Land obey'd,
 Who each by Conquest fix'd a regal Throne :
 Till, as the stronger on the weaker prey'd,
 They, by Degrees, were swallow'd up in one :
 When mighty EGBERT, with auspicious Reign,
 Rul'd the obedient Land, and pacify'd the Main.

XVII.

YET, thus beneath the SAXON Pow'r subdu'd,
 Her first of Blessings hence BRITANNIA drew ;
 Worth all the Purchase of her noblest Blood,
 Eternal Object of her faithful View !
 FREEDOM ! the genial Sun, whose heav'nly Beams
 With double Lustre gild her happy Isle !
 FREEDOM ! the Spring, whose clear refreshing
 Streams
 Make her glad Vales with endless Plenty smile !
 The Privilege with Life her Children claim,
 Characteristic dear ! each BRITON's fav'rite Name.

XVIII.

HENCE the mild Sweets of temperated Sway,
 Princes by just Prerogative confin'd ;
 The People hence with willing Heart obey
 Laws, which to dictate, they themselves have join'd :
 Our *Constitution* hence its Birth receiv'd,
 The latent Principles of lasting Life ;
 Which all Diseases, all Attacks has brav'd,
 And secret Wounds defied, and civil Strife :
 By BRUNSWIC's Race secur'd, shall keep its Pow'r,
 As Mountains lift their Heads, when Storms can
 blow no more !

XIX.

LIKE some fair Virgin cloath'd in Nature's Dress,
 The simple Majesty of artless Charms ;
 Contending Suitors for her Favour press,
 Her Beauty draws new Dangers to her Arms :
 So ENGLAND next the lustful DANE survey'd,
 Allur'd, the prædal *Raven* took his Flight,
 Her Coasts at first attempting to invade,
 And violate her Sweets with rude Delight :
 Each Taste renew'd, but fir'd the *Robber's* Soul,
 Nor ceas'd his wild Pursuit, till he enjoy'd the Whole !

NOR

XX.

NOR long the Ravisher his Prize detain'd,
 (Compulsion seldom wins a gentle Heart)
 The SAXON soon his plighted Bride regain'd,
 The bold Intruder was constrain'd to part :
 Short were their Joys—from the ARMORIC Shore
 New Clouds arising threat'ned short Repose ;
 The NORMAN came with well-appointed Pow'r,
 And cut his Passage to the Throne, he rose ;
 Acknowledg'd KING, the Conqu'ror left his Place,
 Inheritance devolv'd—his lasting Line to grace !

XXI.

YET not of new Advantages devoid,
 BRITAIN beheld the Stranger seize her Throne ;
 New Sanctions hence her former Rights enjoy'd,
 The fix'd Estate more safe was handed down :
 The Law with higher Rev'rence arm'd her Hand,
 To curb wild Riot, and oppressive Sway ;
 Justice enlarg'd her Course, and thro' the Land
 Progressive, shed her more immediate Ray :
 And Property and Freedom still ally'd,
 In more enduring Bands, their friendly Union ty'd !

POWER

XXII.

POWER oft to Mortals spreads bewitching Charms,
 Alluring to extend its Bounds too wide ;
 This to restrain, the BARONS oft in Arms,
 Embattled strong, the regal Sword defy'd :
 With diff'rent Aspect long the Contest held,
 Was often pacify'd, and oft renew'd ;
 Till on fair RUNNING's celebrated Field,
 BRITAIN her *Charter* got, unstain'd with Blood :
 In which acknowledg'd all her Rights were shewn
 Th' eternal Rule, by which her Monarchs held their
 Crown.

XXIII.

FROM hence to warlike EDWARD's glorious Reign,
 BRITANNIA rose thro' various Turns of Fate ;
 Then foreign Princes first endur'd her Chain,
 And vanquish'd Nations own'd her Fame compleat !
 On CRECY's Plain, and POITIER's well-fought
 Field,
 In Air her *sanguine Cross* victorious flew !
 By Arms transplanted to her ample Shield,
 The GALLIC Lillies took a fairer Hue :
 And, like her matchless King's establish'd STAR,
 Her Morning Lustre beam'd, and spread its Glory far !

XXIV.

A DARKER Period next displays its Pow'r,
 Scenes, the sad *Muse* in Silence would conceal !
 When social Discord, in ill-omen'd Hour,
 Bade Defolation o'er the Land prevail :
 When YORK's and LANCASTER's contesting Line,
 Aspiring to the Sweets of envied Reign,
 In Arms for rolling Years were seen to shine,
 And many a bloody Field with Slaughter stain :
 Then faintly dim appear'd BRITANNIA's Beam,
 As *April* Suns thro' Clouds disclose their sickly Gleam !

XXV.

Then BRITAIN mourn'd for many a noble Life,
 In the contending Houses Quarrel lost ;
 For 'tis the genuine Curse of Civil-Strife,
 Still to last longest, and to rage the most !
 Heav'n smil'd at last :—and bade the Tempest cease,
 Returning Industry along the Plain
 Shed from her Hands the healing Balm of Peace,
 The Wounds of War relenting clos'd again ;
 And gently twin'd round HENRY's prosp'rous Head,
 The *Rival-Roses* twin'd, increasing Fragrance shed !

ASCENDING

XXVI.

ASCENDING, now the Prospect fairer grows,
 As from the Height of some Advantage Ground,
 The weary Pilgrim pauses as he goes,
 And forward looks on different Beauties round !
 So hence from blameless EDWARD's placid Ray,
 (The short-liv'd Cloud of MARY's Rigour past)
 To the bright Splendor of ELIZA's Day,
 BRITAIN began her new-gain'd Ease to taste ;
 And conscious felt beneath her equal Reign,
 For forty rolling Years, Tranquillity serene !

XXVII.

BRITANNIA sav'd from ROME's tyrannic Yoke,
 HIBERNIA civiliz'd, and BELGIA freed ;
 IBERIA's mighty Pow'r for Ages broke,
 Shall shine to future Days ELIZA's Deed !
 Between contending Kings her steady Hand,
 And prudent Eye sustain'd the dubious Scale ;
 And undisturb'd preserv'd this happy Land,
 When War did o'er the Continent prevail :
 In her expir'd PLANTAGENET's high Race,
 As sets in liquid Gold the Sun's augmented Face !

Now

XXVIII.

Now to the widow'd *Rose*, as next ally'd,
 Its Branch the *Northern Thistle* nearer drew ;
 In closer Bands their kindred Union ty'd,
 Engrafted thus more flourishing they grew :
 Around the blushing Flow'r its pointed Arms
 The hardy Plant defensive fondly spread ;
 The blushing Flow'r, with ornamental Charms,
 And fruitful Sweets, enrich'd its Confort's Bed !
 BRITAIN, till then, by diff'ring Int'rests sway'd,
 Divided now no more, one rightful Rule obey'd !

XXIX.

WHETHER too rough to suit so rich a Soil,
 Or grown luxuriant from too wild a Shoot :
 Not long the *Thistle* felt the *Southern* Smile,
 Soon Sickness seiz'd, and Storms destroy'd the Root.
 Then bled great CHARLES ! — o'er BRITAIN'S
 darken'd Eyes,
 Black Usurpation spread its dreadful Night ;
 Till Monarchy reviving clear'd the Skies,
 As *Chaos* fled of old the Face of Light :
 The Law its ancient Channels re-assum'd,
 And with redoubled Grace returning Freedom bloom'd !

SADLY

XXX.

SADLY intente as the *Muse* surveys

These recent Marks of beauteous BRITAIN'S Scars,
With honest Warmth inspir'd she ardent prays,

Heav'n long may shield her from intestine Jars!
Blasted by Fate, detested by the Skies,

By Earth deserted be th' accursed Hand!
That open Force or secret Faction tries,

To plunge in Civil Wars his native Land:
Let WALPOLE'S Care this worst of Ills repell,
And guard that Liberty, he knows and loves so well!

XXXI.

WISELY would Men improve the Ills of Fate,

The Frowns of Heav'n were not bestow'd in vain:
KINGS then would learn, the Secret to be GREAT

Was in their Subjects Hearts to fix their Reign!
Had but the *Royal Pair* this Wisdom known,

CHARLES had not sacrific'd his darling Ease;
His BROTHER then had fill'd a peaceful Throne,

Nor in a second Exile clos'd his Days:
Doom'd an eternal Monument to prove,

A PRINCE'S best Defence lies in his *People's Love*!

As

XXXII.

As when the Shore intrusive jett's too far,
 Encroaching on the Empire of the Deep ;
 Th' assembled Waves begin the wint'ry War,
 And o'er the weak Barrier impetuous sweep !
 So when alarm'd BRITANNIA saw the Crown
 Attempt th' establish'd Bars which FREEDOM laid :
 Eager to keep that Blessing still her own,
 To NASSAU's Virtue she apply'd for Aid :
 Timely the HERO interpos'd to save,
 And nobly gain'd the *Style*, the rescued Nation gave !

XXXIII.

Then BRITAIN seiz'd the favourable Hour,
 To fix the *Basis* of her future Rest ;
 To mark the Limits of asserted Pow'r,
 The PRINCE still blessing, and the *People* blest'd !
 Then safe from all the Malice of its Foes,
 Time's iron Hand, and War's repeated Rage !
 Explain'd, confirm'd, her ancient CHARTER rose,
 And, clear'd from Dust, display'd its sacred Page :
 The *Guardian Star* ! whose future Influence bright
 Might guide her happy Sons, with ever friendly Light !

BELGIA,

XXXIV.

BELGIA, in Fate's dark Hour, the HERO'S Care,
 BRITAIN defended, and HIBERNIA fav'd!
 EUROPE protected from the GALLIC Spear,
 Shall stand on WILLIAM'S Monument engrav'd!
 The studious Eye, that runs his Labours o'er,
 Shall print his Image on the grateful Mind;
 Shall own, how mean the Pride of lawless Pow'r,
 Compar'd with his who fights to save Mankind!
 And every BRITON shall be just to own,
 Virtues like his deserv'd their *Abdicated* Throne.

XXXV.

NOR was to WILLIAM'S Life his Worth confin'd,
 To her Deliv'rer BRITAIN still was dear!
 That Passion grew, when all the rest declin'd,
 In Death her Welfare was his latest Care:
 'Twas then his calmly comprehensive Thought,
 Intent to future Ages to secure
 The Blessings, his distinguish'd Arm had wrought;
 By one Bequest establish'd Freedom sure:
 And, in illustrious BRUNSWIC's godlike Race,
 Left us the settled Hopes of long-enduring *Peace*!

FROM

XXXVI.

FROM the departing Monarch's dying Hand,
 ANNA the delegated Sword receiv'd ;
 And MARLBRO', mighty Chief ! at her Command,
 High Deeds perform'd, and matchless Toils at-
 chiev'd !
 By Land she triumph'd, triumph'd on the Main,
 Period to BRITAIN'S Glory ever dear !
 Were not the Honours of a ten Years Reign
 Dash'd by the Peace of *one* inglorious Year ;
 And veil'd in Darkness set her Ev'ning Hour,
 As shooting Stars that fall, — to rise again no
 more !

XXXVII.

THE *Muse* now meditates a nobler Strain,
 New plumes her Wings, and fondly seeks to rise !
 Attentive views great BRUNSWIC cross the Main,
 While BRITAIN'S Joys exulting reach the Skies ;
 Soon as the Monarch reach'd her happy Shore,
 Upwards to Heav'n her grateful Eye she cast ;
 Her Fears, her Doubts, her Dangers now no more !
 In present Bliss dissolv'd each Trouble pass'd :
 As Men delighted view the solar Ray
 Burst from the dark Eclipse, — and kindle into Day !

XXXVIII.

O could the *Muse* in equal Lay recite
 The Scene attentive EUROPE once beheld,
 When from VIENNA's Towers, auspicious Sight!
 Fled the fierce OTTOMAN in Arms repell'd:
 Then BRUNSWIC's maiden Sword in Conquest dy'd,
 Gave signal Proofs of his illustrious Birth;
 NASSAU well pleas'd the rising HERO spy'd,
 And by Adoption own'd his kindred Worth:
 And now his Brow those regal Honours grace,
 His Virtues more than claim'd—familiar to his Race!

XXXIX.

HENCE a glad *Æra* takes its fairer Date,
 Whose rolling Years in Smiles of Glory dress'd,
 BRITAIN with Pleasure sees revolv'd by Fate,
 And treasures up her Hopes of lasting Rest;
 In GEORGE the Founder of her brightest Line,
 Whose royal Veins her ancient Blood retain'd;
 This happy Period first was taught to shine,
 And in its Course increasing Lustre gain'd!
 Till the bless'd Joys the *Godlike Sire* begun,
 Establish'd stood fulfill'd, in his IMPERIAL SON!

GREAT

XL.

Great PRINCE! whose early Age in Arms excell'd,
 Valour confess'd by BRITAIN'S constant Foe!
 When on fair OUDENARDE'S distinguish'd Field,
 Thy Arm victorious dealt the deadly Blow:
 To the *high Laurels* which thy Youth acquir'd,
 Oh be the *peaceful Olive* gently join'd!
 Let BRITAIN'S Hand, by faithful Duty fir'd,
 Around thy Head the grateful Honours bind!
 Whose Goodness drew from Conquest and from War
 The nobler Principle to bless Mankind and spare!

XLI.

WHILE Mercy forms our MONARCH'S dear Delight,
 And gains new Beauties from his royal Smile;
 While *Truth* and *Justice* in his Rule unite,
 And FREEDOM warms, and *Plenty* gilds our Isle:
 While *Peace* with guardian Wings protects the Throne,
 And o'er the quiet Land, and subject Sea,
 Sheds the eternal Sweets of Safety down,
 Warm as the Sun! and constant as the Day!
 What Heart so savage, not the Joy to prove?
 What honest Breast but glows with Loyalty and Love!

XLII.

THUS while BRITANNIA, of her Wish possess'd,
 Enamour'd gazes on her SOV'REIGN's Face;
 While in each potent Charm of Beauty dress'd,
 She looks and moves with still improving Grace:
 While from her ambient Main, where'er she turns,
 She sees her Form reflected strongly bright;
 With grateful Transport as her Bosom burns,
 Intent she presses to the *Royal Sight*:
 To thank him for the Peace his Presence brings,
 And welcome to her Arms—the noblest, best of *Kings*.

XLIII.

OH let, great KING! her Pray'rs assume the Pow'r,
 With humble Zeal, to reach thy gracious Ear!
 Let thy BRITANNIA mourn thy Loss no more,
 Nor for her PRINCE's Safety feel a Fear:
 Since by thy Influence from her Doubts reliev'd,
 EUROPE to thee directs her grateful Eyes!
 Here let her Vows, by ours increas'd, receiv'd
 Before thy Throne in glad Memorial rise;
 And let conspiring Gratulations bless
 Thy peaceful Labours crown'd, with ever just Success!

AMBITIOUS

XLIV.

AMBITIOUS GAUL shall Nature now confine,
 Her boundless Pride shall vex the World no more;
 Defended by his old Barrier the RHINE,
 The GERMAN safe shall dare the hostile Pow'r:
 Fair LUSITANIA, by BRITANNIA freed,
 Shall open all her hospitable Shores;
 Her grateful Prince shall pay his Thanks decreed,
 And pour his golden Urn to swell her Stores!
 Proud to confess the Friendship of that Reign,
 That calms the Continent, and guards the distant
 Main.

XLV.

TRANSPLANTED now, the fair AUSTRASIAN Line,
 'To ARNO's Banks along th' ETRURIAN Plain,
 Shall feel the friendly Warmth, nor more decline
 Beneath encroaching GALLIA's fatal Chain;
 Her eldest Hope, with regal Honours grac'd,
 Shall rise adopted to th' imperial Throne;
 Shall reap the high Reward of Sufferings past,
 And guard those Rights for which he lost his own:
 For which his Ancestors of old have stood
 So oft in Arms renown'd,—and shed the noblest Blood.

XLVI.

MEAN while BRITANNIA from her Cliffs surveys
 The distant World its various Offerings bring;
 Receives th' accumulated Wealth, and pays,
 From thence, her willing Homage to the *King*.
 In ev'ry Port her anchor'd Vessels ride,
 Her canvass'd Navies whiten all the Main;
 Wealth to her Bosom flows from ev'ry Tide,
 And golden Plenty waves along her Plain!
 What Nation can such countless Blessings boast,
 From AFRIC's burning Sands, to ZEMBLA's icy
 Coast?

XLVII.

NOR is she in her SOVEREIGN blest'd alone,
 Tho' that alone might speak her Glory great!
 While godlike CAROLINA shares the Throne,
 Her heav'nly Goodness makes the Bliss complete!
 When she revolves, with calm attentive Mind
 The greatest *Queens*, her sacred Purple wore;
 No *Princess* on Record her Search can find,
 Whose Virtues more deserv'd imperial Pow'r!
 Whose Conduct heightens all the Pride of Blood,
 Whose truly Royal Heart still flows in Streams of
 Good!

ANGELIC

XLVIII.

ANGELIC Queen! whose unexampled Worth,
 Whose spotless Piety, and sponsal Love,
 Shine out a Pattern to th' admiring Earth,
 And Saints regard with Wonder from above!
 Whose royal Wisdom, and maternal Care,
 So oft experienc'd, and so lately found!
 Has justly made thy Name to BRITAIN dear,
 Has all her highest Expectations crown'd:
 Still may thy Brow that semblant Circle boast,
 Which for Heaven's holy Truth, BOHEMIA'S Princess
 lost!

XLIX.

ILLUSTRIOUS PAIR! could Virtue Force impart,
 O'er a degen'rate Age to shed its Pow'r!
 Yours would convey a Beam to ev'ry Heart,
 And Peace harmonious here below restore:
 Your BRITONS, while they saw such Union bright,
 Would feel of Goodness the prevailing Charms;
 Such as the *Royal Meeting* gave the Sight,
 When the KING rested in his CONSORT'S Arms:
 Oh! when did Love, or sacred Honour shine
 In such bright Forms confess'd, as GEORGE and
 CAROLINE?

L.

NOR thou, dear PRINCE, whom BRITAIN fondly
 views,
 Dress'd in *Benevolence*! the softest Light!
 Whose gentle Aspect, like descending Dews,
 Cheers a whole World!—the Joy of every Sight!
 Whether thy future Beam the Nations warms,
 With heav'nly Virtues fair *Meridian* Course;
 Or shines reflected from victorious Arms,
 With stronger Lustre, and augmented Force:
 Still may the faithful *Muse* select thy NAME
 To grace the fairest Page, in all the Rolls of Fame!

LI.

CLOSE by her much lov'd FREDERICK's royal Side
 With native Beauty and imperial Air!
 AUGUSTA shines our Ornament and Pride,
 Who view enamour'd the distinguish'd Pair;
 While we revolve his princely humane Mind,
 His Love of Learning, Liberty, and Truth!
 With her unblemish'd Faith and Candor join'd,
 Her matchless Sweetness, and unspotted Youth!
 How does the *happy Contraste* charm our Eyes?
 From *Union* so complete, what future Bliss shall rise?

ALREADY

LII.

ALREADY are BRITANNIA's Vows repaid,
 So smiles the Bounty of indulgent Heav'n;
 Charm'd she beholds an infant Princely-Maid,
 A new AUGUSTA to her Arms is giv'n!
 As when the *Orient Sun* restores the Day,
 Fair Nature blooms to the delighted Eye;
 So from this new-born *Star's* propitious Ray,
 We feel young Hope, and unabated Joy!
 And in this happy *Gift* prophetic find
 A long heroic Line, to bless and save Mankind.

LIII.

NOR does at Home BRITANNIA's Glory shine,
 Confin'd the mighty Blessings to her Breast:
 Her Sea-born Sister she invites to join,
 And with her Share of Happiness be bless'd:
 Her *eldest* PRINCESS, fix'd on BELGIA's Shore,
 A free-born People's duteous Love shall claim;
 Destin'd a Line of Heroes to restore,
 And spread new Honour o'er the lasting Name!
 For when her godlike Sire her Hand bestow'd,
 He amply paid the Debt to NASSAU BRITAIN
 ow'd!

YOUNG

LIV.

YOUNG WILLIAM's princely Form she pleas'd sur-
veys

With manly Air and Grace peculiar shine ;
If early Worth infuses a lasting Praise,
Fame's noblest Wreaths shall one great Day be
thine.

AS PALLAS once in MENTOR's Shape confess'd,
The GRECIAN Prince the Love of Virtue taught :
With Fortitude and Patience steel'd his Breast,

And by Degrees the finish'd HERO wrought :
So, in thy Cares, the Picture, POYNTZ, we see,
And BRITAIN safe confides her *second Hopes* to Thee!

LW.

RAVISH'D she views AMELIA's Angel-Truth,
Mildness divine! that ev'ry Bosom warms!

With CAROLINA's bright accomplish'd Youth,
Where Virtue lends to Beauty stronger Charms:

MARIA rises next in blooming Pride,
A Name belov'd! the Owner's Charms endears!

And fair LOUISA by her Sister's Side,
In soft maternal Majesty appears!

Happy the Prince such Consorts shall obtain,
Happier the favour'd Land, where Heaven shall fix
their Reign!

AROUND

LVI.

AROUND their Sov'reign, an illustrious Band
 With chearful Smilè, and glad Attendance wait !
 And BRITAIN pours the Beauty of the Land,
 To swell the Honour of her Monarch's State :
 But oh ! to speak each loyal Patriot's Fame,
 To paint the Charms of each distinguish'd Fair,
 Might PINDAR's Fire with SAPPHO's Softness claim,
 The lofty Note, and Heart-dissolving Air !
 One Blaze of Light the Galaxy appears,
 'Tis Knowledge only tells, the WHOLE IS MADE OF
 STARS.

LVII.

BUT here the *Muse* suspends her hardy Flight,
 Returning Reason bids the Rover pause !
 Dazzled with Beams of unfrequented Light,
 Back to the Earth receding now she draws :
 Yet if th' Excursion pleasing seem to thee,
 WALPOLE, whose studious Thought the Nation
 fees,
 From Force and Faction guard her Safety free ;
 And in surrounding Storms preserve her Ease :
 At least, she has not aim'd to sing in vain,
 Her Labour so receiv'd, the noblest Thanks shall
 gain !
 Now

LVIII.

Now War with all her ghastly Train withdrawn
 From beauteous EUROPE's happy Field is fled ;
 And screen'd behind the marshy Banks of DON,
 OR NEYSTER's noisy Falls, reclines her Head :
 O Patriot-Counsellor ! the Praise receive,
 Return'd with every grateful BRITON's Voice ;
 Thy Country only greater Thanks can give
 To GEORGE, to him, who made thy Worth his
 Choice,
 With royal Confidence thy Virtues grac'd,
 And on thy faithful Breast his *social Honours* plac'd.

LIX.

WHAT tho' dark *Envy* studious to defame,
 Which taints all Objects with a jaundic'd Sight,
 Wings close its pointless Arrows at thy Name,
 For Merit still envenoms *Envy's* Spite :
 As when the Cloud obscures the radiant Sun
 Thro' the weak Shroud he marks his golden Way,
 So shall its destin'd Course thy Honour run,
 And shed to future Times its blameless Ray !
 For Virtue with prevailing Lustre glows,
 Too bright for all Attempts, its Passage would op-
 pose !

! WHILE

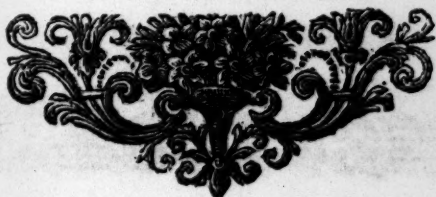
LX.

WHILE thus beneath our greater CÆSAR'S Sway
 Domestic Jars, and foreign Broils suppress'd
 BRITAIN beholds to gentler Toils give way,
 And cultivates the nobler Arts of Rest :
 While he, AUGUSTUS-like, with godlike Hand,
 Bids the refolding Gates of JANUS close !
 And makes the Glory of his wide Command,
 To give his People and the World Repose :
 The *Muse*, that fees with Joy the Storm subside,
 Hangs up her Lyre to PEACE, with grateful honest
 Pride !

—Pax optima Rerum—

*Quas Homini novisse datum est, Pax una Triumphis
 Innumeris melior ! Pax custodire salutem
 Et Cives æquare potens.*

SIL. ITAL.



P O E M S.

Table 1





P O E M S.

PART II.

*Dimissis humilem pennis inopemque materni
Et Laris et Fundi, Paupertas impulit audax
Ut versus facerem.*

————— *Quod petis hic est—hic est—
Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.*

HORAT.





P. O. E. M. S.

PART II



—

—





B A V I U S.

—*Nil est quod credere de se
Non possit.*——



Y Nature *Madman*, and by Study *Fool*,
BAVIUS turns Doctor, and destroys by
Rule ;

With heavy Face our dubious Health presides,
Speaks without Judgment, and by Guess prescribes ;
Aukwardly gay, and stupidly alert !
In every Conversation tops his Part :
Talks much of Travel, Books, and State-Affairs,
And takes a thousand fashionable Airs !
He rattles, plays *Quadrille*, sometimes can drink,
Make Love *en bête*—do any thing but think :
Yet to convince this leaden Lump can wound,
He weds a Fortune of *six thousand* Pound :
And such the Influence of *Corinthian* Brags,
As Wit unquestion'd all his Blunders pass :
For which a poorer or less noisy Fool
Would stand the Butt of public Ridicule !
You'll ask why BAVIUS meets a different Fate,
The *Secret* is—he has a good Estate.



APOLLO *and* DAPHNE.

CEASE, thou bright GOD of Poetry and Light,
 To urge relentless DAPHNE's rapid Flight!
 Think on th' inconstant Source from whence she came,
 Well might she run, whose *Parent* was a *Stream*!



POETICAL LOVE.

AS DAPHNE did from tuneful PHOEBUS fly,
 Still must his Sons expect an equal Fate!
 For cruel Beauty doom'd in vain to sigh,
 And find their Tendernefs repaid with Hate.



PHOEBUS MISTAKEN.

WHEN APOLLO pursu'd his *coy Mistress* of old,
 If his Harp, as they tell us, was made of
 right Gold;
 He should not have plagued her with Verses and Sighs,
 But set the fair Gift in the Reach of her Eyes!

Had

Had she seen but the Work, and been told what it
 weigh'd,
 He need not have run,—for the Nymph would have
 stay'd ;
 Comply'd with his Flame, granted all his Desire,
 And surrender'd *her Charms* in exchange for *the Lyre*.



SUSANNA *and* LUCRETIA.

SUSANNA, take LUCRETIA's boasted Place,
 Superior Virtue claims superior Pow'r !
 The ROMAN could not live with her Disgrace,
 But *Thou* more nobly chose to die before ! *

YET to reward *her* gen'rous high Design,
 Her bleeding Bosom set her Country free ;
 While Heav'n, in juster Recompence to thine,
 Restor'd both Life and Fame entire to *Thee* !

* Part of this Thought is taken from two Lines plac'd under the Statue of SUSANNA, in the Electoral Hall of the Palace at Munich in Bavaria.

Casti *Sufanna* placet, *Lucretia* cede *Sufannæ* ;
 Tu post, illa mori maluit ante Scelus.



HOMER.

HE for whose Birth seven States could zealous
strive,

Why did he wander round from Door to Door ?
Rever'd when dead, neglected while alive,
With all his *Genius*—still the Bard was poor !



THE WISH.

—— *Hoc erat in votis.*

THE various Ills below content I'll bear,
Grant me, indulgent Heav'n ! this sole Re-
quest ;

Nor Life to overprize, nor Death to fear,
Let Fortune shuffle as she please the rest !





On the following Motto of
An eminent fraudulent Bankrupt
 at Edinburgh.

CAVE.DEUS.VIDET.

GOOD Master C——his Majesty's Engraver
 Chose out a *Motto* odd for his Behaviour ;
 Well might he bake (he thought) as well as brew,
 God sees (says the Professor) all we do :
 Who could suspect the End of such a Song ?
 Was the Man right, or was the *Motto* wrong ?
 To tell the Truth, and make the Matter plain,
 C——thought to turn Religion into Gain ;
 But finding Men began to doubt his Play,
 The Knave, like JONAS, fairly run away.





The GOLDEN RULE.

HONEST Friend! say all you can,
 In Life still holds the *Golden Rule* :
 That Riches make a Fool a Man,
 And Poverty a Man—a Fool!



JUSTICE, *why* BLIND?

SAYS WILL to MATT—what Cause can be
 assign'd,
 Why sacred THEMIS still is pictur'd blind?
 Because, says WILL, when tow'ring Vice prevails,
 She may excuse the Error of her Scales;
 For most who know this *present Age* agree,
 Whate'er she thinks,—she does not care to see!



Written in Lord DORSET's Poems.

HE, whose accomplish'd Hand this Volume writ,
 Possess'd in full Perfection genuine *Wit*;
 In which this Property is always found,
 'Tis doubly arm'd both to defend and wound.

STANZAS



STANZAS *occasioned by Mr. POPE's*

Translation of HORACE,

Book IV. Ode I.

Address'd to the Honourable Mr. M——r.

I.

WHILE POPE to Friendship consecrates the
Lyre,

The Loves to hear the Notes assembled throng!
And, with the Softness of renew'd Desire,

Inspire the dear re-activated Song!
Unrival'd Bard, the kindly Task forbear!

The Youth before had Worth too much to boast;
You, ORPHEUS-like, but raise the Syren Air

The BRITISH Nymphs approach!—your Friend
is lost!

Hard Fate! a Praise so wish'd as yours to shun,
Or by the soft Encomiums risque to be undone.

II.

BUT oh I err—and M——y must forgive

A Praise that brings such unexampled Bliss ;
To love is sure the noblest Way to live,
Wealth, Pride, and Fame are faint compar'd to
this :

Descend, dear Youth, the shining Guest await,
For Beauty's QUEEN the roseate Bow'r prepare !
Let her bright Presence mark thy rising State,
And soften all the Pomp of future Care :
And boast distinguish'd the delightful Pow'r,
To charm the Wise and Fair—when POPE must
charm no more !



*To a young Lady,
With a Translation from VOITURE.*

SUCH were the tender Lines a VOITURE writ,
That first-rate *Star* of Gallantry and Wit !
To matchless RAMBOUILLET he thus address'd,
The grateful Passion that inflam'd his Breast ;
Tho' cruel Fate has stop'd the *Poet's* Breath,
And all her Beauties lie conceal'd in Death !
To *equal* Merit, *equal* Praise is due,
He wrote to her——what I translate for you !



To a LADY on a single Patch.

———*Urit grata Protervitas
Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici,*

HOR.

O D E.

I.

CHLOE, in vain with study'd Arts,
You strive a Charm to hide;
The Sufferings of a thousand Hearts
Those vain Efforts deride.

II.

No matter tho' one Spot appear
On such a perfect Face?
The Sun with many more is clear,
Yet warms us ne'er the less!

INSCRIP-



*Written in Mr. THOMSON's Essays
on Liberty.*

*Nil est fœdus servituti, ad Decus et Libertatem
nati sumus—Non potest parvo constare Libertas, hanc si
juste æstimas, omnia alia parvo æstimanda sunt.*

CICERO.

WHEN LIBERTY celestial Goddess saw
THOMSON's bold Hand her matchless Beauties
draw ;

Pleas'd, as the Work intently she survey'd,
How bright the Colours! and how strong the Shade!
Fondly she cry'd—" In this immortal Page,
" My Charms shall bloom untouch'd to latest Age ;
" Tho BRITAIN should like ROME of old divide,
" And sink the Prey of Luxury and Pride !
" Tho' every Heart the Love of me should lose,
" Here shall they learn the Blessings they refuse !
" Tho' from this fav'rite Isle, my last Retreat !
" Constrain'd I should be forc'd—and with Regret :
" Tho' Servitude should overwhelm the Ball,
" Here I shall live!—and sigh to see the Fall !"

To



TO SEMANTHE.

ODE.

I.

FORGIVE, fair Nymph, an unsuccessful Lyre,
That would so bright a *Character* essay;
If tuneful Numbers Merit could inspire,
Yours should be sung the most distinguish'd Way.

II.

OFT had I heard indeed the Voice of Fame
Repeat the Wonders of SEMANTHE'S Youth;
Till prepossess'd like SHEBA'S *Queen* I came,
And found, like her, that Fame fell short of Truth.

III.

BUT different widely was our Fate in this,
With SOLOMON conversing long she stay'd;
I only snatch'd an accidental Bliss,
Nor could I know the Treasure I survey'd.

YET

IV.

YET as the smallest *Diamond's* Lustre shows
The genuine Splendor of its Parent Mine ;
So did her every charming Thought disclose
Her Soul, and with reflected Value shine.

V.

So soft the Accents dwelt around her Tongue,
Such Reason sparkled in her lively Thought ;
Not sweeter Notes divine CECILIA sung,
Not juster Sentiments a PRIOR wrote !

VI.

Go on, accomplish'd *Fair* ! secure to charm,
Vain is Resistance, and as vain were Flight ;
Submission only can our Fate disarm,
Where Sense and Beauty, perfect thus, unite !

VII.

WHILE intermingling Virtues grace thy Breast,
No Wonder if so well they flourish there !
The Soil so richly is by Nature blest,
The Climate is so like their native Air.

VIII.

So rich SABÆA's aromatic Land
 Does without Toil its spicy Products yield ;
 Odors profusely rise on every Hand !
 And native Sweets embalm the happy Field !

*The PARALLEL : O D E.*

I.

ALMERIA with an Angel-Face
 Her Form with Pride surveys !
 And, as she moves with matchless Grace,
 The conquer'd World obeys !

II.

HER Eyes dispense resistless Darts,
 To set Mankind on Fire ;
 To Youth she Extacy imparts,
 And to old Age Desire !

III.

As the bright Sun, in AFRIC's Clime,
 His burning Beams displays ;
 Alike her torrid Beauties shine
 So fierce,—'tis Fate to gaze !

CECILIA

IV.

CECILIA blest'd with milder Charms
Takes gentler Ways to please ;
Insensibly the Heart she warms,
And gains by soft Degrees !

V.

So *Cynthia* Heav'ns enliv'ning Queen
Serenely sheds her Ray !
Glides o'er the Skies with placid Mien,
And half restores the Day.

VI.

SUCH is CECILIA !—sweetly bright,
Still easy—still the same !
She guides us with a pleasing Light,
And cheers without a Flame !

VII.

HAPPY, so near ally'd is found
The Safety to the Woe !
One *Sister's* Smiles relieve the Wound,
The other's Charms bestow.



To CLARISSA,

With a Rose-Bud.

O D E.

Quam longa una dies, ætas est tam longa Rosarum.

ANON.

I.

CLARISSA, view this newly-nascent Rose,
How sweet its Fragrance ? but how short the
Date !

And think distinct the lovely Emblem shows
Thy equal Beauty's Bloom, its equal Fate.

II.

LIKE that in fair Perfections opening Dawn,
Your roscate Charms the ravish'd Sense delight ;
Pass but a few short Years, and then withdrawn,
They all must fade, conceal'd in endless Night !

YET

III.

YET from the *Parent-Plants* exhausted Side,
See yon fair Shoot its lively Odors spread !
Rising in early Beauty's native Pride,
And softly blushing with maternal Red !

IV.

THEN haste, thou beauteous *Charmer* ! to employ
The Treasures which indulgent Nature gave ;
Nor longer shun to taste the genial Joy,
Which Youth alone can give—alone receive !

V.

So when dark Fate, irrevocably cross,
Shall snatch you hence to grace the radiant Skies ;
A Self-born Beauty may repair your Loss,
A new CLARISSA charm succeeding Eyes !

VI.

THE *Phenix* so, amidst the spicy Blaze
Consuming, does the Fate of Mortals shun ;
The infant Bird its radiant Crest displays,
And Men enjoy the Rival of the Sun !

R

To



To HILARIA.

O D E.

I.

HILARIA is scarcely arriv'd at thirteen,
Her Face is still infant, and childish her Mien ;
Yet in spite of her Pains her good Sense to conceal,
We know she has more than she cares to reveal.

II.

As they say the first BRUTUS, suspected of Treason,
With Madness disguis'd the bright Lustre of Reason ;
So she, with the frolicksome Shows she puts on,
Would cover the Wisdom must one Day be shown.

III.

SHE behaves, without ceasing from Morning to Night,
So gaily good-natur'd, so pleasantly light ;
No Soul could imagine, with all these mad Airs,
She bore the whole Burthen of Family Cares !

IV.

OH say, thou dear Trifler ! delightfully wild,
 In Manners, in Heart so resembling a Child !
 If thus your first Dawn so engaging appears,
 What Joys must we hope from a Dozen of Years ?

V.

BUT your Wit you well know does your Age so
 excell,
 You keep it so private for Fear we should tell ;
 But in spite of your Caution the Secret gets Way,
 For no Clouds can extinguish the Light of the Day !

TO ETHELINDA.

DUBIOUS of what repeating Fame had told,
 The wond'rous Power of ETHELINDA'S
 Face!

Too vainly curious, and too rashly bold,
 I self-conducted sought the fatal Place.

There fudden by th'nchanting *Flame* inspir'd,
 Reason no more her feeble Sway could boast ;
 So PHAETON, by wild Ambition fir'd,
 Possess'd his *Wish*, and by his *Wish* was lost.



To MARINDA *singing.*

O D E.

Quæ voces avium—quantæ per Inane volatus ?

CLAUD.

I.

WHEN first MARINDA'S tuneful Voice I
heard,

With Exstasy unknown my Breast was fir'd ;
Each Passion stood dissolv'd in soft Regard,

I only gaz'd,—and listen'd,—and admir'd !
Sense hung suspended on her warbling Breath,
And what I felt was neither Life nor Death !

II.

SINCE that dear Moment in my thrilling Ear
Th' inimitable Accents ever rung !

No artful Instrument my Taste could bear,

My Ear was deaf to every other Song :
So those, who leave their native Groves behind,
Still keep the favourite Symphony in Mind.

AGAIN

III.

AGAIN she sings!—my fond reviving Ear
 Drinks in the Notes with unabated Joy;
 New Beauties, unobserv'd before, appear,
 Or Graces, Transport pass'd too slightly by!
 So RAPHAEL'S Draughts, tho' all they may delight,
 Yet ask repeated Views to judge them right.

IV.

OH say, MARINDA! by what matchless Art
 Nature in you has such Perfections bound?
 Has given your Form Dominion o'er the Heart,
 And added all the Eloquence of Sound!
 The Fugitive that from your Charms would fly,
 Stopp'd by your Voice——returns to hear and die!

V.

So ORPHEUS once with more than mortal Song,
 Recall'd his Treasure from the Realms of Night!
 So bright CÆCILIA'S swelling Measures strong
 Rais'd the fair *Seraph* to the Fields of Light!
 Such Pow'r have sacred Numbers when combin'd,
 To soften or exalt the human Mind!

VI.

NOR blame if prepossess'd I give my Voice,
 And *Musick's* Force to Beauty's Charms compare ;
Angels themselves will vindicate the Choice,
 And own I justly fix the Preference *there* !
 Since all we know of those bless'd Forms above,
 Is that they're made of Harmony and Love.



The A D V I C E.

*Sic visum Veneri, cui placet impares
 Formas atque animos sub jugâ abenea
 Sævo mittere cum Joco.*

HOR.

I.

A U R E L I A, once the fairest Maid
 That grac'd the flow'ry Plain ;
 By Love, deceitful Love, betray'd,
 Has match'd a faithless Swain !

By

II.

By Duty press'd, her struggling Heart
Long made a secret Stand;
Till Love sustain'd the weaker Part,
And DAMON seiz'd her Hand.

III.

DEEP in the Grove——deserted Youth!
The lost MIRANDOR mourns
That Waste of Tenderness and Truth,
Which met such harsh Returns!

IV.

“ BUT late, he cries, was fix'd the Hour
“ My eager Hopes to crown;
“ My busy Hands had dress'd the Bow'r,
“ And grasp'd the Joy my own!

V.

“ BUT oh, she's gone! my bleeding Heart
“ Yet feels the recent Wound:”——
He spoke—when, from a neighb'ring Part,
He heard a hollow Sound!

VI.

THE *guardian Pow'r*, that watch'd the Place,
Had heard the Youth complain !
And, touch'd with Pity for his Case,
Thus sooth'd the *Shepherd's* Pain.

VII.

" MIRANDOR ! cease with vain Despair
" To vex thy tortur'd Breast ;
" See young LUCINDA ! heav'nly Fair !
" With Truth and Beauty bless'd.

VIII.

" To her engaging Presence haste,
" She waits but to be kind ;
" There lose the Thought of Sorrows pass'd,
" And lasting Comfort find.

IX.

" THE Joys, the lovely *Nymph* bestows,
" Shall constant Peace secure,
" And *Love* himself, that caus'd thy Woes,
" Himself shall give the Cure !"



On the military Procession of
The ROYAL COMPANY * of
A R C H E R S,
At Edinburgh, July 8. 1734.

O D E.

*Tum validis flexos incurvant viribus Arcus,
Pro se quisque viri, et depromunt tela Pharetris.*

VIRG.

I.

YE martial Breasts ! the Pride of SCOTIA's Plain!
On this your fair revolving annual Day ;

Candid receive the *Muse's* faithful Strain,

Who thus her Tribute to your Worth would pay :
Far tho' her Numbers fall below her Theme,
Accept her Wishes, and approve her Flame !

BUT

* The Uniformity of Habit in the Members of this Society, which is composed entirely of Gentlemen of Rank and Fashion, the Beauty of the Habit itself, and the rich Dresses of the Officers, who are some of them

II.

BUT too presumptive,—with unequal Wing,
 How shall she raise her emulative Eye?
 How in Proportion to her Rapture sing,
 And to her fair *Idea* ardent fly!
 How paint the Beauties of the warlike Throng?
 And mark the *bright Procession* in her Song!

III.

ALAS! assisted by no friendly Pow'r,
 How shall she dare to strike the sacred Lyre?
 Or shall she give the fav'rite Project o'er,
 And chuse with silent Safety to retire?
 Fix'd be the Task!—she feels unwonted Aid,
 Thy Influence beams confess'd, *celestial Maid*!

them of the first Quality, conspire to render the March of this Company one of the most elegant Processions imaginable, both for its Regularity, and Beauty. The Dress is a la Romaine, composed of fine Plaid, adorned with deep green silk Fringes, and lined with white Silk; white Stockings, and white Gloves, blue Bonnets a l'Ecossois, with the Image of St. ANDREW enamelled, placed in a Cockade of white and green Ribband. Their Belts are compos'd of the two last Colours. In their right Hand they bear their Bow, in their Belts are fastened two Darts. The Officers for Distinction have their Habits trim'd with deep silver Fringes, and their Bonnets of blue Velvet, adorned with Jewels. The Counsellors who are six in Number have Bonnets of crimson Velvet. Their Drums, Music, and other Attendants are in the Company's Livery of green and white. Their two Standards are most richly embroidered. His Grace the Duke of HAMILTON is at present Captain General, and his Grace the Duke of QUEENSBERRY, the Right Honourable the Earls of CRAWFORD, CASSILS, WEMYSS, and WIGTON, with the Right Honourable the Lords KINNAIRD and ROLLO, General Officers.

OH

IV.

OH chaste URANIA! dearest of the Nine,
 With conscious Joy I view thy matchless Air!
 Approach, array'd in every Charm divine,
 The Subject well deserves thy *guardian Care*.
 Propitious on the rising Labour shine,
 And with thy Warmth inspire the just Design.

V.

And thou great *Author* of the tuneful Art,
 Illustrious GOD of *Day*! and Pow'r of *Verse*!
 Who, with thy own inevitable *Dart*,
 Did'st once th' invenom'd PYTHIAN Monster
 pierce:
 Assist the *Muse*, in equal Strains, to show
 The lasting Honours of thy heav'nly *Bow*!

VI.

FAVOUR'd by thee, could matchless PINDAR rise,
 To vast Imagination loose the Reins!
 Could, free, expatiate thro' the boundless Skies,
 And eternize the great *Olympic* Scenes:
 Generous Contention!—not unlike your own,
 Where *Virtue* only won, and wore the Crown.

VII.

THE Skill of ARCHERY, from oldest Date,
 Has been the Glory of *heroic Hearts* !
 By this ALCIDES gain'd the Name of *Great*,
 And freed the World with his resistless Darts :
 From which, their Doom imperial Tyrants found,
 And TROY's proud Walls were levell'd with the
 Ground.

VIII.

SUCH were the Arms repell'd the ROMAN Force,
 When CRASSUS by the PARTHIAN Arrow dy'd !
 These stopp'd the *Eagle* in her rapid Course,
 And check'd the Flight of her assuming Pride !
 When bold ORODES scorn'd her lawless Chain,
 And led to Fight his valiant *Archer-Train* !

IX.

When BRITAIN felt the *same* usurping Yoke,
 These Arms preserv'd the CALEDONIAN Race ;
 Defy'd ROME's boasted Pow'r, her Legions broke,
 And kept invincible their native Place :
 So GALGACUS maintain'd his Country free,
 For *Archers* still were Friends to *Liberty* !

X.

By these, when EDWARD, with usurping Aim,
 Sought to enslave an independent Land ;
 Immortal WALLACE scorn'd th' unrighteous Claim,
 And made for Freedom an illustrious Stand :
 For that oft triumph'd, and for that expir'd,
 And left a Name to latest Times admir'd !

XI.

BUT hark ! what lively Sounds invade the Ear !
 What warlike Symphony approaches nigh ?
 Behold in Sight, the *Royal Train* appear !
 Their radiant *Ensigns* waving in the Sky !
 On high the *crimson'd Lion* seems to glow,
 And threaten Death to each opposing Foe !

XII.

OH tell, URANIA ! who that godlike Youth,
 Who shines distinguish'd *Captain* at their Head ?
 Whose Soul with noble Honour fir'd, and Truth,
 Exults the fair Procession thus to lead !
 What Dignity aroun'd his Person plays,
 'Tis HAMILTON !—he needs no borrow'd Rays.

BUT

XIII.

BUT see, the chearful Band a-pace advance!
What mingling Lights surprize the ravish'd Eyes?
The silver Beams at distance softly glance,
And the rich Plaid displays its vivid Dyes!
While in the beauteous Ranks that intervene,
The spotless *white* is mix'd with lively *green*.

XIV.

Well suited Colours! happily combin'd!
The fairest Emblems of the social Train;
White as th' unfully'd Temper of their Mind,
And gaily verdant as their native Plain!
From such fair Order higher Beauty springs,
Than all the glittering Pride of *Eastern* Kings!

XV.

NOR yet unmeaning is the lovely Show,
Proceeding on to the appointed Field;
Each in his Hand uprears the *social* Bow,
Two Darts may well supply the Place of Shield:
For what are Shield, or Bow, or Sword, or Darts,
To the firm Vigour of undaunted Hearts!

BUT

XVI.

BUT oh! to speak each honour'd Leader's Worth,
 To paint the Virtues of the Royal Band!
 Might raise ALCEUS to a second Birth,
 Or ask aspiring PINDAR's lofty Hand:
 The *Milky-way* to uninstructed Sight,
 Tho' form'd of *Stars*, appears one *Train of Light*!



To a Gentleman,
*Who in a Poem, describing a Lady's
 Person omitted her Hand, which was
 remarkably beautiful.*

HOW could the *Muse* AMELIA's Charms repeat
 Enamour'd?—yet the Master-Charm forget;
 The matchless Beauty of *that taper Hand*,
 To which fond Love has giv'n such wide Command;
 There plac'd his Quiver stor'd with deadly Darts,
 And all the *Equipage of Queen of Hearts*!
 Pow'r to reward or punish, save or kill,
 And scatter Fate, obedient to her Will!

PERHAPS too conscious of a Theme so fair,
 The Bard resign'd the Subject in Despair;

To

To such a Hand no common Strains were due,
 Lillies were pale, and Snow inclin'd to blue.
 Those Hands where Streams of living *Saphyre* run,
 And *Parian* Marble seem'd itself outdone ;
 All vulgar Similes were here too faint,
 And so the Piece was lost—for want of Paint.

OR else bewilder'd in the Maze of Light,
 Like those who sail by *ZEMBLA*'s icy Coast ;
 His *Muse* was dazzled with too great a Light,
 And miss'd the Part deserv'd his Notice most.

OR was hid Malice all the *Poet*'s Aim ?
 He knew the *Hand* from whence the Mischief came ;
 (The fatal Hand that threw the deadly Dart
 Transmissive, thro' the hapless Shepherd's Heart !)
 And, not content to bear his Fate alone,
 Left others, like himself, to be undone.

So in the curious *Chart* is oft laid down
 The dangerous Shole, that Ships are taught to shun ;
 But faithless Guides !——some Rock unmark'd re-
 mains,
 That mocks the Merchant's Hope, and Pilot's Pains !
 Who guided by *Description* tempt their Fate,
 As those, who trust to thine, will find too late.



The best Cosmetic for the Ladies.

—Of outward Form

Elaborate, of inward less exact.

MILTON.

I.

THE first all charming *Mother of Mankind*,
Heav'n with an Angel-Face and Form
array'd ;
Yet left, alas ! her nobler Part, the Mind,
Defenceless, easily to be betray'd !

II.

How widely has the dire Distemper spread
Amongst the lovely Daughters of her Race !
How few the Soul their better Care have made !
How fondly studious to improve the Face ?

III.

VAIN Toil ! were Virtue the supremest Choice,
And Beauty left to Nature's friendly Care,
Earth would once more resemble Paradise,
And every *Female* would be doubly fair.

S



The Self-Contradiction for the Sinner.

Of infinite Power and Love,
Almighty, Omnipotent, and Good,
MILTON.

Tell me, O Lord, all change of state,
Heaven with an Angel-face and form
array'd;

Yet tell, what nobler Part the Mind
Defends, ready to be betray'd.

How often has the Obedient Spirit
Among the lovely Treasures of his Heart
How low the Soul that Love has made
How ready Nature to improve the Heart.

III.
VAIN TOLL! were Virtue the fairest Choice,
And Beauty left to Nature's friendly Care,
Earth would once more resemble Paradise,
And every Tempter would be dumb; for then
No more would we be tempted by the Fair.



P O E M S.

PART III.

*Nihil infelicius eo, cui nihil unquam evenit adversi,
non enim licuit tali sese experire.*

SENECA.

*Exilium terribile est iis quibus quasi conscriptus est
habitandi locus, non iis qui omnem Terrarum Orbem
unam esse urbem ducunt.*

CICERO.





P O E M S.

PART III.

Nihil infeliciter po. res nihil unquam conat. arduis.
non enim licuit tibi talis experire.

SEXTA.



Exilium terribile est, non in
habitatione, licet non sit
vixisse esse melius ducunt.

CICERO.





The ANNIVERSARY MOURNER.

A P O E M.

——— *Dies (ni fallor) adest, quem semper acerbum
Semper honoratum, sic Dî voluistis ! habebo.*

VIRG.



INE Years were past, and now the *Tenth*
arose,
Mark'd with Misfortunes, and replete with
Woes !

When, sad reclin'd on THAMES' delightful Shore,
The *Muse* began her Sorrows to deplore.

“ OH *Night* ! whose Mantle o'er the World is
spread,

“ Receive me in thy hospitable Shade !

“ Do thou inspire me !— let thy friendly Gloom

“ Assist my Grief ! and give Reflection Room,

“ To view the Horrors of that fatal Day,

“ That snatch'd the *Father*, and the *Friend* away !

“ Fill'd my poor Heart with Anguish and Despair,

“ And left me naked to a World of Care !

" How shalt thou tell, what Words can never paint,
 " The shining Virtues of the mortal Saint ?
 " For such his equal Life compos'd and ev'n
 " As seem'd a Pattern of descending Heav'n ;
 " Some *Guardian-Angel* taught his rising Youth
 " The chearful Love of Piety and Truth !
 " So early was his Soul by these inspir'd,
 " They seem'd in him as native, not acquir'd;
 " But 'midst the Graces that adorn'd his Breast,
 " Soft smiling Charity, celestial Guest !
 " With Rays distinguish'd shone above the rest.
 " And all his Actions in one Point combin'd,
 " The *Love* of God and *Welfare* of *Mankind* !
 " His fervent Zeal descended from above,
 " Still calmly mild, and temper'd still with Love,
 " Taught him to pity such as went astray,
 " And led him not to persecute, but pray.
 " In him Religion, pure and unarray'd,
 " Her irresistible native Charms display'd ;
 " At once enliv'ning, chearful, and serene,
 " Void of all Arts, and free from every Stain !
 " Nor need the *Muse*, to make his Merit known,
 " Tell how in public Life it brightly shone,
 " While Parties join'd his real Worth to own ;
 " Ev'n those his Conscience led him to oppose
 " In private Conduct were no more his Foes ;
 " With

“ With unconstrain’d Applause his Life approv’d,
“ His Character esteem’d, his Person lov’d ;
“ Would for his Converse eagerly contend,
“ And thought it Honour to be call’d his Friend!

“ How did his wond’rous Conversation shine?
“ At one instructive, pleasing, and divine!
“ Such heav’nly Candour dwelt upon his Tongue,
“ As comforted old Age, and charm’d the Young!
“ Still so endearing, that where he appear’d,
“ Each Eye grew livelier, every Heart was cheer’d ;
“ Pain stood suspended, Sorrow fled away,
“ And every Face was innocently gay !

“ How just the Sentiments? how strong the
 Strain,
“ In which he did the *Scripture-Truths* explain,
“ And shew Religion beautifully plain !
“ How did he ardent all her Joys reveal,
“ And on her Sacred Charms enraptur’d dwell !
“ That Love Divine, which did his Breast inflame,
“ Inspir’d his Tongue, and was his constant Theme!
“ By Love he fought the harden’d Wretch to charm,
“ To raise the fearful, and the cold to warm!
“ But when to Heav’n he rais’d sublime his Prayer,
“ How did his Accents strike the listening Ear?

“ Fix’d were all Hearts, engag’d was every Thought,
“ And Earth’s inferior Cares were all forgot !

“ PROCEED, sad *Muse*, in private Life behold
“ Contracted, all the Wonders thou hast told ;
“ But oh ! what equal Numbers shall commend,
“ The Husband, Father, Master, and the Friend ?
“ For those who daily saw can fullest tell,
“ How just he fill’d each Character, how well ?
“ How can I think on all his Goodness past,
“ And not indulge a Grief must ever last ?
“ When not a Day past unimproving by,
“ But bore some Mark of endless Charity !
“ Bless’d Hands ! that could to Want his Wealth dis-
 pense,
“ And leave his Heirs the Care of Providence !
“ Whose Bounty still, with never-ceasing Eye,
“ Has seen their Case, and given a kind Supply ! “
Here rising Grief forbid the Lay to flow,
And left a silent Interval of Woe :
Till, venting out in Sighs his heavy Pain,
The melancholy Youth resum’d the Strain !

“ THUS wise for Heav’n, by conscious Heav’n ap-
 prov’d,
“ Thus meekly good, by all good Men lov’d !

“ How

“ How shall the *Muse* pursue the mournful Tale,
“ And thy Misfortunes, and her own reveal ?
“ Who could believe thy Life’s unequal End,
“ That thy calm Sun should veil’d in Shades descend !
“ That Worth like thine should meet Returns so hard,
“ And cold Neglect become the last Reward
“ For all thy painful Nights and weary Days,
——“ Yet such are ruling Heaven’s mysterious Ways!

“ YET treated thus, unalter’d to the last,
“ This Scene of aggravated Death he past :
“ All the insulting Agony of Pain,
“ And Griefs to him yet harder to sustain !
“ Till (soon resolv’d the feeble Bands of Clay)
“ His Soul, unfetter’d, joyful soar’d away,
“ While *Guardian-Seraphs* led the trackless Flight,
“ And taught him to explore the Realms of Light !
“ And now before the Throne supreme appear’d,
“ With what Delight the gladsome Sounds he heard ?
“ *Approach from Life, thou faithful Steward, well done!*
“ *Faithful to Death, receive thy destin’d Crown ;*
“ *From all the Toils of mortal Life releas’d,*
“ *Serenely enter on thy Master’s Rest !*

“ THERE, free from Life’s low Cares, and numerous
Pains,

“ In endless Bliss repos’d he now remains,

“ While

“ While I (in Life, his first, his tenderest Care)
“ Still doom’d, successive, blended Griefs to bear;
“ By rude Afflictions restless Billows tost,
“ A wretched *Exile* on a foreign Coast!
“ Must learn the Lesson, patient to endure,
“ And wait for Death, the last effectual Cure.

“ THOU *Guardian-Power*, from whom this Being
came,

“ In whom I know I live, and move, and am !
“ Whose kind conducting providential Hand
“ Has led my Foot-steps in a stranger Land,
“ Has from a thousand Dangers screen’d my Head,
“ Whose Care has watch’d me, and whose Bounty
fed !

“ Continue gracious still my Ways to guide,
“ And let thy Mercy o’er my Life preside !
“ From Ill restrain me ! and from Passion save !
“ Aid me in Pain ! and arm me for the Grave :
“ Thro’ Death’s dark Vale, conduct me by thy Grace,
“ And bring me safe to view the Seats of Peace !

November 22, 1737.

The



The ONLY WISH.

FIAT VOLUNTAS TUA !

VAIN restless Man ! who, with presumptuous
Eye,
Would'st into Heaven's eternal Counsels pry ;
Would'st measure *Wisdom* with the *Line* of Sense,
And *Reason* arm against *Omnipotence* !
Inquiring Worm ! pursue the pathless Road,
And try by searching to arrive at GOD :
For Ages on, bewilder'd may'st thou run,
Nor leave the Point, where first thy Quest begun :
As well the Clay might, in the *Potter's Hand*,
The Reason of its various Form demand ;
As thou presume to cavil his Decree,
Who gave thee first to move, and think, and see !

HE still the same, exalted and sublime,
Nor bound by Space, nor limited by Time
O'er all commands : ——— With Life informs the
Whole ;
Gives different Suns to shine, and Worlds to roll !

Obedient

Obedient still, and mindful of their Place,
 Thro' the Immense, their shining Rings they trace,
 And with united Voice proclaim the Force,
 That spoke their Birth, and mark'd their steady
 Course !

THEE great omniscient omnispective *Power* !
Thee first and last,—*thee* only I adore !
 Let others, vainly curious in the Schools,
 Judge of their *Maker* ;—by their narrow Rules
 Thy Essence and thy Attributes define,
 To love, to serve, to worship thee be mine !
 Thy Laws to follow, and thy Voice to hear,
 And with submissive Awe thy Ways revere !
 Dispose then, LORD, of this devoted Frame,
 The Creature from thy forming *Fiat* came !
 Pleas'd I obey !—since best thou only knows
 How to proportion what thy Hand bestows ;
 And let my Wishes all conspire in one,
 “ In Earth, as Heaven, THY WILL SUPREME be
 done !





THE COMPLAINT.

Quid facies illi ! jubeas miserum esse libenter.

HOR.

WHERE'E R my solitary Steps I bend,
 In vain the *Orphan* seeks to find a Friend !
 By Dangers compass'd round, I trembling go,
 Mankind my Hunters, and the World my Foe !
 All fly the Infection of a Heart distress'd,
 As the blown Deer's deserted by the rest ;
 By Fortune weary'd, and by Grief dismay'd,
 To thee **ALMIGHTY KING !** I fly for Aid !
 All gracious *Power !* attend my suppliant Prayer !
 Or ease my Woes, or teach me how to bear ;
 Support my Sufferings, vindicate my Wrongs !
 And save me from the aspic Gall of Tongues !
 To *thee* my panting Heart for Shelter flies,
 And waits that Mercy which Mankind denies !
 Oh let thy Light my fainting Soul inform,
 Thy Goodness guide me thro' the threat'ning Storm !
 Oh let thy heavenly Beam my Darkness chear !
 Thy-Guardian-Hand my dubious Passage steer !
 Then let the Tempest rage ?—and round my Head
 Affliction all its angry Billows spread !

Thy

Thy Prefence, LORD, shall calm my anxious Breast,
And lead me safe to everlasting Rest !

So fares it with the Vessel Tempest-toft
Her Masts all shatter'd, and her Anchor lost,
Abandon'd on some wild uncertain Coast !
While the loud Surges mark the fatal Shore,
And o'er their Heads the awful Thunders roar ;
Sudden the Lightning gilds the gloomy Sky,
And shews some friendly Creek or Harbour nigh,
Bold with the kind embracing Coast they steer,
And find their Safety *where* they plac'd their Fear.



Stanzas to a CANDLE.

I.

THOU glimm'ring Taper! by whose feeble Ray
In thoughtful Solitude the Night I waste !
How do'st thou warn me by thy swift Decay,
That equal to Oblivion both we haste ?
The vital Oyl, that should our Strength supply,
Consuming wastes, and bids us learn to die.

II.

II.

TOUCH'D by my Hand, thy swift reviving Light
 With new gain'd Force again is taught to glow !
 So, rising from furrounding Troubles bright,
 My conscious Soul begins herself to know :
 And, from the Ills of Life emerging forth,
 Learns the just Standard of her native Worth.

III.

BUT see in Mists thy fading Lustre veil'd,
 Around thy Head the dusky Vapours play ;
 So by opposing Fortune's Clouds conceal'd,
 In vain to force a Passage I essay :
 While round me, gathering thick, they daily spread,
 And living, I am number'd with the Dead!

IV.

BUT now thy Flame diminish'd quick subsides,
 Too sure a Presage that thy Date is run ;
 Alike I feel my Life's decreasing Tides,
 Soon will like thine my transient Blaze be gone !
 Instructive Emblem !—how our Fates agree ?
 I haste to Darkness, and resemble thee.

The



The Farewell to FRIENDSHIP !

*Illud Amicitiae quondam venerabile Nomen
Prostat, et in quæstu pro meretrice sedet.*

OVID.

FRRIENDSHIP! adieu, thou vain deceitful Good,
 So much profess'd, —so little understood !
 How often to thy sacred injur'd Name
 A thousand vain Pretenders make their Claim ?
 Like *Flies* attend the *Summer* of our Day,
 And in the *Sunbeams* of our Fortunes play ;
 But when Life's evening wintry Shades come on,
 Soon we behold the treach'rous Insects gone,
 And find ourselves deserted, and undone !

Nulla fides unquam miseros elegit amicos !

LUCAN.



The



The AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

In Juventute cura ut bene vivas, in Senectute ut bene moriaris.

SENECA.

H E R E, Stranger ! view a Stone without a *Name*;
 The *Name* tho' plac'd, obscure to thee and Fame;
 The real Merits of the mortal Clay
 Must wait the Judgment of the final Day.

LIKE *thee* I've seen both Fortune frown and smile;
 Felt all the Hopes deluded Man beguile ;
 As *thou* art now, have I with Life been blest, *
 As I do now, so shortly *thou* must rest !
 Must every Joy, and every Prospect leave
 Contracted, in the Limits of the Grave :

* VIVIS. UT. VIXI.

MORIERIS. UT. SUM. MORTUUS.

VALE. VIATOR.

TEQUE. MEMENTO. MORITURUM.

INGENIUM. NATURA. DEDIT. FORTUNA. POETÆ

DEFUIT. ATQUE. INOPEM. VIVERE. FECIT. AMOR.

See how the Spoils of Death around are spread,
Think as you walk, what treacherous Ground you
tread !

The Mother Earth, that mixes now with me,
Next Moment may reclaim it's Share in thee !
A Smoke ! a Flower ! a Shadow ! and a Breath !
Are real Things compar'd with Life and Death :
Like Bubbles on the Stream of Time we pass,
Swell, burst, and mingle with the common Mass !
Then, oh reflect ! e're Fate unheeded come,
And snatch this *Lesson* from the vocal Tomb !
Known in thy Conduct, fix'd upon thy Mind,
" The Love of God, and Welfare of Mankind. "

THEN when old Nature shall to Ruin turn,
Heav'n melt with Heat, and Earth dissolving burn !
Amidst the Flame inscrib'd, this Truth shall shine,
Its Force immortal, and its Work divine !



D.O.M.

D. O. M.

RESURRECTIONEM. JUSTORUM
HIC. JUXTA. EXPECTAT. QUOD. MORTALE. MANET
VIRI. VERE. INCULPABILIS
JOSEPHI BOYSE, V. D. M.

QUI

PIETATE. SINCERA. CANDORE. ILLIBATA.
INGENIO. SUAVI.
MORIBUSQUE. INTEGRITATE. ORNATIS
VIRTUTIS. ET. PIETATIS.
DECUS. ET. EXEMPLAR. ELUXIT.
VERITATIS. CULTOR. PACIS. AMICUS.
LIBERTATIS. ET. CIVILIS. ET. ECCLESIASTICÆ.
ASSERTOR. SEMPER. FIDELIS.
NEC. MOROSE. GRAVIS. NEC. SUPERBE. DOCTUS.
EGENIS. DUM MODO. VIVERET
PRESENTS. ASYLUM
EGENUS. IPSE. MORITUR.
OFFICIO. ENIM. PASTORALI. PRIMÆVA.
SIMPLICITATE. ET. DILIGENTIA.
FUNCTUS. PER. ANNOS. XLV. TANDEM. PIIS.
ET. FERE. PERPETUIS. LABORIBUS
SENECTUTE. INGRAVESCENTE
CONFRACTUS
ANIMA. E. CORPORIS. INVALIDI. FRAGILI
ERGASTULO. FELICITER. SOLUTA.
IN. COELESTEM. BEATORUM. CÆTUM. ADSCRIPTA
QUIEVIT
DIE. NOVEMBRIS. 22. ANNO. SALUTIS. 1728
ÆTATIS. VERO. LXVIII.
OPTIMIS. ET. CARISSIMIS. PARENTIBUS
FILIUS. UNICUS. FAMILIÆ. SUÆ. SOLUS.
INFELICISSIME. SUPERSTES.
HOC. DOLORIS. ET. PIETATIS. MONUMENTUM
L. M. P.
MORS. JANUA. VITÆ.

(291)

D.O.M.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL EXERCISES FOR THE YEAR 1864

NEW-YORK: PUBLISHED BY THE INSTITUTION

FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, 1864

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FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, 1864



2

COUNSELS

Designed for

A Young LADY of QUALITY.

Translated from the Original *French*:

Written by the *Marquis de* CHETARDYE.

The SECOND EDITION.

*But still the lovely Maid improves her Charms
With inward Greatness, unaffected Wisdom,
And Sanctity of Manners.*—————

Mr. ADDISON's Cato.]



LONDON:
MDCCXXXVII.

COUNTESS

Designed for

A Young Lady of QUALITY.

Translated from the Original French.

By the Author of the

The Second Edition.



Mr. Addison's



LONDON:
MDCCLXXVI.



To the RIGHT HONOURABLE
The Lady JANE SCOT,
Eldest Daughter to his GRACE
THE
Duke of *BUCCLEUGH*,

This TRANSLATION is, with all possible
Respect, most humbly inscrib'd by

Her LADYSHIP'S

Most Obedient and

Most dutiful Servant,

The AUTHOR.



THE LITTLE FLOUNDER

THE LITTLE FLOUNDER

THE LITTLE FLOUNDER

THE LITTLE FLOUNDER

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THE LITTLE FLOUNDER



C O U N S E L S.



P I E T Y is a Virtue so essential to the Happiness of Mankind in general, and of that of the Fair-Sex in particular, that, without it, the Advantages of Birth and Fortune too often prove but so many Mischiefs and Snares. Indeed it is not easy to conceive, how a young Lady in the Bloom of Beauty, and expos'd to a thousand Hazards and Sollicitations, of which her personal Perfection is the innocent but unhappy Cause, can long defend herself by the sole Assistance of her Reason. Her Enemies are the more dangerous, the less they appear to be so ; and she has every Thing to apprehend from those, who employ all the Arts of Complaisance and Submission to obtain their End.

FORMERLY there was a Kind of Idol, or Deity, call'd REPUTATION, from whom your Sex received no inconsiderable Support ; at least their Regard for it obliged them to keep great Measures with respect to Decency, and to preserve themselves from public Censure. But insensibly this Caution has yielded to the prevailing Force of Custom and Example, and it is now thought a sufficient Excuse for a Lady's Weakness, to plead the Merit, or good Qualities, of those who have triumph'd over it.

ESTIMATE by this, MADAM, the Situation of a young Lady of Birth and Fortune, at her first Appearance

pearance in the *Grand Monde*, subject to the secret Disturbance of her own Passions, and liable to the Importunity of those she has rais'd in others, unconfin'd by the Laws of Piety, and either indifferent with regard to Reputation, or not fully appris'd of the Value of it. Establish, then *Piety*, as the Basis of your Conduct, I mean, a calm and solid Sense of Religion, free from Scepticism on the one Hand, and Superstition on the other ; and be assur'd, that, without this Foundation, the severest Virtue cannot be answerable for its own Security.

Do not from hence, MADAM, imagine, that I would have you think yourself, unfortunate in that uncommon Share of Beauty Heaven has bestow'd upon you. I own, those, to whom it has deny'd this Favour, are, in my Opinion, happier, by the Advantage of being less expos'd ; but as this is owing to their being less taken Notice of, there is the less Merit in it. The World is apt to look on their Reservedness as a Kind of Constraint, for which it is no Way obliged to them ; and whenever they are so unhappy as to forfeit their Virtue, they are sure to be condemn'd without Mercy.

BEAUTY, MADAM, is the Gift of Heaven, for which you owe it no less Thanks, than for its having form'd you without any personal Blemish. It is your Duty to take Care of it, but not with Anxiety ; to consider it as the superfluous Bounty of indulgent Providence, and be always prepar'd to resign it, when the same Authority shall think fit to take it away.

I AM no Enemy to those Ornaments of Dress that are suitable to your Age and Quality. Since Custom has establish'd such Things in that World which you live in, it is a Point of Prudence to accommodate yourself to the Fashion. After all, it is not the Choice or Colour of a Ribband, the Adjustment of a Curl, or the Position of a Patch, which
 producé

produce such ill Consequences (1). An irregular Carriage, an artful Glance, an affected Air, all the subtle Methods employ'd to engage a Lover, purposely to display your Vanity in the Conquest, or sooth your Pride, by giving him Pain ; these, MADAM, are the fatal Signs I would have you most carefully avoid.

IT is by such Marks so many Ladies are enroll'd in that numerous Society, the Members of which go under the Denomination of *Coquettes* ; no very amiable Character, MADAM, for a Lady of Quality, whose Sentiments should be answerable to the Dignity of her Birth.—To confirm in you a lasting Contempt and Aversion for the Title, allow me to mention a few of the Qualities, commonly found in Ladies of this *Class*, and you will find, that an Understanding tainted with Levity is join'd with a Heart intoxicated with Pleasure ; that their Souls are void of Humanity, and incapable of Friendship ; that they have Reason without Reflection ; a narrow Judgment with an unbounded Vanity : That their Wishes are extravagant, and their Passions indirected. In short, that foolish Jealousies, and frivolous Conversation, disssembled Goodness, with perpetual Hypocrisy, a cold and malicious Way of praising others, to be flatter'd themselves, a Profusion of Words, or rather a complaisant Kind of Jargon, with which they entertain the World, most or all of those, are the infallible Symptoms of a Mind distemper'd with *Coquetry*.

IT is not, however, MADAM, by these Means, that the Esteem of Men of Merit and Honour is to be

(1) The *Archbishop* of CAMBRAY is of a very different Opinion on this Head. He was too great an Admirer of the true Beauty and Simplicity of Nature, to approve the Inconstancy of Fashions that reigns in FRANCE. His Sentiments on Dress and Beauty are worth the Perusal, in the xth Chapter of his *Advice to a Daughter*.

be gain'd, and yet it is their Approbation only is worth the Acquisition. But how desirable soever that may be, I would not have you to be too solicitous to obtain it. Leave your Beauty and Virtue to procure it for you, without troubling yourself farther, than the Care of always deserving it: When you come to bestow those Affiduities on your Person, in which Custom has indulg'd your Sex; let the Manner of your Dress rather be calculated to appear like those of your own Quality, than with any Ambition of excelling this Way, much less with any View of being particular. Let it be your principal Care, in the strictest Manner, to observe the Rules of Decency. Let all your Actions carry in them an Air of that internal Wisdom and Modesty, that never fail to charm and improve those who behold them. Let your Behaviour be affable, and without Constraint. Treat none with your Severity, but such as may deserve it by failing in the Respect they owe you; and, great as your Beauty is, regard it as greatly inferior in Value and Importance to the Worth of your Mind.

To tell you, that the one is uncertain and transitory, and that the other is inseparable from your Existence, would be to repeat to you a Truth as old as the Creation. I would rather chuse to point out to you the excellent and superior Nature of your Soul, and the Obligations you lie under by rightly improving that, to adorn the high Rank you are plac'd in. This will be no easy Task, MADAM, if you do not early accustom yourself to understand, and cultivate this nobler Part of you, and take a secret Pleasure in the Reflection, That, exalted as your Birth is, it is yet surpass'd by the native Grandeur and Magnificence of your Soul.

READING will be a considerable Help to you in this Case. The only Difficulty is, how to make a right Choice for yourself. There are some Books, I think, indifferent; such as those which treat of *History*,
Travels,

Travels, and some few Pieces in the *Belles Lettres*, that have been written by Men of Politeness and Gallantry, in Honour of your Sex. These, I think, you may safely read (for I would not confine you wholly to Books of *Morality* and *Devotion*) but I would have you read them rather for Amusement than Instruction; to quote them seldom; and particularly avoid the Appearance of a *Character* so ridiculous as that of a *female Pedant*. There are other Pieces I would wholly exclude from your Closet; and such I reckon all Treatises of *Philosophy*, and *Romances*. The first can only serve to confuse and disturb your Judgment; and the last to corrupt the native Goodness and Innocence of your Heart. But, if you will believe me, the best Books in the World will be less serviceable to your Improvement, than the select Conversation of a virtuous and experienc'd Friend, who can communicate her Reflections to you without Reserve, and to whom you can as freely discover your most secret and important Affairs.

'Tis such a One, MADAM, will inform you, that the two Qualities most valuable in your Sex are *Calmness* and *Good-Nature*; and that, with these (provided she does not want Sense) a Lady will be always agreeable. I have no Design, in saying this, to confine the *female Genius*. I know there are many of your Sex capable of forming the highest Enterprizes, or of attaining the sublimest Sciences. But, in my Apprehension, our Sex, as well as you are a pt to mistake themselves as to this Point. It is not of such Consequence, to have the Genius enterprising and lively, as to have it rightly turn'd, and thoroughly form'd, so as to know where our Happiness lies, and pursue it by steady and rational Methods. Whereas, but too often, the shining Qualities of the Mind, instead of assisting us for this Purpose, prejudice or mislead us, and frequently hurry us into those Indiscretions, that may not improperly be call'd the *precipices of a COURT*. I

I WOULD by no Means, MADAM, from hence, be thought to reduce you to Talents unbecoming your Station. All I mean is to convince you, that the most true, as well as useful Knowledge, consists in the understanding our Duty well, and preserving the Limits Nature has prescrib'd to us. Whatever carries you beyond these is often dangerous; and always unnecessary. Of what Consequence, for Example, is it for you to know the Difference betwixt the *Ptolemaic* and *Copernican* Systems? Or in what Manner Storms and Lightning are produc'd; with a Thousand other Doctrines of equal Insignificancy.

It is not so easy a Task to direct you, MADAM, what Turn your Genius should take. The Temperament of the Mind, in this Case, depends very much on the Constitution. All I can venture to say, is, that, were I at Liberty to give my Opinion in so delicate a Point, you would prefer the pensive Disposition to the gay. Not that I think Vivacity wants its particular Charms, but we live in an Age wherein People are oblig'd to appear, at least prudent, so early, and consequently the Season of Pleasure and Diversion is so short, (1) that I think the serious Manner is the most eligible of the Two.

THE grave Ladies, perhaps, MADAM, have no Reason to overvalue themselves on this Decision. The Levity of the Gay is a Flame that soon evaporates, and seldom leaves any strong Impressions on the Mind. It is otherwise with them; as they are subject to make more lasting Engagements; and, that
their

(1) To understand this Passage, it is necessary to observe the Time when it was written, M. DE MAINTENON had then an absolute Sway at the Court, and as that Lady was a remarkable Devotee, the whole Court put on such extravagant Airs of Hypocrisy, that when they came to be expos'd by MOLIERE, in his *Tartuffe*, the King was oblig'd to yield to the Party, and forbid the Play.

their Lovers imagine themselves safe against Inconstancy, they necessarily are more expos'd.

'Tis on this Occasion you can never be too much upon your Guard. The Beginning of an *Amour*, between two Persons of Quality and Merit, has something in it so apparently just; it is so natural to like an amiable Object, especially when we know we are ourselves belov'd by it first; and if Virtue did not interpose, there is so much of Sincerity and Gratitude in doing so, that the utmost Precautions seem requisite against a Passion, whose Progress is as difficult to stop, as it is easy to suppress in its Original.

THE surest Way, MADAM, is carefully to inspect your own Inclinations, and, by a due Reflection on the *Consequences*, stifle the first Emotions of this Kind in your Breast. Consider, your Choice and Establishment in the World depend less on yourself than on these to whom you owe your illustrious Birth (1). But beware of carrying this Caution so far as to give your Virtue a sullen and gloomy Aspect. I would not have you, for this Reason, look on the other Sex as Monsters and Enemies, or receive their Compliments and Civilities as so many Injuries and Affronts, provided there be nothing in them extravagant or ridiculous; but that they are attended with good Manners and Respect, they should not be offensive to you. But you will say, the Question is, how you shall distinguish and return them?

'Tis here, MADAM, you will find Occasion for all the Delicacy of your Understanding. Avoid,

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(1) The Lady, to whom the Marquis de CHETARDYE inscribed this Treatise, was MADEMOISELLE DE NANTES, natural Daughter to LEWIS XIV. by FRANCES ATHANASIA DE ROCHE CHOUART, Marchioness of MONTESPAN, and Daughter to the Prince of MORTEMAR; She was born in 1673, and married to LEWIS Duke of BOURBON in 1685. She was legitimated by the King in 1681.

above all Things, carrying such Conversations to any Length. Let your Answers be short and general, attended with an obliging Manner ; and endeavour, as soon as possible, to divert the Discourse to some other Subject. It is only the Talent of your *Country-Ladies*, to affect an aukward Kind of Ridicule on this Article, and push on the Dispute till they have forced their Admirers to quit the Field.

It is a common Mistake, that, by the Vivacity of their Wit, or the Sprightliness of their Repartees, your Sex discover themselves to most Advantage. I would rather, MADAM, advise you, when Things are said, which are improper for you to take Notice of, by a seeming Ignorance, to shew that your Discretion alone is the Cause of your Silence. There is more Merit in such a Behaviour than is commonly imagin'd : For every one is naturally fond of their own Sentiments : They often rise so suddenly, it is not easy to suppress them : And, as the Restraint costs us some Pain, others will do us the Justice to place it to our Account.

JEALOUSY is another Passion very fatal to your Sex. It seldom fails being attended with *Malice* and *Envy*, two of the blackest Dispositions can deform the human Soul. There is a great Number of Ladies, to whom it is insupportable to hear the least Good spoken of one who is absent ; and this has so prevailed in the World, that our Sex think themselves obliged to keep great Measures, on this Occasion, when in Company with those whose Resentment they may fear, or whose Favour they desire to preserve. But, can any Thing be more weak and ridiculous than such a Conduct ? — Can you believe, MADAM, the just Praises, given to the Merit or Beauty of another, will diminish your own ? Or can you possibly imagine, that you are the sole Person in the World who possesses those Qualities in Perfection ? If you think yourself intitled to the Applauses bestow'd on the absent
Lady,

Lady, should you not taste a secret Satisfaction in finding yourself commended in the Person of another, without any Expence to your Modesty ? And if you think the Lady is flatter'd, is not the Case equal ? Does the undeserved Praise she receives the least Injustice or Prejudice to you ? But Self-Love is too delicate to hear Reason on this Article. The usual Method, on such Occasions, is to take the Alarm, to exclaim against the Person commended, to enumerate all her Foibles, and, if that be not sufficient, to insinuate Faults of your own Invention, heightened with all the Aggravations witty ill Nature can bestow, till, before the Company breaks up, the envied *Rival* is made as deformed and disagreeable as she is wished to be.—What is the natural Consequence of all this ? There are always People charitable enough to carry the Intelligence. She takes the Opportunity of inveighing in her Turn, and, perhaps, enjoys her separate Triumph. Parties are call'd in on both Sides, to maintain the Quarrel, to which Truth and Humanity are daily sacrificed ; and thus the loveliest Part of the Creation, by their private Feuds, disturb that Peace and Harmony they seem design'd, by Heaven, to have establish'd and improv'd.

Do you, MADAM, act in a more generous Manner. Speak well of all you can ; at least, lay it down as an inviolable Rule to yourself, to speak ill of none. Reflect how sacred and tender a Thing Reputation is, (1), and how cruel it is to trifle with it ? Consider, that, without Goodness, you can never be engaging ; and that, without this last Quality, tho' you had the

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Form

(1) ——— Good Name in Man or Woman,
Is the immediate Jewel of their Souls.

Who steals my Purse, steals Trash ; 'tis something, nothing ;

'Twas mine, 'tis his ; and has been Slave to Thousands :

But he that filches from me my good Name,

Robs me of that which not enriches him,

** makes me poor indeed ! ———*

SHAKESPEAR.

Form of a VENUS, you will never be truly amiable. Do not imagine, that Goodness and Wit are two incompatible Qualities. This is a false *Maxim*, owing to the Libertinism of the Age. Believe me, Pannegyric requires more Spirit and good Sense than Satyre. But suppose it were otherwise, is it not more desirable to abate a little of that Vivacity, than display it at another's Cost, who, by that Means, is in some Measure authoriz'd to make Reprisals, which are often more prejudicial to you than herself.

THERE is a *Jealousy* of another Kind, which, (tho' at present does not concern you) I think very proper to caution you against; I mean, that, MADAM, which frequently happens in the conjugal State. It is dishonourable on either Side, but especially on yours, to give Occasion for it; and it is very uneasy to bear it. A virtuous Woman will never hesitate in her Choice, but chuse rather patiently to suffer an Injustice of this Nature, than once entertain a Thought of returning, much less of committing it. I know there are some Tempers in whom this Passion is so exquisitely violent and self-tormenting, that a Lady had need of no ordinary Proportion of Wisdom and Patience to endure the Trial. But on the other Hand, I am inclin'd to believe these uneasy Suspicions too often are owing to the irregular Conduct of your Sex before Marriage, and those *dubious Reputations* they bring their Husbands along with their great Portions. For this Reason, let me conjure you to be most vigilant over your own Conduct, and suffer no Day to pass without being accountable to yourself for what has happen'd.

IF it be your ill Fortune to have a Husband, whose Fidelity is not such as you may justly expect, I would by no Means have you appear insensible of the Wrong; that would discover an Indifference, very inconsistent with your Character, and the Tenderness due in that Relation. But let your Complaints be address'd

dress'd to himself alone, timed to the best Advantage; and, above all, avoid the least Sharpness or Resentment in your Manner of Expostulation. Use the softest Terms, and the gentlest Methods you can think of, to regain his Affections, and recal him to his Duty. If, for your mutual Misfortune, they prove unsuccessful, you will at least gain this considerable Advantage, that tho' you should lose his Heart, you will, in Spite of his Inconstancy, still preserve his Esteem.

WHEN a Breach of this Kind happens, a Lady, who is in any Measure agreeable or deserving, will always find but too many who will interest themselves in her Cause. By some she will be told, *It is a surprising Thing, that one with her Accomplishments, who might have made some Man of Merit happy, should meet such ill Usage.* Others will hint to her, *That it is amazing to all the World, to see a Man, who should think no Sacrifice too dear for her Esteem, taken up with a Creature in every Respect so much below her; that this is an undeniable Proof of the ill Taste of Husbands.* With a great Deal more of the same Kind, which People are ready to say on such Occasions, to those who will take the Pains to hear them. After the Task of Sympathising is over, Advices are proposed to the suffering Lady; and, in order to dispose her to the Law of Retaliation, she is told, *That it is sometimes proper to let Husbands know such Things are not to be tamely borne; that it is always in a Lady's Power to revenge herself; that frequently such a Conduct has better Effects than continual Forbearance and Moderation; and that, after all, if a Husband prove irreclaimable, a Woman may be dispensed with for a little Indulgence on her Side.* When the Rival is sufficiently satyriized, they begin the Description of the Husband; but great Measures are observ'd in this Point, lest the Lady's Virtue should take the Alarm. At first his Inconstancy only is blamed, next, if he

has any personal Faults, they are introduced to set off the Praises bestow'd on the Lady herself. If she is good enough to hear all this patiently, or, at least, with Indifference, the Design goes on ; hitherto all seems fair and generous. It appears only the sincere Concern of a Friend, who zealously espouses her Interests, who esteems her good Qualities, and kindly shares in her Sufferings ; who is so disinterested himself, as to justify her Conduct in all Conversations ; and so touch'd with her Grief, as to endeavour to divert it by all the Entertainments and Amusements he can procure her. The Lady, by the Value she places on all these obliging Marks of an extraordinary Friendship, throws herself off her Guard, and gives the Opportunity to the concealed Admirer, he has so long wish'd for, of laying aside the Mask. The disguised Friend and Counsellor, now secure of her Confidence, and embolden'd by her Esteem, avows his Flame, and claims a Share in her Heart, he has no just Title to, but has obtained by Flattery and Fraud. I own, MADAM, that Persons of your Rank seem exempted from any Hazard of this Kind ; but, believe me, the Respect due to your Quality is not always a sufficient Security ; and we live in so adventurous an Age, that, if a Lady discover the least Weakness this Way, there are but too many ready to turn it to their own Advantage.

WHEN a Difference of this Kind arises, a Lady has very great Measures to observe, with respect to the World ; for tho' nothing is more natural to us, than to like those who pity or sympathize with us in our Sufferings ; yet Virtue strictly requires we should bear this Affliction alone, and forbids a Lady, upon any Account or Consideration whatever, to hear her Husband reflected on in her Presence, let her Cause of Complaint be never so well grounded. In short, MADAM, the best Method can be taken, in so critical a Case, is to avoid saying any Thing yourself on the
the

the Subject, which will sufficiently discourage others from using that Liberty. Silence is here a Piece of the greatest Prudence ; for if a Lady speak well of her Husband, at a Time when it is publicly known, there is no good Understanding between them, it will be thought either great Weakness or Hypocrisy ; and if she complains, who does she expect will do her Justice ? Your Sex are such ill Politicians, that you are seldom true to one another ; and the same Persons, who to herself aggravate the Justice of her Complaints, will perhaps be the first in another Company, who shall endeavour to make her appear ridiculous. This may convince you, how uncertain it is to trust to such Friendships, as what was said before will, I hope, be sufficient to shew you how dangerous it is to cast yourself upon the Pity of the Men.

I WILL allow, MADAM, I think there are very few, in their right Senses, who could be capable of forming any Designs upon your Virtue. But Men are too often betray'd into such Views, by insensible Degrees, and hurry'd, by the Violence of their Passions, into Projects, which, on maturer Deliberation, they would never have conceiv'd. What to day appears to be Gratitude, or Esteem, or Compassion, perhaps, To-morrow alters its Shape, and degenerates into Love ; and, since we find our Passions thus subject to Alteration, there is no being answerable for ourselves. Your surest Way is, to shun all Engagements that are in the least subject to Suspicion. Tho' it must be confess'd this is an unhappy Necessity, that thus obliges the two Sexes mutually to distrust each other, and sets Limits betwixt those whom Heaven seems to have created for their joint Happiness and Satisfaction.

I DO not pretend, MADAM, by this, to debar you from enjoying the Company of your Friends, or the advantageous Pleasures of an agreeable and select Conversation : Nor would I deny you the Privilege
of

of a male Friend, that may assist you with his Judgment and Advice. I would only observe to you, the Delicacy and Prudence necessary in making such a Choice. The Distinction between Love and Friendship is so very slender, that it is not easy to imagine, a Virtue and a Passion, so nearly resembling, should always keep their proper Distance. For this Reason, I think, the Person, you honour with your Confidence, should be of so advanc'd an Age, and so unblemish'd a Character, that your mutual Acquaintance need not fear the Censures of the World, for infringing the *Rules of Decency*.

JUDGE, MADAM, of the Value of this Quality, from the Respect paid to it by the most abandon'd Part of the World. It is never violated or transgressed, but all the better Part of Mankind take the Alarm, and unanimously join to support its Interests; and yet it is neither an *Article of Faith*, nor an *Act of Parliament*. I take this universal Regard, paid to it, to spring from the inseparable but secret Connection it has with Honour and Goodness, and the eternal Aversion it has to Envy and Detraction. I know that Vice sometimes conceals itself under this Veil of Decency, and a fair Appearance, and that, consequently, we may be deceived, in the Conclusions we draw from it. But, at the same Time, there is this considerable Advantage gain'd by observing its Rules, that you preserve the Esteem and Consideration of the World, which, having no other Way to judge of the Heart, but by our Conduct, is always satisfied, if that be apparently regular and just.

GUARD yourself, in particular, MADAM, against Self-Love, and shun that Folly too incident to so many of your Sex, who, from the extraordinary Opinion they have conceiv'd of their own Charms, imagine they must produce the same Effect on all who behold them. Between believing and wishing so, the Difference is very inconsiderable; and when

once

once a Lady is brought to that Point, she is in Danger of being carried much farther than she imagines. Whatever Reason your uncommon Share of Beauty might give you to think so, I persuade myself you will not be so credulous on this Article: But, at the same Time, let me conjure you, MADAM, never to trifle with the sincere Passion of a Man of Honour and Worth. What Glory or Advantage can you receive by making such a one either seemingly ridiculous, or really miserable? For, as your Virtue will never suffer you to entertain or encourage a Passion you have no Thoughts of returning, so, after the first Declaration of this Nature, you should carefully avoid giving a second Opportunity, and even, as much as possible, keep out of his Sight, lest the Presence of an Object, which suffers so much on your Account, should disturb the Tranquillity of your Mind, and raise a Compassion in you, that might perhaps afterwards take a tenderer Turn.

It will be to no Purpose, MADAM, to object, that you can see no great Distinctions observed in the polite World, between Women of Character, and those whose Conduct is less scrupulous; that they are received in all good Company with the same Freedom, and treated with the same Respect. I own, it is true, that formerly a Lady, who was tender of her Reputation, would have hardly received a Visit from one whose Character was under the least Shade; and that it is quite otherwise now. But tho' the same Custom, that first introduc'd this Maxim, has thought fit to repeal it, it does not alter the Nature of Things; and a Lady of an unblameable Character will be always conspicuous and acknowledged, wherever she appears!—But grant it were not so, let me ask you, MADAM, if Virtue is not charming enough to be lov'd for its own Sake, as it carries its own Reward?

NOR will you be able, MADAM, to excuse yourself, by alledging the Temptations and Allurements of a *Court*. Our modern *Courtiers* are so intent on pushing on their own Fortune, or supplanting their Rivals, that they have little Time to allow to Politeness and Gallantry, with Respect to your Sex; and of those who shine this Way, the Number is so small, that there is no great Merit in preserving your Heart. It is a vulgar Mistake, that Vice flourishes most in *Courts*. Whatever Passions reigns there, they put on, at least, a handsome Disguise. There is an Appearance of Decency observ'd, which, if it does not lessen the Crime, at least, prevents the Contagion of it. For Example, if People *there*, as they do in other Places, speak ill of one another, they do it with such Precaution and good Manners, that the Scandal is seldom gross or public. If Intrigues are carried on, it is with great Measures and Address. It is plain, it is not so in other Places. Greater Liberties are taken, and Appearances are less regarded.

AMONGST the Weaknesses your Sex is charged with, the two most dangerous, in my Opinion, are *Curiosity* and *Revenge*. Think, MADAM, into how many Mischiefs we are led by the *one*, and how many Errors are occasioned by the *other*. As for the *latter*, consider the dreadful Effects it produces, and the Remorse that always follows it. If a Man be the Object of your Resentment, you cannot do Justice to yourself in Person, but must employ some Friend; and, by the Discovery of your Weakness, in exposing the Quarrel, give him the Opportunity to make his own Advantage of it. And do you think the World is so charitable as to believe, that the Gentleman, who stakes his Honour, his Fortune, and his Life, in your Cause, does it without the Hope of some Return. Do not imagine your Quality, in this Case, will screen you from Reflection. The Age we live in is so censorious, that that will rather be made a
Handle

Handle of to condemn you. The Faults of the Vulgar are conceal'd by the Obscurity of their Birth and Condition. It is quite otherwise with Persons of your Distinction ; their Situation exposes them to the public View, and their Examples have such Authority, that they serve their Inferiors for Imitation or Excuse. Let me intreat you then, MADAM, never to give a Loose to your Resentment, lest you should authorize a Crime so pernicious as that of Revenge.

AN obliging Behaviour will readily prevent your falling into any Hazard this Way. For as few are so unreasonable as to be angry, but when they think themselves offended ; so there are scarce any so brutal, as to injure an inoffensive Temper ; but since there often appear Monsters in Nature, which she never intended to produce ; so, if, notwithstanding your Prudence and Goodness, there are any capable of treating you with Disrespect, it is a Misfortune I would have you return no other Way but by Silence and Contempt. I own, this may seem a Piece of Self-Denial, that requires a strong Virtue to support it ; but every Thing consider'd, I am sure, it is the only Way a Lady can in such Cases come off with Honour. Courage is a Quality intirely foreign to your Sex, and there is nothing you ought to avoid more, than making a Noise in the World.

CURIOSITY, (by which I mean the Desire of knowing future Events, for there is one Kind of it that is allowable) is another Weakness I would desire to caution you against. Why would you, MADAM, attempt to draw aside the Curtain which God has plac'd betwixt you and him, and become the voluntary *Dupe* of an Astrologer, or a *Coffee-Tosser* (1). — who have just as much Knowledge of your
Destiny

(1) The Term of *Coffee-Tosser* is of the Translator's Addition, the Practice being intirely modern, and suited to the present Age :
But

Destiny as you have of theirs. There are some Things should never be enquir'd into, both because a Discovery of them is impossible, and we always hurt ourselves in the Search. If you want really to know what will happen to you, examine your own Conduct; for tho' Fortune sometimes triumphs over human Precaution, yet more generally the Colour of our Lives depends principally on our good or ill Management. Rest content then in that Uncertainty of your Fate, which the Wisdom of Heaven has establish'd, and reject all Commerce with those who make their own Advantages from the Folly and Credulity of others.

A *Fondness* for *Gaming* is one of the greatest Mischiefs that can befall your Sex. As nothing is a truer Ornament to you, than that Sweetness and Mildness that is so natural to your Form, it seems to me an Impossibility to preserve those two Qualities, if you abandon yourself to a Passion which is almost always attended with Anxiety and Impatience. I have often wished, that a fine Lady, who has lost considerably at Play, would immediately employ one Moment to consult her Glass, and, by the Disorder of her Face and Person, judge of the Agitation of her Mind. Perhaps this Expedient might be of Service, and the Care of preserving her Beauty produce a stronger Effect than all the Remonstrances of Reason. But let us suppose (which seldom happens) that a Lady can be compos'd on these Occasions; let her consider the Prejudice she does herself and Family, by hazarding the Loss of such considerable Sums; and how much she exposes her Character, by the Excess of a Diversion, which is capable of disturbing

But the Pretenders to this mystical Art are so numerous, and the Thing itself so eminently ridiculous, it carries its own Confutation.

sturbing the Soul in so extraordinary and violent a Manner, and of putting the most reasonable People beyond themselves. Can she believe a Man, exasperated with a Run of ill Luck, is yet so much Master of his Temper, as to preserve the Respect due to her Quality ? And if she has the Misfortune to be in his Debt, is she sufficiently assured of her Virtue, to believe herself safe from the Sollicitations of a Passion that employs all Advantages to obtain its own Satisfaction ? But allowing her Virtue to be unsurmountable, she must own, that, once she has given up herself to this Extreme of high Play, she must renounce all Oeconomy in her Family, all Decency in her Conduct ; that she must neglect all the valuable Concerns of Life, at the Expence of her Fortune and Character ; and that she must expose herself to the just Reproaches of an injured Husband : A Thing of all others she should apprehend the most.

ADD to all this, MADAM, that extravagant Play is commonly join'd with *Avarice*. A Vice that is generally mean and odious wherever it is found, but is remarkably so in *Persons* of *Quality*. In private Persons Covetousness is liable to a favourable Construction. In some it appears like Frugality, and in others may be presumed as an Incapacity of doing Good ; but in People of Rank and Distinction, it is impossible either to be disguised or excused. Preserve yourself from a Passion so base and selfish, that it is able to stop the Exercise of every other Virtue. In effect, MADAM, Generosity, Goodness, Justice, Gratitude, the Compassion and Humanity we owe to the Distress of others, all these shining Virtues lose their Influence and Force, when counter-balanced by the single Weight of *Avarice*.

NOR will you need, on this Account, MADAM, to run into the opposite Extreme of *Prodigality*. Kings, great and rich as they are, may embarrass their Affairs by an excessive Profusion, and the ill Manage-

Management of their Bounty. There have been Examples of this Nature. There is a great Deal in knowing how to bestow Favours. Liberality is an Act every Person of Distinction should study, and which it is not so easy to attain. Without Flattery, I know but one in FRANCE that understands it in its Perfection.

EVERY Design that is undertaken, without some rational End and View, is commonly either ridiculous or unsuccessful. If it chance to happen otherwise, the Success or Honour of it is no Way due to ourselves, Upon the Strength of this *Maxim*, I think I may safely affirm, that those Benefits the Great bestow, without Choice or Distinction, are so many undeniable Proofs of their Want of Judgment and Taste. They should have no other Motives in their Bounty, than the Merit of those who receive it ; that generous Humanity that prompts them to relieve the Innocent and unhappy ; that true Glory that results from the Conjunction of Power and Goodness, and the Consciousness of acting in a Manner suitable to the Dignity of their Station. Magnificence and Splendour, however they may dazzle the Eyes of the Vulgar, lose all their Value, when display'd merely to amuse our Vanity, or support our Pride. Such an empty Ostentation of Grandeur is only excusable in those, who, from a mean and ignoble Station, have been rais'd to Titles and Riches. In you, MADAM, such a Conduct would appear mean and unworthy of yourself. Let your Care be applied rather in the Embellishment of your Mind, in adorning it every Day with some new Mark of true Greatness and Virtue. Believe me, this internal Magnificence is highly superior to the other, and is the only one a *great Princess* like you, ought to value herself upon.

As to *Gallantry*, MADAM, I shall only say, that there are some married Ladies, whose Characters are so happily establish'd, that they may distinguish themselves

selves this Way, without endangering their Reputation; yet the Number of such is very small, because *Gallantry*, as I understand it, being a Commerce between two Persons of Wit and Politeness, in which the Affections and Senses are wholly excluded from any Share, there are few can hold the Balance even between Love on the one Side, and Coquetry on the other.—But for Ladies, who, like you, have not altered their Condition, I think you should, by no Means, form any Engagements of this Kind, because, in doing so, you must understand some Things it becomes you to be ignorant of, or, at least, to appear so; and, consequently, you must expose yourselves to the Censures of the World.

I AM apt to believe, MADAM, a great many Ladies, at the first Sight, will be shock'd at the seeming Severity of these *Maxims*. What! no Learning? no Gallantry? no Love? What Conversation then? Shall we only talk of Heads and Petticoats? Why really, *Ladies*, I cannot help thinking these last the properer Subjects of the two. However frivolous these Topics may appear, they cease to be Trifles, when they serve to keep out others that are more dangerous. Do not be afraid, that, by insisting on these, you will give us a mean Opinion of your Sense. If you have that, it will easily discover itself, whatever Care you take to conceal it. A single Smile discovered BRUTUS in the Height of his affected Folly; and perhaps LUCRETIA had thought less of his Judgment, if he had been at more Pains to display it.

THERE is nothing more unaccountable than the Caprice of the World. Stupidity shocks every Body; and yet we are often as much displeased with too much Vivacity. It is no difficult Matter to assign the Cause of this. The greater Share of Sense we have, the more carefully we should avoid the Affectation of discovering it. Modesty has something so
soft

soft and insinuating in it, that it disarms Envy. Self-Conceit has a very different Effect. People regard it as a Tyrant, that would impose its Laws upon them, and rob them of the Liberty of Opinion. Thus, wherever it appears, it raises such a Number of Enemies, as at last overcome and destroy it.

You will have here an Opportunity, MADAM, to exert your good Sense and Judgment; for I think there are no certain Rules in this Case. A Thing may be properly said at one Time, and in one Company, that would be inexcusable in another. And it may be a Piece of Prudence, at a particular Juncture, to own yourself in the Wrong, tho' you are really conscious you have not been so, which, at other Times, would be an Article both of Indiscretion and Hypocrisy.

It is a wonderful Faculty in the Understanding, that it secures against the least Mistake, by setting every Object before us in its just Light. From hence, MADAM, learn its inestimable Value, and how much it is your Interest to cultivate and strengthen it by Reflection and Thought. Those, who neglect making due Observations on the Occurrences of Life, are like some *unaccountable Travelers* we meet with, who, after having made the Tour of EUROPE, return as ignorant of what they have seen, as those who never were abroad.

THE Want of Leisure, occasioned by the Hurry and Irregularity of a *Court-Life*, MADAM, will be no Excuse to you. You may keep always one Quarter of an Hour out of the Twenty four to yourself, which will be sufficient. If your Sex would but usefully and rationally employ so inconsiderable a Portion of their Time, I am of Opinion we should not see so many mistaken and unnatural Characters in the World. There would not so many antiquated Beauties put on, too awkwardly, the Air and Livery of Youth; and so many blooming Charmers affect the
Gravity

Gravity and Wisdom of old Age. It is from hence such Numbers of Women appear ridiculous. Characters, that are assumed, seldom succeed, because they are generally either not supported, or over acted. While Youth lasts, MADAM, let your Behaviour be of a Piece. Enjoy freely those Diversions and Pleasures that are suitable to your Age and Quality. Go to *Assemblies*, or *Balls*, the *Theatre*, or the *Opera*; provided you have no Passion for any of these Entertainments, your Conduct cannot be censured.

BUT allow me to say, MADAM, that, on these and all other public Occasions, you should consider your Virtue as more exposed than at other Times, and consequently maintain a stronger Guard. The Objects you see are all designed to please you: Your Appearance in such Places is with pretty much the same Intention. And it is from this secret and mutual Design in the two Sexes, to be agreeable to each other, *that* fatal Passion takes its Source, that disturbs the Heart, and causes such innumerable Mischiefs and Disorders in the World.

THE surest Defence, MADAM, will be to keep up a constant Suspicion and Guard against an Enemy, who is the more formidable, as he has the Art of pleasing to a very high Degree. Learn to make your Duty an inviolable Law to yourself, and to prefer your Reputation to all other Considerations. Look on it as an Article you can never be too delicate about; and study with Attention, the different Dangers it may be expos'd to in Life: But alas! how shall these be known, when we scarce arrive at the Knowledge of ourselves?

IF we would but carefully observe the various *Characters* we meet with, we should, at last, come to find the *Resemblance* of *our own*, in the Person of another; (for there is scarce one Character so extraordinary, or particular, but there will be found some

some other similar to it) and by what we hear from others concerning *such a one*, it would be no difficult Matter to regulate our own ; either by avoiding their Faults, or imitating their Virtues. But the examining our own Imperfections is too uneasy a Task for Self-Love to undergo. We rather indulge the opposite Extreme. We live divided between Indolence and Pride ; or, to speak more properly, we *seem to live*, since a Life of this Kind is but a gentler Sort of Lethargy.

WHAT a melancholy Thing is it MADAM, to see great Numbers of your Sex trifle away their Lives between the *Toilet* and the *Drawing-Room* ; and confine their Ambition to the Care of their Dress and Persons, even at a Time when Beauty has forsaken them, without the least Hope of Return. I would not have you wait till Time robs you of this Advantage, but rather have the merit of resigning your Claim to it, while you yet enjoy it. I am sensible, at present, MADAM, this Advice seems unnecessary ; and that Time, instead of being your Enemy, is your Friend (1) ; but allow me to say, you cannot too soon accustom yourself to this Reflection. Were you capable of being touch'd by such a Motive, I would add, that by, this Means, you will preserve your Charms the longer ; and when you are seen so little to value yourself upon your Beauty, those who otherwise would, if possible, dispute your Title to it, will be ready to allow you a greater Share of it than you possess. It is not so with regard to Decency and Propriety in your *Dress*. No Age should dispense with your Care in that.

ABOVE all, MADAM, lose no Opportunity of doing Good. This is the only Way you can leave

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(1) MADEMOISELLE DE NANTES was scarce past her Infancy, when these Instructions were written.

a lasting and worthy Character: For it is not sufficient to have a thousand good Qualities, if they are not exerted for the Benefit of Mankind. Let not the Ingratitude of some, you may have obliged, prevent your constant Inclination and Endeavour to do so, since, how unworthy soever the Subjects may happen to be, the Pleasure of doing Good is, in the very Action, its own eternal Reward. Believe me, there is not on Earth an Employment more worthy the Attention of a great Princefs. Conceive a particular Contempt and Aversion for these Creatures, (that too commonly infest a *Court*) who, at the Expence of Truth, Honour, and Probity, either betray their Friends in Misfortune, or desert them in Disgrace. There is a respectful Liberty allowable in Defence of our Friends, which Princes, however prejudiced, cannot be offended at; and which, tho' they may seem to dislike, they often secretly esteem and approve. There is a Justice and Generosity in such a Behaviour, that carries its own Exeuse with it. To conclude, remember those beautiful Words of *TITUS*, (1) who because he had passed a Day, without an Occasion of obliging any one, said with Concern, *He had lost a Day!* Engrave the Expression upon your Memory; study constantly to put it in Practice; and be assured, if any Thing is capable of distinguishing you above Morality, it is to have your Heart inspired with so divine and glorious a Principle.

IT will not be enough to know how to live well, you must learn to die well; tho' indeed, a good Life is one of the best Preparations you can make for a happy End. Death, *MADAM*, is the compleating of the Piece. Of what Importance will the Approbation of the World be, to your Support, if your last Moments are imbittered with Despair. A De-
X
spair

(1) See *SUETONIUS*, in the Article of his Life.

spair the most dreadful, as it can receive no Mitigation nor Cure. I would not, however, advise you, at the Age you are in, to think on this Subject too intensely. The Reflection on the Dissolution of our Nature has something in it that is capable of disturbing the firmest Minds. I would only counsel you, frequently to reflect on the Uncertainty of Life, and the Certainty of Death ; that the latter often surprizes us when we least think of it ; and that Youth or Health are no Security against the Stroke of Fate. Whenever these Considerations arise in your Mind, instead of diverting them, as too melancholy and gloomy, accustom yourself to regard them calmly ; and receive them as Favours sent from Heaven, for your Advantage and Improvement. Think daily, that the Affair of your eternal Happiness is the most important Concern of your Life ; that no Body can transact it for you, but that it depends wholly upon yourself ; that Fortune has no Share in it, as in the other Accidents of Life ; and that, of all Follies or Neglects, it is the most ridiculous and inexcusable, for any Consideration whatever, to be careless about that *immortal Part* of you, whose eternal Welfare or Misery depends solely on your own Choice and Behaviour.





N. B. *The Reader is desired to correct the following
Errata that have escaped the Press.*

PAGE 23. l. 3. for *Lib. V.* r. *Lib. IX.*

Page 45. l. 6. for *Par* r. *Pares.*

Page 131. l. 6. for *lik* r. *like.*

Page 140. l. 4. for *vain* r. *vain.*

Page 166. fill up the blank Line after l. 3. thus,

Still kept intent the pleasing Theme in View.

Page 241. l. 3. for *our* r. *o'er.*

Page 256. l. 10. for *roscate* r. *roseate.*

In the Title to POEMS, Part II. l. 4. dele *hic est.*

Page 246. l. 9. for *WILL.* r. *MATT.*

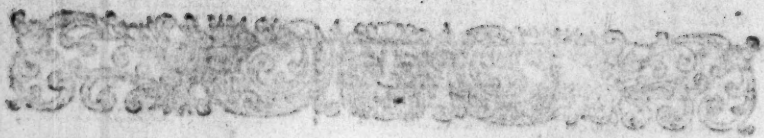
Page 290. l. 16. for *Work* r. *Worth.*

Page 291. l. 16. for *VIVERET* r. *VIXIT.*

Page 301. l. 29. for *as your are a pt* r. *as your's are apt,*

Page 301. l. last, for *recipices* r. *Precipices.*





IV. B. The Reader is desired to observe the following
Index that have changed the Page.

PAGE 251. 2. for Lib. V. n. Lib. IX.

Page 251. 3. for Part. I. Part.

Page 251. 4. for Lib. IX.

Page 251. 5. for main n. main.

Page 251. 6. fill up the blank line after 3. line.

With new name, the name in New.



Page 251. 7. for main n. main.

Page 251. 8. for main n. main.

In the Title is for main, Part II. 1. 4. hole in the

Page 251. 9. for William. MATT.

Page 251. 10. for William. MATT.

Page 251. 11. for Vivier. n. VIXIT.

Page 251. 12. for at present n. at present.

Page 251. 13. for Vivier. n. Vivier.

